

The Quincy Monitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT QUINCY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. IX. NO. 7.

QUINCY, MASS., JULY, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

THE CATACOMBS.

Closely allied with the history of the early Christians are the underground cemeteries wherein their dead were laid to rest. Beneath the great city of Rome another city existed, hewn out of the living rock, whose inhabitants, in silence, and tranquility, awaited with folded hands the summons of judgment. Among them were to be found priests and pontiffs, saints and heroes, patricians and plebeians, united to one another and to Christ, in life and death, by the bond of a common brotherhood. One faith, one hope, one love, for which all else was sacrificed, such was the secret of their strength and union.

What mattered it that the haughty Romans jeered at and despised them? Their love for one another exceeded mere human affection. Class distinctions were unknown, the coffers of the rich provided for the wants of the needy, and the lady or noble birth knelt side by side with her humblest slaves. In the days of persecution—and times of peace were comparatively few and far between—Christians of every age and rank gladly shed their blood in defence of their beloved faith; as in life they clung affectionately together, so in death there was to be no separation. Anxiety to shield the precious remains of the saints and martyrs from desecration must have suggested the use of subterranean places of burial.

Thus the catacombs came into existence, and authorities on the subject assert that there are no less than sixty of these cemeteries containing, it is estimated, about six millions of graves. A network of passages, with here and there a spacious chamber, is lined on either side with shelf-like tombs hewn out of stone. Here the dead were deposited, and a slab of marble fitted into the opening. It will be seen, from even this meagre description, that the Christians endeavored to imitate, as much as possible, the mode of Christ's burial. The bodies were wrapped in fine linen, sometimes strewn with leaves and flowers, or sprinkled with liquid perfumes.

These niches, lacking ornamentation of any kind, received rich and

poor alike. To distinguish the graves a name was sometimes engraved upon the slab or scratched roughly in the mortar which sealed the sepulchre. Frequently, while the mortar was wet, a ring, coin, or emblem of some sort was pressed into it. The martyrs' tombs were recognized by a glass vessel, attached in the same way, containing a small portion of blood. The palm branch was also used to designate the spot where those who died for Christ had been laid.

Although the catacombs were intended, originally, for cemeteries, in times of persecution they answered for places of worship. Many chambers have been found, of different sizes and shapes, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was, doubtless, celebrated. It is required, in our own time, that every altar contain relics of the saints. In those days the Eucharistic offering was made on the very tomb of a martyr. These chapels were richly ornamented with paintings and sculptures, showing that, in the face of great and continued trials, the early Christians loved to beautify God's house, to make it more worthy of being the dwelling-place of the Most High.

Occasionally persons of distinction, against whom the fury of the persecutors seemed particularly directed, found temporary concealment in the recesses of the catacombs. One pope, St. Stephen, lived there some months; but his hiding-place discovered, he was martyred at the foot of the altar.

When peace at length dawned on the Church, these cemeteries, while they did not cease to be utilized for burying the dead, became oratories, to which the faithful flocked to seek the intercession of the illustrious saints whose bones were there interred. Over the entrances of the principal catacombs churches were erected and stairs built as an easy means of access.

Two of the most interesting catacombs are those of St. Agnes and St. Callixtus. The former, as its name suggests, was the resting-place of Agnes, the virgin and martyr, whose history is familiar to us all. The saint's body was removed in the time of Constantine, and lies under the

high altar of the magnificent basilica built in her honor. The catacomb of St. Callixtus is famous chiefly through its connection with St. Cecilia. Here Valerian and Tiburtius, her husband and his brother, were instructed and baptized; here also, her sacred remains received burial at the hands of the saintly Pope Urban.

The labyrinth of passages intersecting one another, purposely arranged to confuse the persecutors, rendered these subterranean cemeteries dangerous in the extreme to persons unaccustomed to their intricacies. Cardinal Wiseman's beautiful story of "Fabiola" contains an incident, the death of Emerentiana, the foster sister of St. Agnes, which brings forcibly to mind a picture somewhat resembling "Lost in the Catacombs." Emerentiana, however, was stoned to death through an aperture designed to admit light and air, and, being a catechumen, thus received a baptism of blood.

We are reminded of the early Christians' worship of God in the catacombs by the use of lights upon the altar. Besides the symbolism attached to the burning taper, there is another reason for its presence. The Church desires to commemorate her eldest born, the children who, at the risk of all that the world holds dear, gave her their unswerving allegiance. When, in the depths of the earth, they assembled for divine service, to assist at Holy Mass, and to receive the sacraments, the intense darkness could be dispelled only by artificial means. The custom of lighted candles dates back, then, to the infancy of the Church, and has been continued throughout the intervening centuries for a wise purpose.

How much of a claim have we to the title of Christian in comparison with those who bore the name during the first centuries after Christ? We enjoy the privilege of practising our religious duties without fear of persecution or death; we possess, moreover, the advantage of sharing in the treasures of grace stored up by the martyrs and confessors. Nevertheless, our faith has grown weak, our charity, cold, and it can seldom be said nowadays, as in olden

times, "Behold these Christians, how they love one another!"

Let the lighted candles on our altars recall to our minds the virtues of the early Christians, whose history fills us with sentiments of admiration. Humbly walking in their footsteps who so faithfully followed Christ, by the exercise of charity, humility, and constancy, we will be prepared, like them, for future vicissitudes and trials. It is not probable that the test of martyrdom will be ours; but if God so wills it, we should be ready for the sacrifice. Whatever betides, it is well to remember that

"There is safety in obedience
To God's tiniest command,
For we need to follow closely
Would we reach Immanuel's land;
Everywhere the arrow dieth
And the hosts of darkness swarm,
But who wearth Heaven's breastplate
Hell's worst legions cannot harm."

—The Working Boy.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education which will be held this year at Toronto, Canada, from July 18 to July 25, will have several prominent Catholics on its programme. Archbishop Ireland will speak on "The Rights and Duties of Labor" on the evening of Friday, July 19. The Rev. Francis Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, will speak on July 20, on "Organization of Charity and the Catholic Church." The Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., editor Freeman's Journal, New York, will preside on July 23; and the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., president of the Catholic Summer School of America, will speak on "The Roman Catholic Church in the Educational Movement of Today." The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, rector of the Church of St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Catherine's Ont., will preside in Department A, Educational Section, on July 22. Hon. Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, Ill., will also deliver an address.

Wiggles—If anybody inquires for me within 10 minutes, will you tell them that I'll be right back?

Waggles—No; I'll tell 'em you said you would.

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ROME'S DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Shortly after midday on May 31st a group of distinguished strangers gathered together at the railroad station of Rome. Several ecclesiastics were here, among them being the Rev. Dr. Farrelly, secretary of the rector of the American College; Mgr. Straniero, canon of the Cathedral Church of Rome, St. John Lateran, and formerly Ablegate to the United States; Rev. Father Meyer, S. J., one of the counselors of the general of his order, and two fathers of the congregation of St. Sulpice in Rome. Among the laity were Advocate Pietro Pacelli, one of the Municipal Councillors of the city; Count Muccioi, noble guard of Leo XIII., who accompanied Mgr. Straniero to America when this prelate was bearer of the cardinalial beretta to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore; Count M. Harry Cassell, private chamberlain to Leo XIII.; Mr. P. L. Connellan of Boston, and Signor Salvatore Cortese. They had come to meet Cardinal Gibbons.

Sharp to the time, 12:50, the train slowed into the station and the Cardinal descended from the wagonlit in which he traveled. He was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of Detroit, and by two priests acting as secretaries. Mgr. O'Connell, the rector of the American College, left Rome on the previous day to meet the Cardinal at Florence and return with him here. The group of ecclesiastics and laymen already mentioned now pressed forward to welcome in the most cordial manner the eminent Cardinal and his traveling companions. The greeting was equally kind on the part of the Archbishop of Baltimore, and as he was already acquainted with nearly all who had come here to meet him the good-natured recognition of each was expressed in his eyes.

The simplicity and love of retirement which distinguish Cardinal Gibbons were made evident that day. He came into Rome in the simple habiliments of a priest, such as one meets with every day engaged in their round of duty or mercy in the streets of an American city. The pomp and dignity that in former days surrounded the entrance of a Prince of the Church into the Eternal City are now dispensed with, and it was only the tiny crimson silk skull cap, revealed when the Cardinal lifted his hat, that made evident to the watchers at the station the high ecclesiastical rank of the newly arrived.

Such simplicity reminded one of

the entrance of the late Cardinal Newman into Rome several years ago, when he came to receive the red hat. The present writer was then also at the station, one of about half a dozen ecclesiastics and laymen among whom the present Duke of Norfolk was the most prominent personage. It was the afternoon of April 24, 1874, that Dr. Newman arrived, and this is how he appeared: An old man, with white hair, stooping somewhat, a gentle, resigned look in his eyes, as though his thoughts were far away from his immediate surroundings. He wore a black overcoat, a tall hat with a broad brim, well back on his head, and he carried in his hand a small, brown, well-worn leather portmanteau. And this was the man whose name and fame were known and admired wherever the English language was spoken.

It was in an almost similar guise that Cardinal Gibbons presented himself before the eyes of those awaiting his coming that morning. It is quite true that the look in the kindly gray eyes was not that of dreaminess or absorption, but a look took in all aspects of persons and things around him—the look of one who is alive to all that is good in the world about him and sympathizes with every human effort toward light and goodness. There was a look of fatigue in his face, but that was natural after his journey in a day in which the air is warm and heavy—a day quite unlike the bright days of May, such as one looks for in Italy, so celebrated for its beauty.

The elegant carriage in which the Cardinal, the Bishop of Detroit and Mgr. O'Connell proceeded to the American College was sent to the station for the purpose by Mrs. McTavish of Baltimore. A number of the others also followed the Cardinal to the college, where a brief and informal reception was held.

In the course of conversation with the present writer the Cardinal expressed the kindly reception and treatment given him on board the Touraine, on which he sailed from New York to Havre, and dwelt upon the excellent voyage across. In Paris he stayed three days in the great house of the Sulpicians, a religious congregation held in the highest esteem in the United States on account of the admirable ecclesiastical training they give students for the priesthood intrusted to them. Here he was received with great honor. At Dijon, the ancient capital of Burgundy, the birthplace of the greatest of modern church

orators, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, the Cardinal rested for one day. He was delighted with the respectful welcome bestowed upon him. Indeed, throughout his journey through France he has been treated with the greatest consideration. He mentioned in a particular manner the reception bestowed upon him by the American Ambassador to France, Mr. Eustis. A similar honor had been designed by Mr. Wayne McVeagh, the United States Ambassador to Rome, but delicate health, and especially at the present trying season, obliged Mr. McVeagh to leave Rome for a time.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

A few weeks ago we published a paragraph to the effect that the Rev. Father Colendoll, a Sicilian, and a member of the Dominican Order, had invented a typesetting machine that will compose 50,000 letters an hour, a task equal to the labor of thirty-six compositors, says the Catholic Sentinel. The difference in speed, as compared with existing machines, lies in the fact that, instead of letters being made to fall separately into the composing stick entire words can be composed in an instant by the simultaneous application of the fingers of both hands. A correspondent writing from Paris describes the wonderful machine:

It is a kind of harp, whose chords are replaced by metallic tubes adhering to each other in four series. The first one includes thirty-one tubes, the other thirty-three each, every one containing in the average 150 letters. All these tubes communicate through an ingenious electrical device with a key-board, or rather checker-board, divided in twenty-one small squares covered electrical knobs—three for capital letters, fifteen for ordinary letters and the three others for figures and vowels provided with accents. Points of punctuation and accents form a horizontal line on the lowest part of the checker-board and are operated with a pedal.

Each letter is printed on the little knobs and to avoid useless motions of arms, the squares are repeated three by three. In those squares the consonants are not repeated, but the vowels are triplicated and surround the consonants in a very ingenious way, which permits to compose most of the syllables with a single finger in touching two knobs at the same time, as be, bi, bo, bu, etc.

Practically a skilful operator plays the part of a pianist, who, by the use of his ten fingers is able to strike 50,000 notes an hour; letters replace the notes in the type-setting scheme.

An electrical current is produced at the precise time the compositor raises his finger from the knobs, and instantaneously the letters drop from the tubes on the inclined wire, which is placed in full sight of the operator on the right side of the checker-board.

"Justification" is accomplished by the foot of the operator, and the beauty of it is that the copy is always in sight, which renders the correction practicable on the spot. A good many commercial writers are using the type-writing machine nowadays, the literary men, as a rule dictate or write in the old-fashioned way as it is impossible for them to have the copy before their own eyes. The machine invented by the Dominican corrects this defect, and the result of the discovery will prove simply marvellous. It means complete revolution for printing for the following causes: Lightning speed of composing, exceeding the rapidity of speech, no useless material, no typesetters, suppression of distributing the types, a special machine supplying new stereotypes ready for filling the tubes; no forms to be stereotyped as the revolving presses can be operated as well by curved types, which the machine can drop as easily as horizontal types; furthermore, and this is the most important point, the same machine with the adjunct of duplicated or triplicated tubes can set the same matter simultaneously two or three times. But this is not all. There is no reason why the key-board should not be separated from the machine, whose tubes are put into operation by an electric motor in such a way that the editor, instead of writing his articles, or discarding the pen, and from his private office set up his own stuff with the necessary corrections, and do without the services of the typesetter.

FREE OF DEBT.

The announcement was made on Sunday, July 7 at all the Masses in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross that the debt on the church had been paid. The debt at the completion in 1875 was \$300,000 and it is a source of pride to the whole diocese that the Cathedral is now clear. The edifice will be renovated at a cost of \$100,000 before consecration.

Bishop Hennessey of Wichita, Kan., visited the Providence cathedral July 14 in the interest of his diocese.

The Misses Flynn have a fine stock of novelties and dry goods at the most reasonable prices.

Catholic Notes.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception is undergoing repairs.

The French Catholics of New York dedicated their new house-ship July 14.

Rev. Charles McKenna has been appointed assistant pastor of Mary's Church, Lawrence.

A little shrine, an exact reproduction of the famous P. Monjay, has been erected in the Church of St. Francis, Brooklyn.

Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J., resigned his position as pastor of Holy Cross College, Hartford, for a short time at Fordham, N. Y.

The graduating class of the department of Georgetown numbered over 100, the first since the establishment of the university.

Cardinal Ledochowski, the brunt of the government censure during the past government persecution, is celebrating his sacerdotal jubilee in a few days. The celebration is general throughout Germany and Poland.

Sam Kee, a wealthy Chinese, was buried with a requiem mass from St. Mary's, Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently. He was a member of the Roman Catholic colony recently discovered in the interior of China, the members of which are said to have kept the faith imparted to their ancestors 300 years ago.

Representatives of persons who have died in the odor of sanctity, and whose works are placed on the wall or on glass in Catholic churches, sent a decree of the Congregation of Rites, provided there be no worship or attribute of sanctity connected with them. Pictures of persons beautified or canonized may be placed on the altars only with the aureole.

The celebration of the death of Archbishop Croke, I. R. C., was an event of interest to Catholics, the world over. A venerable metropolitan of one of the glorious figure of the Irish church, says the Times. He is almost idolized by his people. He was born near County Cork, on May 19, 1815, attended in succession the College in Paris, the Episcopate of Menin, in Belgium.

Catholic Notes.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception is undergoing extensive repairs.

The French Catholics of Waltham dedicated their new house of worship July 14.

Rev. Charles McKenna has been appointed assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Lawrence.

A little shrine, an exact reproduction of the famous Paray le Monjay, has been erected in the church of St. Francis de Sales, Brooklyn.

Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J., has resigned his position as president of Holy Cross College. He will stay for a short time at Fordham College, N. Y.

The graduating class of the law department of Georgetown for 1895 numbered over 100, the largest class since the establishment of the university.

Cardinal Ledochowski, who bore the brunt of the government persecution during the period of the Kulturkampf, is to celebrate his sacerdotal jubilee in a few days. The celebration will be general throughout Germany and Poland.

Sam Kee, a wealthy Chinaman, was buried with a requiem high mass from St. Mary's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently. He was a member of the Roman Catholic colony recently discovered in the interior of China, the members of which are said to have kept the faith imputed to their ancestors by the Jesuits 300 years ago.

Representatives of persons who lived in the odor of sanctity and of their actions and works may be placed on the wall or on stained glass in Catholic churches, by a recent decree of the Congregation of Rites, provided there be no mark of worship or attribute of sanctity connected with them. Pictures only of persons beautified or canonized can be placed on the altars or represented with the aureole.

The celebration of the silver jubilee of Archbishop Croke of Cashel, Ireland, was an event of interest to Catholics the world over. The venerable metropolitan of Cashel is one of the glorious figures of the Irish church, says the Republic. He is almost idolized by his grateful people. He was born near Mallow, County Cork, on May 19, 1824. He attended in succession the Irish College in Paris, the Episcopal College of Menin, in Belgium, and the

Irish College in Rome. He was ordained in 1846, and in 1870 was consecrated bishop of Auckland. Five years later he succeeded Dr. Leahy as archbishop of Cashel.

From his rather restricted means the Pope has by his own act given \$20,000 as his subscription to the Catholic faculties of the University of Lille, in Belgium. This endowment is intended for the establishing of a chair for the teaching of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas, and explaining it to the students of that university. The writings of this Dominican monk of six centuries ago are regarded by the Pope as perhaps one of, if not the most perfect of the guides of reason and faith. And this "Summa," or summary of divine knowledge, was the one book which was solemnly laid open on the altar at the council of Trent, together with the Bible and the pontifical decrees. It is for the teaching of this doctor of the church that Leo XIII. has made this great sacrifice at the present moment.

A very pretty and exceedingly happy event occurred at Notre Dame University last month that was not witnessed by the mass of people at the university attending the golden jubilee exercises. It was the presentation to Very Reverend William Corby of a ciborium by the Eucharistic League, says the Republic. The Eucharistic League is composed of cardinals, archbishops, bishops and priests of the Catholic faith in all parts of the world. No less than 30,000 belong to it, and it is an organization of considerable influence. Last summer it held its first convention in America at Notre Dame. Fr. Corby was the host, and so royally did he entertain that the league was loth to depart without some substantial recognition. The host's modesty and good heart at once put a quietus on any such plans, and the league left the university with delightful impressions of Fr. Corby and Notre Dame, but determined not to be outdone by him. The ciborium was made in Belgium, on the special order of the league, and cost about £10,000, or \$20,000. It is of gold, beautifully mounted with stones, enamel and emblems and other ornamental work of delicate and skilled workmanship.

SMILES.

"Are you going to have a holiday on the Fourth?"

"No; I shall have to work pretty hard all day. I'm afraid."

"I thought everybody had a holiday. What is your business?"

"Hospital surgeon."

"The thief who broke into my store last night," said the false-hair merchant, "reminded me very much of a fire cracker."

"How was that?" asked his friend.

"He went off with a bang," sighed the hair merchant.

Dukane—"The museum freak known as the human ostrich is dead."

Gatwell—"Did he try to eat a barbedwire fence?"

"No."

"What killed him?"

"In a fit of absent-mindedness he undertook to digest a railroad sandwich."

"Sakes! but don't them cars run slick, though! Say, Silas, wut makes 'em go?"

"Now, do be keerful, Sar' Ann, er folks 'll know we're fum the kentry. These air them 'lectric cars you've hearn tell on. I 'spect the 'lectricity's san'er's down in that little slit in the middle of the track."

Mr. Waggles—"Look here! What in the world do you mean by getting yourself a bloomer bicycle costume? Do you think I would allow you to go out on the street dressed like that?"

Mrs. Waggles—"Why, I heard you say only yesterday that you hadn't seen anything prettier this summer than the girl who passed the car with bloomers on."

Mr. Waggles—"Oh, well, that's different. She wasn't related to me in any way."

"Father," said the small boy, "a man that drinks whiskey to excess is a chump, isn't he?"

"Yes—only it isn't very nice to use slang."

"Well, if he drinks whiskey till he gets a blossom on his nose—"

"What of it?"

"Then he's a blooming chump, isn't he?"

Miss Kate Sanborn, the author, is of rather generous proportions. A neighbor "ran in," one day on an errand, at her "abandoned farm," and suddenly burst out to her astonished hostess, "Do ye ever have fits?" Miss Sanborn said she never had fits. "I s'pose ye know," went on the caller relentlessly, "that ye're jest th' build for fits."

New Yorker (visiting over the bridge)—Phew! Old man, those trolley gongs would drive me crazy! That a dozen that have clanged by since I've been sitting here.

Brooklyn (readily)—Now that's just like you New Yorkers to jump at conclusions; half of those were ambulance gongs.

"Gazzam is one candidate I am going to scratch," said Timberwheels to Tillinghast.

"Why?"

"I want to soothe his itch for office."

"Will you make much cotton this year?"

"I reckon."

"And corn?"

"I reckon."

"And hay?"

"I reckon."

"My friend, do you always reckon about these things?"

"I reckon I does!"

A HUMANITARIAN.

To the Editor of the Monitor.

MY DEAR SIR:—During the past month in my journeys about the city I have seen men in the plain, unobtrusive garb of the common citizen in the employ of the city and on Sundays I have also seen the same men still in the employ of the city but clothed in the raiment of the policeman. Now I know that these men are not actuated by any mercenary motive but by a desire to perform a duty to their beloved city and by their presence curb every attempt at desecration or mischief. But I do not think that we have a right to expect this continuous service from any one, more especially as on the seventh day the majesty of the law and the consequent dignity of blue clothes must be borne, a burden that only the most robust can stand. Touched to commiseration by this knowledge, I would earnestly ask that this double duty be not imposed. I think that the powers that he should be reminded of that injunction: on the seventh day thou shalt not labor, and apply it to our sturdy yeomen, who have hitherto been compelled to tread alone the deserted streets of our city on Sunday.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH.

QUINCY BOYS AT HOME.

William T. Deasy and William L. Sullivan are home from St. John's Seminary; Mr. Patrick Hayes, who will be ordained at Christmas time, from St. Laurent's, Montreal; John Harkins from Holy Cross, Worcester; Michael Carey from Boston College; Walter F. Fegan from St. Anselm's Manchester, N. H.; Dennis Greavy from Harvard.

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Published Monthly
by the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

Yearly Subscriptions.....50 Cents.
Single Copies.....5 Cents.

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All articles and correspondence intended for the Monitor should be addressed to the Editor of the Quincy Monitor, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to Monitor readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Correspondents of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

JULY, 1895.

Well, \$7.50 per day would in all probability make some of the Ledger folks look pleased!

Now the sewerage question is disposed of it will be incumbent upon some of our very astute politicians to hunt around and find another slogan for this year's municipal campaign.

Mayor Hodges will have the selection of three sewerage commissioners and it is hoped that he will get the best men possible. The matter of the building of the sewer is a large one and needs men of special ability to do it.

Now that the water mains have been laid to Houghs Neck, the Monitor would suggest that the Commissioners pay a little attention to some other parts of the city, where water is needed badly and which should have been supplied before Houghs Neck.

We were surprised to find the sedate Herald complaining at the rebellious spirit of Manitoba, but we are inclined to believe that the Herald in its great love for quietude is apt to overlook the silent issue at stake. The right of the Manitobans to provide their own schools is established by strong precedent, and happily the loss is to be but temporary.

Many people are of the opinion that the Council should have passed the schoolhouse order sanctioning the use of one material or another, according to its best judgment without seeking to learn in any way only by submission of its act as the charter provides as to what the views of the executive might be. The Council should not allow the idea go abroad that it fears a veto or that it has not the courage to stand by its honest feeling.

Catholics as well as other people can have nothing but words of welcome and praise for the delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention. The subjects of good manhood and good womanhood and their relation to the higher things of life are truly interdominational and in the effort to reach that plane the Endeavorers have the hearty co-operation of Catholics.

No, if you please, Ross and Brown were not acquitted, but discharged on account of the contradictory testimony given. Though a court may not be able to determine the guilty parties, and impose the proper punishments, yet a higher court—the public—will have no reluctance in fastening the crime upon one of the men implicated. The plea of self-defence in this case is indeed specious.

The decisive vote on the sewerage question—655 in the affirmative and 292 in the negative—may rightly be judged as very complimentary to the committee on sewers. This committee did all that was possible to enlighten the mind of the general public by public hearings and published opinions from competent engineers, and the consequence was that all were able to vote on the question with clear light.

The mud cabin in Ireland consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached outhouse which is used as storeroom for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose. The doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools atoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals, which have free access to the house. At night there is a good company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds, or berths, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex. From 9 to 12 is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the callioth, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscreened from the live stock of the farm and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds, beside the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space respectively and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.—Cornhill Magazine.

Behold the birthplace of the future boss of American politics!

The above excerpt and commentary is taken from the Boston *Standard*, but we would assure the *Standard* that such a calamity as it fears will never take place. On an issue of this kind we are a unit and will do all in our power to thwart the efforts of such a people to become our "boss." Certainly the *Standard* must mean the Irish-Orangemen when it speaks of the future boss, because by a daily perusal of its columns and current testimony we are led to believe that the present boss is the Irish-Catholic.

The chagrin of Irishmen at the last change in the English government while it may be wide spread, still will have the effect of opening the eyes of Irishmen to the fallacious policy hitherto governing them. The greatest drawback to the consummation of Home Rule or any other remedial or reform measure is the dependency of late years on English statesmen. This arises from two primal causes namely: First, the factional feeling in Ireland, and secondly the impossibility on account of this trouble in electing an Irishman to lead the delegation in Parliament and the consequent compulsory call upon an Englishman as a compromise. There may be other barriers in the way of electing an Irishman to any responsible position in the Parliamentary party, but these two are the chief ones. The last Liberal government was of all recent governments, undoubtedly the most inactive of many years, but it had one distinguishing mark and that was that it promised more than any in memory and accomplished less. The charge has been made that English Liberals do not look with favor on Home Rule, since if that was achieved it would rob them of the chance of future participation in the government of Great Britain, and we think that in view of their recent behavior that the charge is true, and that if they can keep the party intact by false pretences they will be assured of the prestige they have recently lost. The conditions in England or Ireland do not differ from the conditions here, where we find a large number of men centreing upon some one not of their race since they cannot on account of the racial prejudice elect one of their own. But Irishmen can no longer hope for the granting of their rights by Englishmen, or that the English members of the Liberal party are sincere in their profession. There can be no better evidence that they are not than that furnished by the recent

conduct when they met for the purpose of reaffirming their principles by their ignoring of the question of Home Rule, until by a vigorous protest from John Morley, they were obliged as a shamed party to recognize the just claim by a declaration. We hope that Irishmen will realize that a sensible rule must ensue as further help cannot be expected for the support of worthless factions.

We have been treated during the days following the trouble at East Boston to a flippancy on the part of the daily press in regard to the trouble that we did not expect and a hesitancy to place the blame on proper shoulders. From the time of all—press and public—some one conversant with the particulars would be led to believe that the odium attached to that affair belonged to the onlookers—or to be more specific to the unfortunates, who were either killed or maimed by the unrestrained sympathizers. Be one familiar with the published accounts and willing to occupy a neutral ground must come to the conclusion that the menace to the peace was on the part of the parades and those among the spectators who were in accord with the casual feature of the whole affair, and that was the massing of a large alien body under some attribute of our nationhood that they might the better vent to the rancor and hatred of Catholics. That this is possible in an enlightened state like Massachusetts seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and furthermore, those who should be in the front in defence of every institution of our common country are willing to cede that right to a people who if conditions were reversed would be among the first to annihilate the things they now assume to esteem. We think in all candor that the time has come when our people should not permit any organization to assume to itself the sole task of upholding Americanism, more especially when all intelligent men should discern the malignity at the base of the movement. Catholics have been subjected during these times to an abuse that has seldom been given to any body of citizens and while they have all along felt secure in their own innocence, yet nothing has been done as a body to present their side of the story, deeming subsequent results sufficient to relieve them from any blame. The trouble at East Boston was not an attack on the schoolhouse, nor upon the stars and stripes, since the float bearing these had long passed from the place where the frenzied intruders mur-

dred the defenceless spectator. Every man injured bore a Catholic name and the assassins testified to the fact of their association with the American Protective Association. Fire arms of the most vicious patterns were found upon the excited men, while those injured carried no arms of any kind. Further testimony from members of the organization published in the newspapers tends to prove beyond any contradiction that the paraders and many of their kind on the outside anticipated trouble and were willing to provoke it, knowing that they would not be taken unawares, or the killing of Wills demonstrated without the destructive means forbidden by law. The mob, as we have been pleased to term the spectators, did not in any way provoke the assault, and even if they did they had not the means to end it in the loss of life. While we deprecate the affray, yet we will not allow one to fasten the blame upon another, neither will we forget the partly spirit displayed afterward. We have yet to witness a greater menace to any people than that shown by this side, when men having no common with us, are allowed to enter the streets or to congregate where the possibility of trouble is always imminent, heavily armed. We think the reaction of the Carnival committee and of the Board of Aldermen was but we think also that the result of the Governor's lack of his usual courage in directing the Board of Police to sue a permit will make him more cautious in the future as to the manner in which he overrides the dictum of those whose decision was not conditioned upon the exigencies of politics. Catholics should treat this question only as to placing the responsibility and not in any way pander to the dominant pretensions of Americanism, since the disposition of many public men, always anxious to court public favor, has not been to arrive at the truth, but in the future to throw their influence where it will make the most impression. We think it would be a superfluous thing to reaffirm our allegiance to our country at this time, since, in view of our past, so many bearing names that we would like to honor, are to be found among the blackguards who use every hypocritical ruse to slander Catholics.

If you want your prescription compounded accurately and the best ingredients used bring them to the City Drug Store, corner School and Hancock streets.

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THE SUMMER FESTIVALS.

The annual Summer festivals were held by the respective Sunday Schools of the parish this year with unusual success. St. John's Sunday School held a concert on June 17, at St. John's hall, introducing as a leading feature, the operetta, "The Fairy Queen." The festivities were enlivened by base ball, bicycle racing and ended with a display of fireworks. The Rev. Director of the Sunday School takes this opportunity for thanking the many who so generously aided or attended the festival.

St. Mary's Sunday School held a grand Lady Minstrel entertainment at St. Mary's hall, West Quincy, on July 4th. Each number of the teeming programme was received with applause and hearty appreciation. Much of the success of the whole was due to the accompanist of the evening. Many were surprised to meet among so many ladies such a staid young man as Mr. Daniel Haley of Weymouth.

The Sunday School of the Sacred Heart presented practically the same attractions as those of St. Mary's, adding however, a little drama, the "May Queen" and held its entertainment on Tuesday evening, July 9, at Music hall, Atlantic.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Ita Welsh-Donovan, wife of the late Dr. Samuel M. Donovan, died Tuesday, July 2 of consumption. Mrs. Donovan was well known in Boston and in this city as a singer of great ability, and as a member of some of the best musical societies of Boston. She leaves five children, four boys and one girl. The funeral was held Monday, July 4 from St. John's Church. Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti was celebrant; Rev. Fr. Patrick, O. S. F., deacon; and Rev. John J. Garrity, sub-deacon. The attending priests were Revs. E. A. Cunningham, Fr. Doonan, S. J., and Daniel C. Reardon. The interment was at West Quincy. The pall-bearers were: James Elcock, Conrad Mischler, John Lyons and John H. Dinagan.

Mr. Patrick McDonnell died on Friday, July 5 after a lingering sickness in his 38th year. The funeral was held Monday, July 8. Mr. McDonnell had a severe attack of typhoid fever and it was the complications resulting that caused his death. He was engaged prior to his sickness in the granite business. He was a member of the Granite Manufacturers' Association, who sent a beautiful wreath, and the Catholic Order of Foresters. The

pall-bearers were Patrick J. Cuniff, Michael Cuniff, Andrew Deane, Patrick Driscoll, Conrad Mischler, Lewis McCarthy. His father, Patrick McDonnell, three brothers, Rev. Matthew, John A., and Thomas, and three sisters, Mrs. James Kelly, Miss Teresa and Mrs. Whorisky of Cambridge survive him.

Mr. John C. Ring, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ring of Washington street died on Tuesday July 9, at the age of 32 years, of consumption. Mr. Ring was formerly a travelling salesman for the large clothiers of Boston, Leopold Morse & Co., but was compelled to stop work about two years ago. He was active in the political and social life of the city and was well and favorably known. Funeral services were held Thursday morning July 11.

Mrs. Agnes Caven, widow of the late John Caven, died on Tuesday, July 9, at the age of 69 years and 3 months. Funeral services were held Thursday, July 11, at 10 o'clock from St. John's Church.

LOCALS.

The Sunday School teachers of St. John's Church, together with the members of the choir and the altar boys, held their annual outing on Thursday, July 11, at Salem Willow.

Miss Mary E. Lavelle, of Woodbine street, Wollaston, received a handsome gold medal from her Sunday school teacher, Miss O'Hara, for her meritorious works during the year.

The public school teachers of this city presented Miss Jessie N. Prince with a Mexican Onyx banquet lamp and stand and Dresden vase. Miss Prince closed her service with the Quincy schools with the past term.

Mr. Michael E. O'Brien of West Quincy is able to be about once more, much to the pleasure of his many friends in all parts of the city. Though he had a severe sickness he is rapidly gaining his old-time vigor.

By the recent elections in England the Liberals suffered an overwhelming and deserved defeat. The defeat of Sir William Harcourt will be the most keenly felt, as he fell not on account of personal apathy, or question of fitness, but because he was associated with a party that miserably disappointed the English people. "Balforism" will now have full sway.

When you have a prescription go to the City Drug Store, corner of School and Hancock streets.



SOMETHING

—TO—

REMEMBER

Is that anyone can sell cigars, confectionery, or patent medicines; but it sometimes taxes the knowledge and skill of a good chemist to compound an intricate Prescription.

AVOID ALL RISKS

Arising from errors and blunders in compounding, made by incompetent druggists or their assistants, by bringing your PRESCRIPTIONS to

THE

Phenix Pharmacy.

27 School Street.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

under personal Supervision
of Proprietor and Manager.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G.

General Agent for Gem Balsam. Best remedy for Coughs and Colds.

Our Soda

is the finest in town. One trial is all we ask.





Changed His Mind

The dime museum man who advertises a horse with seven legs and can produce for the bucolic eye nothing better than a fake, will never succeed.

Before you are bitten by a fake sale of clothing, hadn't you better change your mind and turn your steps to the store that always sells goods that are new, reasonable in price and desirable?

Serge Suits—

This is going to be a great season for Serge Suits. We have, we believe, the best line of them popular summer suits, both in Blues and Blacks, in the city. We have them to fit you, and we don't ask stiff prices for them.

\$8.50, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15.00.

They are the cheapest suits you can buy, for the best or them last three or four seasons.

Boys' Suits—

Our boys' suits only need to be compared with other makes, when you will see good reason for buying ours. The style and fit is better, and they cost you less in the long run. We save you money on boys' clothes.

Hats, Shoes and Furnishings—

We sell everything under this heading that man or boy wears and we sell them for less money than you usually pay for the kinds we sell.

Suppose you try us and see?

McMANUS & CO.,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

670 Washington Street corner Beach, Boston.

Fargo's Old Stand.

THE QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

The graduating exercises of the Class of '95 of the Quincy High School took place in the school hall on Wednesday evening, June 26. The hall was crowded and the exercises very interesting. The class prophecy was omitted this year and a new feature instituted—the class ode,—the honor this year falling to Miss Ellen M. Greany, and the young lady's efforts were very creditable.

Mr. George H. Martin, of the Board of School Supervisors of Boston, was introduced by Mr. Lull and his remarks were of great interest, not only to the graduating class, but to all present. The diplomas were presented by Mr. Emery L. Crane, Chairman of the School Committee.

The programme was as follows:—

Music. "The Dawn of Day."

By the School.

Salutatory. "The Unruly Member."

Mary Frances Sampson.

Class History.

Catherine Capen Pope.

Music. Barcarole from "La Muette de Portici."

Violin solo, J. Hanson.

By the French Classes.

Address to Undergraduates.

Mary Beatrice Keating.

Debate—"Resolved, that the New Education is Superior to the Old."

Daisy Claire Bemis. Affirmative.

Alice Farnum Sampson. Negative.

Ellen M. Greany.

Mary Agnes Cashman.

Vocal Solo. "Tell me, O Bird of the Merry Green Wood."

Eloise Perry Flood.

Valedictory. "Ideals."

Sarah Constance McGovern.

Music. "Hymn of the Fisherman's Children."

By the School.

Assisted by the High School Orchestra. Mr. Joshua Hanson, Misses Duggan, Laing, Leard and Perry, and Messrs. Kelly, Marnock and Mitchell.

Music. Class Ode, Tune, "How can I Leave Thee?"

Words by Ellen M. Greany.

By the Class of 1895.

Music. "High School Bells."

Words by Frederick Addison Tupper.

Dedicated to the Class of 1895, Q. H. S.

Solo: Miss Flood. Duet: Misses Flood and Bates.

By the School.

The salutatory given by Miss Mary Sampson, opened with the usual address of welcome to members of the School Committee, the Superintendent, scholars, teachers and friends of the school. The essay accompanying the salutatory was entitled "The Unruly Member," and contained some excellent advice as to the choice and use of words.

The class history by Miss Catherine C. Pope followed. It was an interesting account of the career of the Class of '95 during its four years at the High School.

The address to undergraduates delivered by Miss Mary B. Keating was replete with the good advice with which the departing senior is ever ready to favor the undergraduates.

ate. They were exhorted to support the growing fame of the Quincy High School Debating Society, to take an active interest in the school paper, and finally to do all in their power to make the Quincy High School pre-eminent among the schools of this vicinity.

The debate "Resolved—That the New Education is Superior to the Old" was next on the programme. The speakers on the affirmative were Miss Daisy C. Bemis and Miss Alice F. Sampson, on the negative Miss Ellen M. Greany and Miss Mary A. Cashman. The arguments by the speakers on the affirmative were to the effect that new methods, better school buildings and equipments, with professionally trained teachers had been a means of great progress in education.

The negative maintained that older methods had produced far better results, that more costly school buildings were of no consideration and that many persons who had not received a professional training oftentimes made better teachers than those who had that advantage. After the five minute arguments replies were made by the first affirmative and first negative.

The valedictory by Miss Sarah C. McGovern was in the nature of an essay, the subject being "Ideals." The fact that every person has ideals and the necessity of such, was dwelt upon at some length. The farewell address with many expressions of gratitude to the sub-committee, Dr. Sheahan, and to the teachers followed. The speaker concluded with many good wishes for the future of the members of the Class of '95.

Diplomas were presented to the following graduates by Mr. Crane.

Eva Bassett.

Lillian Kimball Bates.

Daisy Claire Bemis.

Anastasia Luella Bryan.

Eva E. Bryant.

Mary Agnes Cashman.

Mary Coyle.

Mary A. Dinnie.

Eloise Perry Flood.

Ellen M. Greany.

Ellen Gertrude Haley.

Laura Jane Jones.

Mary Beatrice Keating.

Mary Josephine Leary.

Daisy Maud Lowe.

Sarah Constance McGovern.

Mary Laura Pierce.

Catherine Capen Pope.

Alice Farnum Sampson.

Mary Francis Sampson.

Mary Rosella Sullivan.

Ida Laverna Thomas.

Barbara Earle Vogler.

Annie Zita White.

John Barry.

BUSINESS COURSE.

Edith Rowe Graham.

Gertrude White Hall.
Alexander Charles Marnock.
James Edgar McIntyre.
Dale Mudgett.
Dora Mildred Mudgett.
Alfred Nelson.
John Warren Northcott.
John Fidele Pirovano.
Walter Louis Winlock.

CLASS ODE.

BY MISS ELLEN M. GREANY.

Last sad farewell now
To Alma Mater's halls,
Lovingly sing it here
To dear cherished walls.
Gratefully give her praise
To whom all praise is due,
Warm be the tribute paid,
Tender and true!

Though years may vanish,
Scenes change with lapse of time,
Though duty stern may call
To distant climes,
Yet backward with regret
Our thoughts will oft be cast
To school life, now become
A fragrant past.

Now the dim future
With golden promise gleams,
No shade of sorrow falls,
So fair it seems!
Yet with the sunshine bright
Shadows must surely be,
Storms lurk in brightest skies,
O'er life's wild sea.

But ever mindful
Of lessons thou hast taught,
With help of Him who gives
Whatever is sought,
So bravely facing life,
Sunshine and shadows too,
Fondly we bid thee now
Our last adieu.

The first tests of the Maxim gun in this country show it to be a sufficiently murderous little weapon to satisfy the most savage warrior. It weighs only twenty-five pounds and it sends forth anywhere from one to six hundred death-dealing missiles a minute. It looks like a toy, but in reality it is about the most deadly instrument of war yet invented.

Hearn's Head-case is a good thing for Headache.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a special meeting of the Democratic City Committee held on July 14th, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite mercy and wisdom to remove from our midst, by death, on July 9th, 1895, our esteemed member, Mr. John C. Ring;

Resolved: That while we bow with humble submission to the will of Divine Providence, yet we cannot but regret the death of one who has given his time to promote the principles of the party which this Committee represents.

Resolved: That we tender his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow, and while they mourn his loss, we would remind them, that he has gone to God who made him, and trust they will find consolation in Him, who doeth all things well.

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolutions be entered on the records of this Committee and published in the Quincy Advertiser, Quincy Patriot and Quincy Monitor, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Per order Democratic City Committee.

W. B. WILSON, Chairman.

GEORGE D. CAHILL, Secretary.

THE ADAMS ACADEMY.

The graduating exercises of the Adams Academy were held on Monday morning, June 24. A large audience listened to the following exercises:

Toussaint L'Ouverture. W. Phil.
William Merrill Leavitt, Marshfield Hills.
The Loyal Subject, Beaumont and Fletcher.
Roy Farrell Duffield, Quincy.
The Afghan War. W. E. Gladstone.
George Edward Adams, Quincy.
Reply to Senator Pepper. J. A. Gordon.
Gilbert Ray Kent, Wollaston.
Waister. W. Everett.
William Henry McGrath, Quincy.
MacGregor's Defence. Sir W. See.
William Andrew McCabe, Quincy.
The assault on Charles Sumner.

A. Barling.
Stacy Baxter Southworth, Quincy.
Address to Mont Blanc. S. T. Crane.
Henry Alexander Wason, Quincy.
War Inevitable. P. H.
Harry Warren McCabe, Quincy.
The Bondman. Massin.
Arthur Bates Holden, Quincy.
The Murder of Lovejoy. W. Phil.
Walter Hinckley Nichols, Wollaston.
Marino Faliero. Lord Byron.
John Loring Eldridge, Quincy.
Not a candidate for Master's Prize.

The Adams gold medal awarded to John Loring Eldridge and the Master's prize to W. Henry McGrath. The judges, Rapert F. Clafin, Charles F. A. 24, and Charles Wason.

The other prizes were awarded the following young men:

FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE.
First class.—Charles Wesley Wilder, Wollaston.
Second class.—Arthur Bates Holden, Quincy, and Ross Kittredge, Whiton, Quincy Point.
Third class.—Fred Lincoln, Howland, Wollaston.
Fourth class.—Lawrence, Quincy.

FOR SCHOLARSHIP.
First class.—William Merrill Leavitt, Marshfield Hills.
Second class.—James Dearborn Kent, Wollaston.
Third class.—Lewis Whitton, Howland, Marshfield.
Fourth class.—Lawrence, Quincy.

THE BRACKETT PRIZE.
Was awarded to Edward Harmon, West Quincy.

FOR TRANSLATIONS.
Charles Wesley Wilder of W. Henry Francis Barker of Quincy, Whiton Hall of Marshfield, Joseph of Quincy, George Maurice She.

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

At the last meeting of the School Committee the following business was transacted:

The Committee on Text Books recommended Whitney & Wood's grammar for the High School, Thomas', Ellis', Fisk's and School histories for reference books.

Bertrude White Hall.
Alexander Charles Marnock.
James Edgar McIntyre.
Dale Mudgett.
Dora Mildred Mudgett.
Alfred Nelson.
John Warren Northcott.
John Fidele Pirovano.
Walter Louis Winlock.

CLASS ODE.

BY MISS ELLEN M. GREANY.

Last sad farewell now
To Alma Mater's halls,
Sorrowfully sing it here
To dear cherished walls,
Gratefully give her praise
To whom all praise is due,
Warm be the tribute paid,
Tender and true!

Though years may vanish,
Scenes change with lapse of time,
Though duty stern may call
To distant clime;
Yet backward with regret
Our thoughts will oft be cast
To school life, now become
A fragrant past.

Now the dim future
With golden promise gleams,
No shade of sorrow falls,
So fair it seems!
Yet with the sunshine bright
Shadows must surely be,
Storms lurk in brightest skies,
O'er life's wild sea.

But ever mindful
Of lessons thou hast taught,
With help of Him who gives
Whatever is sought,
So bravely facing life,
Sunshine and shadows too,
Fondly we bid thee now
Our last adieu.

The first tests of the Maxim gun
his country show it to be a suffi-
ciently murderous little weapon to
sly the most savage warrior. It
weighs only twenty-five pounds and
sends forth anywhere from one
six hundred death dealing missiles
minute. It looks like a toy, but
reality it is about the most deadly
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Resolved: That while we bow with
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Providence, yet we cannot but regret the
loss of one who has given his time to
note the principles of the party which
the Committee represents.

Resolved: That we tender his afflicted
family our heartfelt sympathy in their
grief and sorrow, and while they mourn his
loss, we would remind them, that he has
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he will find consolation in Him, who
in all things well.

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolu-
tions be entered on the records of this
Committee and published in the Quincy
Centinel, Quincy Patriot and Quincy
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For order Democratic City Committee.

W. B. WILSON, Chairman.
GEORGE D. CAHILL, Secretary.

THE ADAMS ACADEMY.

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Adams Academy were held on Mon-
day morning, June 24. A good
audience listened to the follow-
ing exercises:

Massant L'Onverture, W. Phillips
William Merrill Leavitt, Marshfield Hill.
Loyal Subject, Beaumont and Fletcher
Roy Farrell Duffield, Quincy.
The Arabian War, W. E. Gladstone
George Edward Adams, Quincy.
Reply to Senator Peffer, J. A. Gordon
Gilbert Ray Kent, Wollaston.

W. Everett
William Henry McGrath, Quincy.
The Doctor's Defence, Sir W. Scott
William Andrew McCabe, Quincy.
The Assault on Charles Sumner.

A. Burlingame
Stacy Baxter Southworth, Quincy.
Address to Mont Blanc, S. T. Coleridge
Henry Alexander Wason, Quincy.

P. Henry
Harry Warren McCabe, Quincy.
The Bondman, Massinger
Arthur Bates Holden, Quincy.

W. Phillips
Walter Hinckley Nichols, Wollaston.
Mars and Falter, Lord Byron
John Loring Eldridge, Quincy.

Not a candidate for Master's Prize.

The Adams gold medal was
awarded to John Loring Eldridge,
and the Master's prize to William
Henry McGrath. The judges were
Robert F. Clafin, Charles F. Adams,
El and Charles Wason.

The other prizes were awarded to
the following young men:

FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE.

First class, Charles Wesley Wilder of
Wollaston.

Second class, Arthur Bates Holden of
Quincy, and Ross Kittredge Whiton of
Quincy Point.

Third class, Fred Lincoln Hewitt of
Wollaston.

Fourth class, Lawrence Lyons of
Quincy.

FOR SCHOLARSHIP.

First class, William Merrill Leavitt of
Marshfield Hills.

Second class, James Dearborn Kent of
Wollaston.

Third class, Lewis Whiton Hall of
Marshfield.

Fourth class, Lawrence Lyons of
Quincy.

THE BRACKETT PRIZE.

Was awarded to Edward Harmon Virgin
of West Quincy.

FOR TRANSLATIONS.

Charles Wesley Wilder of Wollaston.
Henry Francis Barker of Quincy, Lewis
Whiton Hall of Marshfield, Joseph Costa
of Quincy, George Maurice Sheahan of
Quincy.

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

At the last meeting of the School
Committee the following business
was transacted:

The Committee on Text Books
recommended Whitney & Lock-
wood's grammar for the High School;
Thomas', Ellis', Fisk's and Scudder's
Histories for reference books in the

eighth grade of the grammar schools,
and Frye's geography for the use of
the grammar schools.

The Chairman informed the Com-
mittee of the following unexpended
balances:

Salaries,	\$30,346.65
Fuel,	\$3,824.52
Janitors,	\$2,856.60
Transportation,	\$315.90
Books & Supplies,	\$3,856.41
Evening Schools,	\$1,766.90

The following teachers were
elected:

High School.—Tenure of office,
Frederic Allison Tupper, Clara E.
Thompson; for one year, Helen L.
Follansbee, Genevieve Gwynn.

Adams School.—Tenure of office,
Charlotte F. Donovan; for one year,
C. Belle Gaunett, Kate C. Bryant,
Annie P. Hall.

Coddington School.—Tenure of
office, Lina F. Bates; for one year,
Elmira C. Mayo, Alice J. Lawrence.

John Hancock School.—Tenure of
office, Minnie E. Welsh, Henrietta
C. Esson; for one year, R. S. Atkins,
C. Elizabeth Hall.

Lincoln School.—Tenure of office,
Wm. A. Reed, Grace W. Emery,
Minnie E. Donavan, Mary M. Mc-
Nally, Velma L. Curtis, Helen F.
Boyd, Elizabeth Sullivan; for one
year, Alice M. Richards, Daisy J.
Adams, Inez L. Nutting.

Quincy School.—For one year, J.
Q. Litchfield, Emma R. B. Merrill,
Mabel P. Whitman, Minnie C.
Ritter.

Washington School.—Tenure of
office, H. Francis Cannon; for one
year, Alice S. Hatch.

Willard School.—Tenure of office,
Mary E. Keohan, Lillian A. Merrill;
for one year, Joseph A. Siminton,

Mary L. Crowe, Francis C. Sullivan,
Anna B. Kelley, Kittie McGovern.

Wollaston School.—For one year,
Carrie A. Crane, Annie D. Marden,
Alice J. Coffin, Ida J. Cameron.

Special teacher.—Fannie E.
French.

Upon recommendation of Mr.
Burns, Chairman Crane appointed
Messrs. Burns, Gurney and Record
a committee to provide school ac-
comodations in Wards 4 and 5.

Adjournment was made to the
last Tuesday in August.

JUNE NUPTIALS.

Mr. John P. Minihan and Miss E.
McGovern, two well-known young
people of this city were married by
Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti on
Wednesday, June 19, at St. John's
church. The bridesmaid was Miss Kit-
tie McGovern a sister of the bride and
the the groomsmen Mr. Michael
Minihan, a brother of the groom.
The ushers were Mr. J. C. Dorgan,
Mr. James P. McGovern, Mr. Flem-
mings of Cambridge and Mr. J. E.
Costello. A wedding breakfast was
served at the residence of Mr. and
Mrs. John McGovern on Adams
street. Mr. and Mrs. Minihan will
make their home at West Quincy.

ST. ANTHONY.

As this is the seventh centenary
of the glorious St. Anthony of Pa-
dua, and a year when devotion to
this loved friend and patron of all
who are in distress is spreading
with ever-increasing ardor through-

out the entire world, the Carmelites
of Boston have thought it a fitting
time to inaugurate a special devo-
tion in his honor at their monastery,
61 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury,
Mass. Not having, as they would
wish, a statue of the saint, they
have hung his picture for the veneration
of the faithful, and beneath it
they have placed two boxes, one
for petitions and the other for offer-
ings. These petitions may be sent
by mail in care of the Rev. Mother
Priorers, or deposited by the faith-
ful who visit the convent, just as
may be most convenient. This cus-
tom is now prevalent in France,
and especially in the houses erected
for the care of homeless children,
which are established under the
protection of Dom Bosco, of venerated
memory. There, those whose
petitions are granted, promises an
offering, for "St. Anthony's bread,"
as it is called, for the nourishment
of the poor orphans; but in this case
the offering will be to procure what
we may call "St. Anthony's bricks,"
for the erection of the long-desired
monastery of the Carmelites. We
trust the dear saint may be propiti-
ous to his clients in granting num-
berless petitions, and finding the
much-needed bricks for the great
work in contemplation. Special
prayers will be offered each day by
the Sisters for all those who peti-
tions are deposited in the box in
time, and it is hoped that a beauti-
ful statue of the saint may be
placed in the future chapel.



Men's Russet Bals, Razor Toes, Scotch Welt, \$3.00 Men's Russet Goat Bals, Picadilly, \$2.50
Take the Electrics and trade at the GRANITE SHOE STORE, You get a fine ride and the best value for your money.

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CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE.

Lawyers.**J. W. McANARNEY,**

Counsellor at Law,

QUINCY, MASS.

Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Saturdays at the office of J. E. COTTER,
199 Washington St., Boston.**HERBERT M. FEDERHEN, Jr.,**

ATTORNEY

and Counsellor at Law.

QUINCY OFFICE—Court House Building
164 Hancock Street.OFFICE HOURS—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to
9 P. M.**THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL
GRADUATION.**

The graduating exercises of the Grammar school were held in the High School hall on Thursday afternoon, June 27. The number of graduates was 223.

The exercises were as follows:—

March, Nellie E. Lord, Q. H. S., '95
Sadie F. Emery, Q. H. S., '95
Chorus—"Where'er I go," The Schools
Graduating, Quincy School
Invocation—"Father in Heaven," Schools
The Adamses, Adams School
Music Gens. and Boys' trio, Coddington School
John Hancock, John Hancock School
Chorus—"Battle Hymn of Republic,"
Keller's American Hymn, (

The Schools
Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln School
Song—"Tis Morn," Willard School
Geo. Washington, Washington School
Bryant—"The Water Fowl,"

Willard School
Chorus—"The Public Schools," Schools
Words by Frederic Allison Tupper.
Fifteen-Minute Talk to the Graduates.

Henry T. Bailey, Agt. of State Board
Presentation of Diplomas.

School Board, Emory L. Crane, Chair'n
March, Daisy C. Benis, Q. H. S., '95

Before departing the audience
and graduates sang the hymn
"America."

The names of the graduates are
appended:

Adams.	Lincoln.
Sarah J. Corbett	Eliza M. Bisson
John F. Dougherty	Annie Booth
Edna W. Dunn	Grace Craig
Wm. J. Groaty	Margaret A. Kenney
John P. Frew	Mary H. Igo
Jennie Gorman	Katie A. Lennon
Fannie W. Hartigan	Rosa A. McVay
John Haggerty	Isabelle S. Boyde
Margaret M. Hartney	Myra H. Spear
Mary E. Haines	Maggie C. Souther
Norma C. Lowe	Jennie E. Sutherland
Jessie A. Mene	Harv. L. Curtis
John J. Mahon	Daniel D. Javan
Joe P. McCarthy	Charles G. Leveck
Robert McConnell	Arthur H. Patterson
Reneth A. McKenzie	Richard Powers
Agnes T. McGinty	Fred S. Safford
Mary B. McGinty	Edwin J. Steer
Robt. E. McAniff	Duncan Stewart
Abner Packard	James M. Walker
Burleigh E. Pratt	Lauretta E. Williams
Williamina F. Skinner	
Camilla A. Solaree	
Herbert A. Sproul	
Chas. W. Thaxter	
Mary P. Tate	
Henry A. White	
Lucy M. Talbot	

Coddington.	Quincy.
Frank T. Appleton	Joseph C. Aulback
Joe C. Baker	John J. Barry
Lottie W. Brown	Melvena F. Brown
Josephine Colligan	Ethel Brown
Ernest W. Ditson	Ernest Burs
Walter M. Fitts	May E. Chase
Elizabeth C. Field	P. Henry Collett
Lizzie Fostello	Peter J. Colligan
Robt. E. Hall	Frank E. Curtin
Edward Heffernan	Margaret E. Drolan
Carrie Hardwick	Ethel M. Dorman
Eleanor F. H. Harris	Castilda Gardiner
Katherine F. Kerins	Edith M. Greenard
Mary L. McDonald	Ida S. Hoyt
Matthew F. McDonnell	Alice E. Kennon
Joseph C. Morse Jr.	Pearl E. Lazardier
Charles McKenzie	John M. Mahoney
Joe E. Menhinick	J. R. G. Marshall
Ethel W. Osborne	Ethel McKay
Wm. J. Patterson	Margaret Martin
Frank S. Park	John J. McParthin
Lemuel Pitts Jr.	Wm. C. Moffat
Elmer F. Ricker	John S. O'Neil
Susan E. Somers	Carrie M. Poland
Charles W. Somers	Catherine Priest
	Mary A. Scharmigel
	Myra E. Shea
	Winnifred E. Seaman
	George C. Stenzel
	Dennis J. Sullivan
	Wm. L. Sullivan
	Ethel Vogler
	Howard G. Wade
	Genevieve Wilson

John Hancock.	Washington.
Wm. Barrett	Bertha A. Hayden
Joseph A. Biganess	Christina P. Mitchell
Gilbert L. Blaisdell	S. Wesley Sargent
Mary N. Dackers	Abbie M. Tower
Mary A. Doran	Joseph M. Ford
Louise E. Joss	Daniel C. Carey
Maxwell W. McIntosh	Wm. H. Baker
Wm. E. Mitchell	Clement J. Maney
Sidney L. H. Northcott	Margaret Callahan
Leslie W. M. Smith	John Federhen 4th
Lizzie L. Smith	M. Elizabeth Butters
Robina P. Souden	Jeanie M. Biggar
Joseph Warshaw	

Reuben F. Coffey
Joseph A. DeJury
Faustina A. Hodgkinson

Willard.

James H. Battle Jr.
Algernon R. Birchstead
Walter H. Coates
Frank A. Charlton
Helen E. Conits
Inez A. Dill
Ethel E. Douglas
Waldo E. Fox
Twilight O. Forno
Jennie M. Flood
Fenton C. Fowler
Grace R. Fowler
Aylmer N. Hatch
Caroline J. Holmes
Robert E. Jones
Tina M. King
Clara W. Lingley
Harry L. Linnell
Arthur Murphy Jr.
Theodore L. Nash
Anna M. Newcomb
Richard A. Polson
Charles P. Shelton
Helen Sibley
Louis D. L. Smith
John A. Sparrow
Mabel Tanner
Jeanette M. Tanner
Homer R. Thomas
Stella M. Thomas
Wm. S. Ward
John G. Whitman
Annie E. Whittemore
Sarah P. Wiley
Georgia M. Winfield

Willard.

Ida B. Baker
Mary A. Butler
Lotta B. Crowell
Kate E. Duane

Arlida L. Eleock
Frances J. Eleock
Rose Hamel
Stella J. Hughes
Elizabeth M. Keenan
Marcella Keenan
Mary King
A. Louise H. Mahoney
Annie L. Mahony
Florence McDermott
Annie McLaughlin
Mary E. Murphy
Alice O'Neil
Mary Rose
Margaret M. E. Shodan
Sadie Shortle
Mary R. Smith
Elizabeth A. Sullivan
Florence E. Thayer
Annie L. Travers
Christopher J. Barry
James Barry
James E. Barry
George A. Berry
Wm. Burke
Joseph D. Daley
James C. Doyle
Wm. J. Driscoll
John H. Ealey
Henry J. Fitzgerald
Frederick J. Fitzgerald
Thomas Joyce
Pete Kelly
Frank S. Leavitt
Harrison F. Lord
George McDonald
Thomas F. McGowan
James A. McLaughlin
Fred Mengel
Alexander Michael
John E. Monahan
Joseph A. Pratt
Sadie E. Williams
George A. Rindley
A. Elsie J. Rogers
John W. Ryan

Mr. S. F. Willard, the manufacturer of Roman Sherbet, has a very unique thing in the way of a book-mark which he gives to his lady customers.

IN SAFE KEEPING.

The constitution of the United States—the original pen-written constitution, he it remembered—has been dragged from its place of concealment in the state department to be photographed. It has been decided to send a facsimile of it to the Atlanta exposition, says the Washington Post. Of course the Atlanta people would rather have had the original, but this could not be entertained.

The constitution is kept in a steel safe in the library of the state department. The safe, quite a pretty affair, in gray and gold, is massive and strong. A combination lock protects its priceless contents, and the combination is carefully kept by one or two officials. Yesterday, however, the steel doors were swung open in order to allow a reporter to look upon the sacred pages. No document in the world has been so fraught with destiny as this very same constitution. It is today the foundation of the government. To see it as it came from the pen of the engrosser on the 17th day of September, 1787, is a sight worth travelling a thousand miles to witness.

As is well known, there are in the state department two copies of the Declaration of Independence—one the official and engrossed document and the other the original draft in the hand-writing of Thomas Jefferson, with all the erasures and alterations that were made before the language was finally agreed upon. In the case of the constitution there

is only one copy—the final engrossment, with the signatures duly attached. As thus preserved, it consists of four large sheets of parchment, each 22x28 inches, with the words written out in the old-fashioned chirography of a century ago, and the curious capital letters then in vogue. The first three words, "We, the people," are engrossed in very large black letters, so that they stand out in bold relief. On the last page are the signatures of the deputies from the various states, beginning with the familiar autograph of George Washington, who signed himself as "President and deputy from Virginia." Many of the names are closely associated with the early history of the republic—Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, B. Franklin, Daniel Carroll and Roger Sherman being the number.

The constitution is a most excellently preserved document. The ink has faded a little, but not sufficient to detract from legibility or appearance. The autographs are especially clear. This might have been the case also with the Declaration of Independence, but it so happened when a facsimile of that paper was attempted in 1824 irreparable harm was done to it through carelessness and ignorance. In the case of the constitution the utmost care has been observed and no injury has resulted.

Everyone at some time has a headache and to all such we would recommend that they try Hean's Head-ease. This is a good remedy and should be in every household.

The Catholic Summer School was opened at Plattsburg on Monday, July 8.

Auctioneer.

FRANK F. CRANE,

Auctioneer & Appraiser.

Office 4 Chestnut Street.

QUINCY.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON,

Houses to Let in all Parts of Quincy.

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The Quincy Monitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT QUINCY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. IX. NO. 8.

QUINCY, MASS., AUGUST, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

RELIABILITY

A Few Remarks on Trusses.

49 Persons Out of 50

who are RUPTURED cannot locate the seat of the trouble unless they have been taught by some one skilled in the business. They think they can—are positive they can—are willing to argue they can—yet five minutes explanation convinces them for all time they were mistaken.

The chances are that all you have guessed about this matter is wrong.

A scientific truss should never touch the pubic bone, never press the spermatic cord or any other delicate part, should never have under-straps, should always be easy upon the back and should hold the rupture at the internal ring so as not to allow any part of it to lodge in the inguinal canal.

Can you locate the internal ring? If not you are guessing awrong for that is the "A. B. C." to start from. Trusses cannot be made up like biscuits and sent out to fit any stomach. It is more like fitting artificial teeth, although more delicate parts are involved in the fitting of a truss.

The Drs. Smiths "Honest John" Truss is a scientific instrument, but cannot be bought like cutlery—it would be of no use—people would not know where to wear it—they would have to be shown, for this reason it is only handled through agents; men knowing how to apply it.

A. G. Durgin, Druggist,

Sole Agent for Quincy.

Supporters, Measures Taken For Elastic Stockings, Everything pertaining to this Line at Short Notice.

py—the final engross-
signatures duly ex-
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This is a good remedy
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the Summer School was
Plattsburg on Monday.

uctioneer.

K F. CRANE,

ber & Appraiser.

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Photo Medallions, Books of Devotion, Gold and
Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed Pictures, etc.

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NEGLIGE SHIRTS,
WHITE DUCK PANTS,
SUMMER UNDERWEAR,
WASHABLE TIES,

MEN'S AND BOYS' SWEATERS,
STRAW HATS,
YACHT CAPS,

BICYCLE CAPS,
BELTS, BATHING SUITS Etc.

All at Bargain Prices.

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QUINCY.

An Advertisement in the Monitor Pays.

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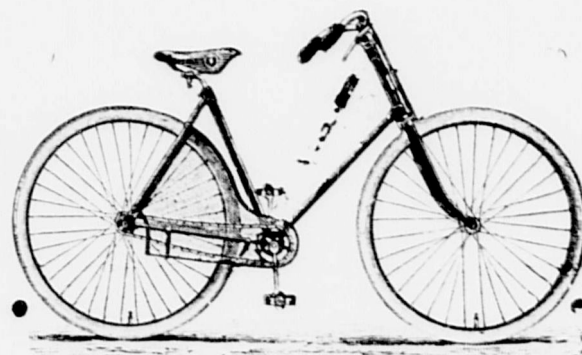
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ADJUSTABLE
HANDLE BARS.NEW
INVENTIONS.

Be sure to see them before you buy.

QUINCY CYCLE CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET, QUINCY.

SEA-LONGINGS.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDER.

The first world-sound that to
earWas that of the great wind
coastCrushing the deep-sea berg
rocks—The distant breaker's sullen cry
Against the spires and gables

town

The white fog drifted, eated
and thereAt over-leaning cornice
roof.And hung— weird, gonfale
garden walksWere choked with leaves, a
ragged biersLay dead the sweets of sun
rose.Clove-pink, old-fashioned,
England flowers.Only keen salt sea-odors filled
Sea-sounds, sea-odors, these

my world.

Hence is it that life languis
meInland: the valleys' stifling
gloomAnd pent-up prospect: in
row boundImagination flutters futile
Vainly I seek the sloping

sands

And the mirage's phantom
Miraculous, a moment

gone.

Bastion and turret crumbled
Among the mountains I am illMissing the stretched horizon
lineAnd the illimitable restless
The crag-torn sky is not the skyBut one unbroken sapphire
all:And nobler than the brand
fineAslant upon a precipice's
Are the strained spars ofbattle-ship
Flowing across the sunset

ill

So takes me as the whistling
Among the shrouds. My

was this.

Strange, articulate sorrow
sea.Blithe rhythms upgathered
strewn caves.So have I coastwise long
more.May the last sound that
my sense—Save that of one low voice
to hearWere death itself—be seen
sage blownOver the dim salt-marsh
windsAt dusk, or when the red
dawnTurns all the pools and will
to gold.—Century.

SPARE MOMENTS.

Smart—“Whatever induc
mule to marry the widow
who was hanged?

Simpson—“He has bee
to widows before, and
was tired of having the
former husbands hung in

SEA-LONGINGS.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breaker's sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof.
And hung weird gonzalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged bits
Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
Cherry-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.
Sea-odors, sea-odors, these were all my world.
Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland: the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect: in their narrow bound
Imagination flutters futile wings.
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl white sands
And the mirage's phantom citadels.
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone.
Bastion and turret crumbled into air!
Among the mountains I am ill at ease.
Missing the stretched horizon's level line
And the illimitable restless blue.
The ragged sky is not the sky I love.
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all:
And nobler than the branches of a pine
Aslant upon a precipice's edge
Are the strained spars of some great battleship
Flowing across the sunset. No bird's lift
Stirres me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this:
Strange, articulate sorrows of the sea,
Blithe rhythms upgathered from the dunes' caves,
No have I coastwise longings ever more.
May the last sound that lingers on the sense
Save that of one low voice which not to hear
Were death itself—be some sea-mess-
sage blown
Over the dim salt-marshes on the winds
At dusk, or when the red autumnal dawn
Turns all the pools and willow-stems
To gold.—*Century.*

SPARE MOMENTS.

Smart—"Whatever induced your uncle to marry the widow of a man who was hanged?"

Simpson—"He has been married to widows before, and he said he was tired of having the virtues of former husbands flung in his face."

YOUNG LADIES AUXILIARY.

A meeting of the young ladies of the Quincy parish was held at St. John's Hall, Tuesday evening, July 23 for the purpose of forming an auxiliary society to the St. John's. The meeting was very successful and every one present seemed to take great interest in the new society. Every young woman of the Quincy parish is eligible to membership and all not members should attend the next meeting notice of which will be given in the Monitor. The following officers were elected:

President.—Miss E. C. Sheahan.
Vice President.—Miss Eleanore Roche.
Treasurer.—Miss Ellen O'Brien.
Recording Secretary.—Miss Julia Duffy.
Corresponding Secretary.—Miss Alice Gavin.
Visiting Committee.—Miss Nellie Flynn, Miss M. E. Walsh, and Miss Francis J. -
Entertainment Committee.—Miss Kate Walsh, Miss Jane Griffin, Miss Jennie Walsh, Miss Elizabeth Garrity, Miss Mary Bruce.

HIBERNIAN PICNIC.

The annual picnic of Division 5, A. O. H., was held at Lovell's Grove Saturday, July 20, the society paraded through the principal streets of the city and made a good showing. The sports at the grove resulted as follows:

Three standing jumps.—Baker, first, 40 feet; Ryan, second, 38 feet.
Running broad jump.—Walsh first, 19 feet 10 inches; Baker second, 18 feet 4 inches.
Running high jump.—Baker first, 6 feet; Walsh second, 5 feet.
Ball game.—Quineys vs. South Quineys score Quineys 19; South Quineys 4.
Hurling match.—O'Connells of Quincy vs. Boyle O'Reillys of Waltham, score, O'Connells 2, Boyle O'Reillys 0.
Prize dancing.—First, Miss Murphy; second, Mrs. Madden.
The day was all that could be desired, and through the efforts of the committee members the picnic proved to be a grand success. In the evening the Boyle O'Reilly hurling team of Waltham was entertained by the O'Connells in Hancock hall.

PROBABLY RIGHT.

A doctor having demonstrated to the head of the house the necessity of procuring leeches, the youngest member of the house was sent for them, but in the father's haste he forgot to tell his son where he might get them. This negligence dawned upon the youngster and not wishing to turn back he accosted the first man he met in the hope that he might be able to tell him, the man looked at his watch and told the youngster that he would not be able to get them that day as the court was not then in session, but he added that he try the police station.

HOLY COMMUNION.

The following children received Holy Communion at St. John's Church Quincy, and Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic on Sunday July 21. Fr. Francis officiated at St. John's church and Fr. Cuffe at the church of the Sacred Heart:

John Dunay, John Bailey, John Donovan, William Carey, Robert Sullivan, Alexander Pucci, George Provost, Bernard Clare, John McAniff, Patrick Gilrane, Timothy Donovan, John Gillis, John Gilrane, Joseph Harris, Michael Ryan, Thos. Murphy, Henry McGee, Edward Desmond, John Meany, William Moriarty, John Meany, William Sullivan, James Forrest, John Crotty, Emile Vendret, Napoleon Martell, William Hayes, Gilbert Bonni, Frank Collins, James Kirby, John McDonnell, Timothy Moriarty, Edward Larkin, Andrew Driscoll, Thomas Kelly, Edward Kelliber, George Du Bois, Louis Maney, William Griffin, Joseph Harkins, Katherine Wiggins, Mary Dinegan, Isabel McDonnell, Caroline Picard, Rosaline Lorrando, Elizabeth Fostello, Monica Clare, Sarah Doran, Helen Welch, Lena McConarty, Emma Kelly, Ellen Desmond, Mary Bavin, Juliette Vendret, Mary Provost, Josephine Provost, Monora Connors, Catherine Walsh, Charlotte Harris, Ethel Barry, Juliette Restelli, Mary Macalini, Mary Byron.

At the Church of the Sacred Heart, Atlantic, a number of children also received their first Communion at the hands of Rev. J. P. Cuffe. The names of the children were: Alice Sullivan, Mary Radley, Josephine Golding, Annie Gahan, Anne Igo, Josephine Nelson, L. L. Slavlin, Louisa Halloran, Bella Murphy, Thomas Radley, John Curley, Charles Miller, John Kane, John Walsh, Daniel Golding, Frank Martin, Timothy Sullivan, Edward Clifford, Patrick Murphy.

SMILES.

He—"I'm awfully in love with her, but I wouldn't have her know it for the world."

She—"So she told me."

Bashful lover—"Can you tie a true lover's knot, Miss Fannie?"

—No, but the clergyman around the corner can."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

First cannibal—"I'm dying! Oh! oh!"

Second cannibal—"What's the matter?"

First cannibal—"I've just eaten that friend of the missionary's wife."

Second cannibal—"Good gracious, man! That woman's a member of Sewrosis. She never agreed with any man in her life."

NEW YORK MERCURY.

Civil service examiner—"Please tell me the distance from Shanghai to Hennepin?"

Letter carrier applicant—"Great Scott! is that to be my route?"

"Artemus," she cried, hysterically "I feel that something has come between us."

"Alicia," he said, "it's my tooth brush. It's forever getting down in my vest lining."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Johnny Dumpsey—"Oh, ma, I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day."

Mrs. Dumpsey (much gratified)—"Why, darling?"

Johnny Dumpsey—"Because the scholars all laughed at me so today and the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Beck."

The Bulgarian Peasant.

In a Bulgarian peasant's cottage the floors are of mud. The kitchen fronting the street is also the living room. Behind there is a sleeping room, with a bedstead in it for the head of the house, while the sons and daughters sleep upon mats stretched on the floor. The furniture consists of wooden tables, benches and chests. The crockery and household utensils of every sort seem of the commonest and coarsest kind. I should doubt if there is a single house in the whole village in which any English laborer or artisan earning good wages would not deem it a hardship to be obliged to live. At the same time, there was no single dwelling which, given the habits and customs of the country, could be fairly described as unfit for human habitation.—"The Peasant State," Dickey.

Queer Story About a Church.

In connection with the church of St. Raphael, where the marriage between Helene de France and the Duke of Aosta took place, there is a story not generally known. It was built with the money of a converted Jew named Raphael. Just after the building was completed Raphael had a dream that he would die within a week after the consecration of the place of worship. As a matter of course he endeavored to delay the consecration by fair and unfair means, until a priest, with the help of a licensed victualer from the neighborhood, who procured a bottle of absolutely pure wine, consecrated the edifice. Then he told Raphael, who took to his bed and died three days afterward.—Saturday Review.

A Rabbit on His Hand.

O'Neal Patton, who at last accounts was a cattle rancher in Deaf, Smith county, Tex., has one of the oddest birthmarks that has ever been reported in the medical journals. Patton's mark, which has given him the nickname of Rab, is a perfect figure of a rabbit on his left hand. The mark is slightly raised and is a perfect image of a rabbit, even to the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, feet, body and tail. In 1889 Mr. Patton visited Chicago with several carloads of stock from his ranch, and while there the museum men offered him a salary of \$2,500 per year to exhibit the hand bearing the curious mark. The offer was courteously but firmly declined.—San Francisco Examiner.

Goblets with stem and stand like those we use today were employed in Troy #00 B. C. Among the valuable objects found by Dr. Schliemann was a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal were commonly employed in the service of the temples.

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BAKER.

WHALES OR RETAIL.

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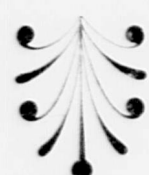
All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

AUGUST, 1895.



TO OUR PATRONS.

The MONITOR will hereafter be issued on the fifth day of every month, and we desire our advertisers to send changes before the first of each month to the office of the publication, 8 Chestnut Street. Advertisements sent in this way should be designated "For Quincy Monitor." All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. New advertisements shall be held to the same rule.



That presumptuous Cantonite, Elijah A. Morse, Esq., seems provoked that Secretary Morton should discontinue the further distribution of seeds, thereby cutting off one of "Liges" essential helps to elections. We never had a very exalted idea of this cheap statesman, but we never expected a confession from him that he owed his present position to such means.

THE MONITOR in its present form is more expensive than many of our readers are wont to think, and in order to be able to bear the burden,

every Catholic should endeavor to do all in his power to help it. Every Catholic in Quincy should be a subscriber to it and those in arrears should send their indebtedness to Timothy J. Carey, the subscription agent. The Monitor aims to serve the people to the best of its ability, but it will be an impossibility if the present indifference toward the paper should be continued. The subscription price 50 per year is a mere pittance, and when one considers the good work that the Monitor is doing no hesitancy should be shown in subscribing. We intend to further improve the paper and hope that we may receive substantial recognition from the people.

We are not willing to believe that the speech of Senator Hoar at Newport was prompted by any selfish or hidden motive and have no patience with those who would attribute his utterance to such motives. Senator Hoar is a most unyielding partisan, but he is also a scholar and a discerning statesman, and in this speech he portrays the danger to his own political party from association with the A. P. A. He understands full well the intention of this organization as regards Catholics and in his defense of Catholics he has simply spoken the truth. He probably knows also that intelligent Catholics will neither condemn or commend a man who is sincere and candid in the treatment of any question, and can consequently hope for no perceptible increased support politically on account of his Newport speech. Certainly he deserves, and will receive, the encomiums of Catholics for his sincerity on this and other occasions, but to contend that there will be a coalition between Senator Hoar and Catholics on this account is insulting to both parties.

Archbishop Chopelle of Santa Fe will be invested with pallium on Oct. 17. Monsignor Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons and a number of other dignitaries will grace the occasion by their presence. The pallium was brought from Rome by Rev. J. B. Francolin, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Maniton, Colorado.

A majority of the school board of Kansas City, Kan., having dismissed five expert public school teachers because they were Catholics, a mass meeting of citizens, irrespective of creed, was held, at which speeches were made and resolutions were adopted denouncing the introduction of a religion test for office, and protesting against making our public schools sectarianly A. P. A.

Catholic Notes.

Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., has gone to California for the benefit of his health. He will visit the different houses of the Jesuit fathers.

Miss Julia Irby, daughter of United States Senator Irby, of South Carolina, has become a Catholic. She is a graduate of the Ursuline convent located in Columbia, S. C.

Pope Leo has permitted the Montenegrin Catholics to use the old Slavonic liturgy. A missal in the old tongue has been printed in Rome at the press of the Propaganda, and mass is now celebrated in that language at Antivari.

Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O. S. A., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., will sail on Aug. 10 for Rome to attend the general chapter of the Augustinian order, to be held in September. Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O. S. A., provincial of the order in this country, and Rev. M. A. Locke, O. S. A., of Villanova College, will accompany him.

Rev. G. T. Mahoney of St. Charles Church, Woonsocket, R. I., has announced his purpose to erect a parochial school building to cost about \$50,000 and to include a hall for church societies and quarters for sewing and cooking schools. The present parochial school buildings are crowded and inconvenient.

Mother Mary St. Cesarie, provincial of the Order of Marianites of the Holy Cross in the South, has been raised to the dignity of a member of the superior general council of the order, with headquarters at the mother institution at Arles, France, and Sister Margaret will succeed her as provincial in the South.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons will start for home Aug. 17. He will arrive in Baltimore in time to attend the retreat of the clergy of the archdiocese, which will be held at St. Mary's Seminary on Aug. 26. The retreat will be conducted by Rev. Charles Rex, D. D., president of St. Charles' College, near Ellicott City, Md.

The injuries to Antonius Burkard, known in the Redemptorist order as Brother Mark, who fell from a loft on Ilchester College (Maryland) farm, recently terminated fatally. His skull was fractured and pieces of the bone removed, but he never fully regained consciousness after the accident. Brother Mark was from Baltimore. He was in his 58th year.

Ceylon has 302,000 Christians, 246,000 of whom are Catholics.

Since 1850, in Armenia, 200,000 persons have become Catholics, and 16 dioceses have been erected there.

A tract of land about 43,400 square feet, situated on the corner of Harrison avenue, East Lenox and Reed streets, Boston has been purchased for a new church and parochial residence which Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell will build.

Leprosy is increasing in Iceland in an alarming manner, according to the Jesuit missionary, Fr. Svendsen. Last year a Danish physician, sent by the government, examined one-third of the island, and found 141 lepers.

Rev. J. A. Forest has been appointed bishop of the diocese of San Antonio, Tex., to succeed the late Bishop Neraz. Fr. Forest is one of the best known priests in Texas. He is at present rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in Hallettsville, Lavaca county. He was a member of the late bishop's council.

The following changes have been made in the faculty of Boston College: Rev. Francis de Sales Fullerton, S. J., who has been a teacher of physics and chemistry for the last four years, has been transferred to Jersey City, N. J.; Rev. William Hayes, S. J., has gone to Woodstock College to make his tertianship; Mr. Carroll J. Boone, S. J., who was the director of the dramatic and the athletic societies, has been sent to Georgetown College; Mr. Francis J. McNiff, S. J., who taught grammar, algebra and French, has gone to Woodstock College to study philosophy. The new members are Revs. George A. Fargis, S. J., one of the assistant astronomers of Georgetown University; Patrick J. Connean, S. J., of Woodstock College; Henry J. Roche, S. J., and Michael J. Byrnes, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Washington, and Mr. Donnelly, S. J., formerly of Woodstock College. Fr. Fargis, who will be an important addition to the scientific department of Boston College, has already achieved distinction because of his invention of the photo-phonograph, an instrument which is expected to make a revolution in the star atlases by correcting what is known as the personal error. The photo-phonograph is an invention by which photography is used to determine the position of stars. It pictures them while in transit. Fr. Byrnes is a man of fine literary tastes. He will be no stranger to Boston, as he taught in the College, both as a scholastic and a priest, some years ago.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

The following gentlemen responded to Rev. Fr. Francis for a meeting to be held at John's church to devise the annual picnic to be held in Lovell's grove on Wednesday 14. Mr. Henry McGrath, elected chairman of the committee and Mr. John C. B. secretary.

Henry McGrath	Thomas F. Ryan
John C. B.	John Vogel
Timothy Deasy	John Mundy
William Welsh	Andrew M.
Michael Burns	C. Sullivan
James N. White	John King
John H. Ash	Timothy S.
William Burns	John A. M.
S. B. Gorman	John Mundy
John Harkin	Fred Frazier
F. J. Haverlan	Patrick Bray
A. A. Murphy	Michael W.
James H. Elcock	Edward M.
Michael Sweeney	William S.
James H. Cunningham	Michael O'H.
Richard Hennessey	Michael M.
Conrad Mischler	J. A. O'Brien
John Donovan	Edward S.
James Shevlin	John A. A.
Peter Donohue	Thomas S.
Patrick Driscoll	William A.
Adam Vogel	William H.
Michael Daley	James C.
John McGilvary	Patrick B.
Alfonso Rheinhalter	Patrick C.
Piero Capferri	Joseph W.
James Martin	John C.
Thomas J. McGrath	Cornelius S.

The sports at the picnic on a grander scale than ever, and all should witness the circulars for further particulars.

According to Hoffman's there have been 74 deaths among the Catholic clergy of the United States and Newfoundland, among the hierarchy, since the history was compiled last year. The bishops who died were: Rev. Manogue and Dr. Seid. O. S. B.; 468 priests have been transferred and 101 have been added to the list. Besides, there were 53 other changes.

Recently Brother Alphonse, of Mount St. Joseph, Baltimore, and provincial of the Xaverian Brothers in America, celebrated the fifth anniversary of his entrance into the congregation, which he bound himself to the cause of Christian education. The students celebrated the anniversary on June 5, but July 17 was the actual anniversary and was celebrated by the brothers exclusively.

Says the Providence: Brother James, who for some years was director of La Salle on Fountain street, left last week for New York. Brother will soon take ship for India, then start for far-off India, will assume the office of brother of the order. During his Providence Brother James himself unremittingly to himself the respect and countless friends. While regretting his departure, of the parish join in wishing God speed in his new field.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

The following gentlemen responded to Rev. Fr. Francis' call for a meeting to be held in St. John's church to devise means for the annual picnic to be held at Lovell's grove on Wednesday, Aug. 14. Mr. Henry McGrath was elected chairman of the general committee and Mr. John C. Kapples secretary:

Henry McGrath	Thomas F. Ferguson
John C. Kapples	John Vogel
Timothy Deary	John Mundy
William West	Andrew Mischler
Michael Burns	C. Sullivan
James S. White	John King
John H. Ash	Timothy Sullivan
William Burns	John A. McDonald
S. B. Grignon	John Mundy
John Harkins	Fred Frazier
F. J. Haverhill	Patrick Burns
A. A. Morley	Michael White
James H. Kins	Edward McGinty
Michael Sweeney	William Sullivan
James H. Clough	Michael O'Hara
Richard Hennessy	Michael McNally
Conrad Mischler	J. A. O'Brien
John Donohue	Edward Shea
James Sheehan	John A. Avery
Peter Donohue	Thomas S. Ayin
Patrick Donohue	William A. Cuffe
Adam Vogel	William Harkins
Michael Daley	James Cantilli
John McElvany	Patrick Bray
Adrian B. Schalter	Patrick O'Rourke
James Caporali	Joseph W. McGrath
James Martin	John Carey
Thomas J. McGrath	Cornelius Spillane

The sports at the picnic will be on a grander scale than ever before and all should witness them. See circulars for further particulars.

According to Hoffman's Quarterly there have been 74 deaths among the Catholic clergy of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, and two among the hierarchy, since the directory was compiled last February. The bishops who died were Monsignor Manogue and Dr. Seidenbusch, O. S. B.; 468 priests have been transferred and 191 have been added to the list. Besides, there have been 53 other changes.

Recently Brother Alexis, president of Mount St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, and provincial of the Xaverian Brothers in America, celebrated the fifth anniversary of his entrance into the congregation by which he bound himself for life to the cause of Christian education. The students celebrated the event on June 5, but July 17 was the actual anniversary and was commemorated by the brothers exclusively.

Says the Providence Visitor: Brother James, who for several years was director of La Salle Academy, on Fountain street, left early in the week for New York. Brother James will soon take ship for Paris, and then start for far-off India, where he will assume the office of brother visitor of the order. During his stay in Providence Brother James gave himself unremittingly to the work of Christian education, and won for himself the respect and esteem of countless friends. While sincerely regretting his departure, the clergy of the parish join in wishing him God speed in his new field of labor.

CONCERT AND SOCIAL.

The annual concert and social for the benefit of St. Frances-by-the-Sea will take place at the casino, Hough's Neck, Tuesday evening, August 20, at 8 o'clock. A good concert will be given and all should attend.

A Well Deserved Compliment.

Here's a compliment which the proprietor of the Phenix Pharmacy received the other day, of which he may well feel proud, and which has the unusual merit of being well deserved.

A well known lady was overheard saying to a friend, yes, now I get all I need in the drug line, at Mr. Pastor's Pharmacy, because I know that I may place implicit confidence in his skill and capability, and then, it is not everybody that is so willing to oblige as the owner of the Phenix.

This we say, is a compliment to be really proud of.

Charles Lamb's Met.

A hundred years ago in a quaint old English inn, located in the heart of London, at a table beer stained and aged, sat two very curious looking characters playing at cards.

One was rough, unclean, shabby and much the worse for wear—Martin, by name.

The other, poor in appearance, was, however, neat, refined and attractive, one whose genius we admire, whose wit always refreshes us, and whose character we love for its unselfishness.

He was Charles Lamb.

The two men played and played and played long into the night, and while beer and something strong and their willing course down their ever thirsty

throats Lamb kept up his accustomed broadside of wit.

The night passed into the early morning, and yet they played.

Luck kept favoring Lamb, when toward the close of their game, seized with a bright idea and the consciousness of the dirt which the morning light seemed to reveal more clearly in the appearance of his companion, he said, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold?"

Superstitions About Stones.

There was a curious superstition which prevailed in Essex half a century ago. It was believed that certain stones possessed the power of breeding other stones. I remember being taken by a man of the upper laboring class to see a well known breeding stone which lay on the sward by the side of a lane in the parish of South Weald, near Brentwood. It was seemingly a water worn block of sandstone, or possibly, I have since thought, of pudding stone, which would explain a great deal.

It was larger than a man's head, with a cup shaped cavity the size of a small orange, in which lay a pebble about as big as an acorn. I was told that this pebble continually grew larger, and that if it were removed the breeding stone would begin to breed another. It was evident that the man firmly believed what he told me, and he got quite angry when I ventured to cast a doubt upon the story. I shall be curious to learn whether any other breeding stones are known.—Notes and Queries.

The Way the War Debt Was Paid.

No nation ever took a braver course than did the United States in deliberately beginning the reduction of that enormous war debt. The will to reduce it opened the way, and the payment went on by leaps and bounds. The policy was to call in high rate bonds as soon as callable and replace them by others bearing lower rates. So immense was the government's income that to have set so late a date as 1891 for the time when the 4's could be canceled proved unfortunate. To fix for the maturity of the

4's so remote a date as 1907 was worse still. The 3 per cents of 1882, which supplanted earlier issues, were wisely made payable at the government's option. For the 23 years beginning with August, 1865, the reduction proceeded at an average rate of a little under \$63,000,000 yearly, which would be \$5,250,000 each month, \$175,000 each day, \$7,291 each hour and \$121 each minute.—Scribner's.

Nearly Killed by a Deer.

The literature of hunting is full of anecdotes which show the danger of a too hasty assumption that a wounded animal is dead or past the power of defending himself. A new illustration is furnished by Mr. Roosevelt in his "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail."

Not only will a big, black tail buck beat off a dog or a wolf coming at him in front, but he is an awkward foe for a man. One of them nearly killed a cowboy in my employ.

The buck, mortally wounded, had fallen to the shot, and the man rushed up to kill him. Then the buck revived for a moment, struck down the man and endeavored to gore him, but could not, because of the despairing grip with which the man held on to his horns.

Nevertheless the man, bruised and cut by the sharp hoofs, was fast becoming too weak to keep his hold, when in the struggle the two came to the edge of a washout and fell into it some 12 or 15 feet. This separated them. The dying buck was too weak to renew the attack, and the man crawled off, but it was months before he got over the effects of the encounter.

His Last Resource.

Doctor—I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go in for a reduction of complicity.

Patient—Still, I want you to put me through a course of antifat treatment. My Enlalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her.—Gartenlaube.

The earliest mention of oats in China is in A. D. 613.



Men's Russet Bals, Razor Toes, Scotch Welt, \$3.00 Men's Russet Goat Bals, Picadilly, \$2.50
Take the Electrics and trade at the GRANITE SHOE STORE, You get a fine ride and the best value for your money.

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SOMETHING
—TO—
REMEMBER

Is that anyone can sell cigars, confectionery, or patent medicines; but it sometimes taxes the knowledge and skill of a good chemist to compound an intricate Prescription.

AVOID ALL RISKS
Arising from errors and blunders in compounding, made by incompetent druggists or their assistants, by bringing your PRESCRIPTIONS to

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General Agent for Gem Balsam.
Best remedy for
Coughs and Colds.

Our Soda
is the finest in town. One
trial is all we ask.



As to Modern Arms.
We hear a great deal now about death dealing weapons. Every little while somebody brings out a new arm capable of firing we don't know how many shots per minute, and forthwith calculations are produced regarding the exultant slaughter in actual combat where these fearful instruments are used. It is forgotten that in order to commit such ravage the gun must have something to hit and that generals are not going to be fools enough to expose their men to hopeless slaughter.

Experience of the last half century shows that every improvement in arms has been followed by a declining mortality among the contestants in battle. There was less ratio of killed and wounded in the Franco-German war, where breechloaders were used by both sides, than in our civil war, where muzzle loaders constituted the equipment of the troops. The science of war must change to meet the new conditions. The greatest slaughter prevailed where armies fought hand to hand. In the light of history there is no reason to expect that the employment of magazine rifles and machine guns will in the next great struggle result in such high percentage of casualties to numbers engaged as in the latest wars.—Boston Commercial-Bulletin.

Lucky He Rode a Wheel.
A district messenger answered a call from a west side house a few evenings ago and found a man impatiently awaiting him.

"Can you go to No. — 'Steen' street in 20 minutes?" quickly asked the man.

"No," said the boy. "No ears 'cross there."

"You must. It's worth \$5 to you and a fortune to me!" fairly shouted the man. "Can you ride a wheel?" he continued.

"Cert," answered the boy, and in a jiffy the man had brought out a bicycle from the basement door and the boy was flying down the avenue at a three minute clip.

In speaking of the trip afterward the boy said he got the \$5 all right, and he was sure the man got the girl, because when he read the answer to his message he hugged him and acted like a crazy man.—New York Tribune.

The Smallest Land Grant.
What is beyond doubt the smallest body of land ever granted by the United States as a homestead is in Dade, the extreme southeastern county of the state of Florida, consisting of a small island in the north end of Lake Worth. This island is two rods less than one-fourth of an acre in extent, yet the claim for it was entered in the United States land office at Gainesville. Final proof was duly made, and the owner took possession. He is J. J. Haley of Rhode Island, and the island cost him \$5.37—\$5 for the entry fee and 37 cents for the land. The homestead is but a small sand pit, situated about one mile from the ocean, whose tide flows into the lake from an inlet about that distance from the isle. Mr. Haley makes about \$80 per month from his investment, as the island is just in the path of green and loggerhead turtles coming into the lake from the ocean to feed, and there he catches them.



Changed His Mind

The dime museum man who advertises a horse with seven legs and can produce for the biocle eye nothing better than a fake, will never succeed.

Before you are bitten by a fake sale of clothing, hadn't you better change your mind and turn your steps to the store that always sells goods that are new, reasonable in price and desirable?

Serge Suits—

This is going to be a great season for Serge Suits. We have, we believe, the best line of them popular summer suits, both in Blues and Blacks, in the city. We have them to fit you, and we don't ask stiff prices for them.

\$8.50, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15.00.

They are the cheapest suits you can buy, for the best of them last three or four seasons.

Boys' Suits—

Our boys' suits only need to be compared with other makes, when you will see good reason for buying ours. The style and fit is better, and they cost you less in the long run. We save you money on boys' clothes.

Hats, Shoes and Furnishings—

We sell everything under this heading that man or boy wears and we sell them for less money than you usually pay for the kinds we sell.

Suppose you try us and see?

McMANUS & CO.,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

670 Washington Street, corner Beach,
Boston.

Fenno's Old Stand.

GEO.
GROCERIES
TEAS, COFFEES,
IM
WILSON

PIERCE'S
Corner

PRESCRIPTION
Use FLOR
Rough Skin. P

Furniture

The G
We buy as low
low. Furniture Bar
Money Saving Store

HENRY
Tirrell's Block.

L. M.
Who

GROCERIES
Cann

Sum
Dress and

Nobby line
\$1.00 to \$

Duck Te

Straw H

25 cts., 50 c

Dress and Neg

Full line of M

C. F. DEE



ged His Mind

fine museum man who
s a horse with seven legs
produce for the bucolic eye
better than a fake, will
ceed.

re you are bitten by a fake
lothing, hadn't you better
our mind and turn your
the store that always sells
at are new, reasonable in
desirable?

its—

is going to be a great sea-
erge Suits. We have, we
the best line of them pop-
mer suits, both in Blues
ks, in the city. We have
fit you, and we don't ask
es for them.

\$10.50, \$12.50, \$15.00.

e the cheapest suits you
for the best or them last
four seasons.

its—

boys' suits only need to be
d with other makes, when
see good reason for buy-
The style and fit is bet-
they cost you less in the
e. We save you money on
others.

lows and Furnishings—

sell everything under this
that man or boy wears and
them for less money than
lly pay for the kinds we

pose you try us and see?

MANUS & CO.,

l's and Boys' Outfitters.

shington Street, corner Beach,
Boston.

(Old Stand.)

GEO. F. WILSON & CO.,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

TEAS, COFFEES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS,
IMPORTED AND FANCY GROCERIES.

WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

Corner Hancock and School Streets.

PRESCRIPTIONS PUT UP DAY OR NIGHT.

Use FLORAL CREAM for Chapped Hands
Rough Skin, Pimples.

Furniture and Carpetings.

The Greatest Values on Earth.

We buy as low as we can and sell as low as we like. That's mighty
low. Furniture Bargains for Everyone. Remember this Low Priced
Money Saving Store is here for Your Benefit.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO.,

Tirrell's Block, 96 & 98 Hancock Street.

L. M. PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Canned Goods at Lowest Prices.

25 SCHOOL STREET.

Summer Clothing.

Dress and Business Suits.

Nobby line or Children's Fancy and Washable Suits,
\$1.00 to \$5.00.

Duck Trousers, Yachting Caps and Belts.

Straw Hats! Straw Hats!

ALL THE LEADING STYLES.

25 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Dress and Negligee Shirts, White and Fancy Colors.

Full line of Men's Furnishings. Prices lower than ever.

C. F. DERBY, Adams Building,

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

TO THE LADIES,

At the Leading Shoe Store,

You can find the largest stock of Dongola and Russet
Orford Ties and Slippers.

GEO. W. JONES,

Successor to Saville & Jones,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY

GEORGE H. BROWN & CO.,

Insurance, Real Estate and Mortgages.

Choice House Lots in all parts of the City for Sale on Easy Terms, and Money
Advanced to Build. Care of Property and Collection
of Rents a Specialty.

Adams Building,

QUINCY.

Branch Office at William's Jewelry Store, West Quincy.

To the Stone Dealers and Granite Workers of
Quincy:

We Beg to Call your Attention to this Fact:

100 Acres of First-Class Quarry Land

To be Sold in Lots to Suit Customers. Just Call on

PINEL BROS.,

And they will be pleased to show you over the land.

AGENTS FOR JERSEY CITY STEEL.

J. F. SHEPPARD & SONS,

—DEALERS IN—

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red
and White Ash and Cumberland

C=O=A=L.

PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD AND
SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite St., Quincy.

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2.

Post-office Box: 19 Granite St., Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

PRAIRIE FLOUR

Is not advertised in the Big Boston Dailies at a
cost of many thousand dollars, nor is it the pro-
duct of a big mill which is owned by foreign
capital.

BUT it is ground from the best Hard Spring
Wheat and is guaranteed to make MORE BREAD
and BETTER BREAD and WHITER BREAD
than most of the flours whose virtues are so
loudly sounded in the newspapers.

Ask any one using it what they think of
PRAIRIE.

The price is **\$5.50** per bbl. and the sole
agency for Quincy is

Boston Branch Grocery.

Custom Tailor.

When you want a
**GOOD
SUIT OF CLOTHES**

GO TO
Dr. Bamford's

HANCOCK STREET,

QUINCY.

Opposite the Post Office.

Stationery.

McGOVERN BROS.,

**Stationers,
Printers, and
Blank Book Makers**

Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in

**Confectionery, Cigars,
Tobacco and
Cigarettes.**

32 HANCOCK STREET,
QUINCY, MASS.

Granite Works.

**SWITHIN BROS.,
Granite Works,**

Office on Granite Street.

P. O. ADDRESS.

QUINCY, MASS;

Monuments,
Headstones,

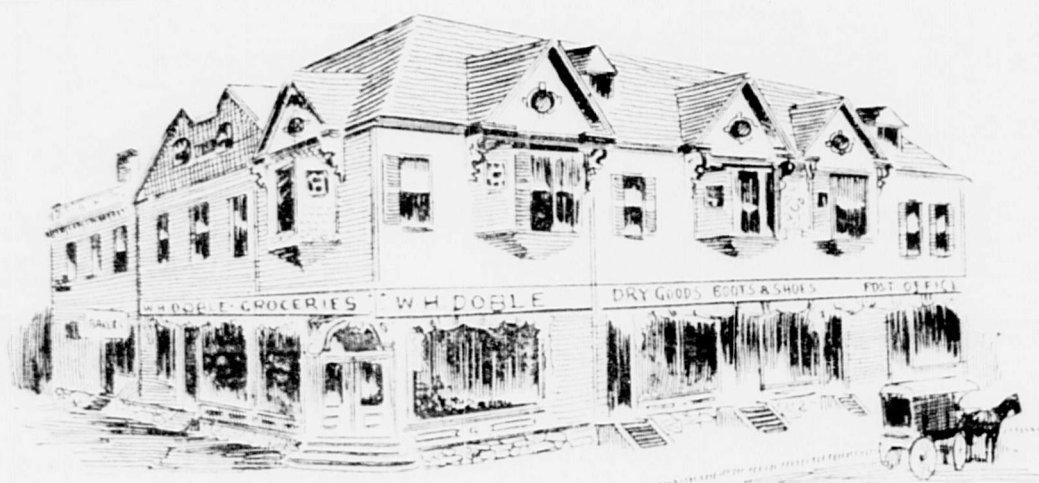
Vaults, Cemetery Coping,

Buttresses and Steps, Car-
riage Steps, Posts, Under-
pinning, Edgestones, Engine
Beds, Wall Coping, Cellar
Stone.

Paving Blocks.

Building and Bridge Work for
all Descriptions.

Designs furnished for Monuments
and Tablets.



EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.
Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and
Provisions, and a Bakery.



A Store noted for first-class quality
of goods and extremely low prices.

FOSTER BROS.,

Have a Superior Line of

Stoves and Ranges,

and are prepared to fit up the kitchen of
the most particular housewife with
every article of TIN
WARE needed.

Agents for the BARSTOW FURNACE

Tin Roofing a Specialty.

All Work Promptly and Accurately done.

16 and 18 Hancock Street.

The

MISSSES FLYNN

Have a New Line of

MUSLINS

IN PLAIN AND FIGURES.

Ladies'

Shirt Waists and Wrappers

— ALSO VERY PRETTY —

CHALLIES at 5c. Per Yd.

BOY'S SUITS,

Extra Bargains at 50 cts.
Children's Lace Caps and Hosiery.

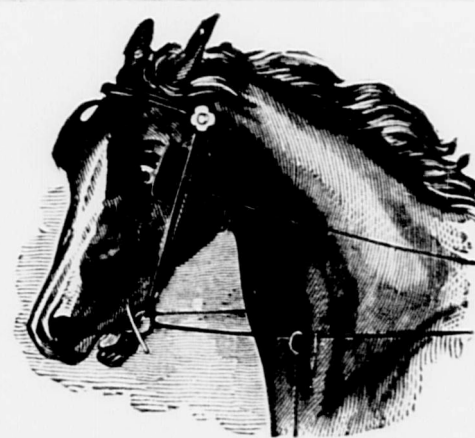
12 Hancock St., QUINCY.

Prices and Quality are right.



6 CHESTNUT ST., QUINCY.

Blacksmith.



City Shoeing Forge

NO. 12 QUINCY AVENUE.

Horse Shoeing

Done in all its Branches.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS.

Quincy Grain Store

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, ETC.

Prices are the Lowest in the city.

Our Specialty is Flour.

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite
Competition.

TRY THEM.

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FRANK F. CRANE,

Auctioneer & Appraiser.

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CHARLES H. JOHNSON,

Houses to Let in all Parts of Quincy.

REAL ESTATE

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Office: Room 3, Adams Building.

Residence, 16 River Street.

W. A. HODGES,

BAKER.

42 HANCOCK STREET.

QUINCY.

BRANCH STORE:

ADAMS BLOCK.

The Local News

in the

Quincy Advertiser

is Furnished by

Special Reporters.

VOL. IX. NO. 9.

A RECENT INDULT

Through the Reverend Ch-
of the Archdiocese, the Mo-
end Archbishop has com-
to the pastors and the faith-
dock the following Indul-
granted by the Holy See
mitigation of the law of abst-

CHANCERY OFFICE.

UNION PARK ST., B.

Rev. Dear Sir:

In answer to a petition from
reverend archbishops, the Holy S
Indult given March 15, for ten
granted to the bishops of the
States the faculty of dispensing
law of abstinence on certain days
of working people.

By virtue of this Indult and
ten Dispensation, the use of the
permitted on all days of the
Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wed-
Saturday in Holy Week, and the
Christmas.

On fast days covered by these
persons who are bound to fast
meat only once; but those exempt
obligation of fasting, by reason
health, etc., are not thus limite
use of meat and fish at the same
not allowed.

The dispensation is to be consi-
granted, not only to the individ-
ing men or women, but to the
households. The faithful should
vised to perform some other wor-
ance or self-denial, as, for exam-
stinence from all kinds of
drink.

By order of the Most Rever-
bishop,

R. NEAGLE, C.

July 1, 1895.

The petition sent by the
erend archbishops, and the
ness of the Holy See to gr-
petition, affords another gr-
and touching evidence, among
of the deep and practical sy-
always shown by Holy
Church for the toiling mass
form the bulk of the Cathol-
For, though the Church is
conservative, and, theref-
cions of the wise laws she
the safe guidance of her
yet she has always been
grant a prudent measure of
tion, in matters of discipline
ever she sees sufficient cause
indulgence.

What is to be remarked
present Indult is that it aff-
law of abstinence, not the
fasting. It allows the use
meat on certain days on w-
heretofore been forbidden.
of abstinence from flesh
still in force: 1st on all
2d, on Ash Wednesday
Wednesday and Saturday

The Quincy Monitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT QUINCY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. IX. NO. 9.

QUINCY, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

A RECENT INDULT.

Through the Reverend Chancellor of the Archdiocese, the Most Reverend Archbishop has communicated to the pastors and the faithful of his flock the following Indult lately granted by the Holy See for the mitigation of the law of abstinence:

CHANCERY OFFICE,
UNION PARK ST., BOSTON.

Rev. Dear Sir:

In answer to a petition from the most reverend archbishops, the Holy See, by an Indult given March 15, for ten years, has granted to the bishops of the United States the faculty of dispensing from the law of abstinence on certain days in favor of working people.

By virtue of this Indult and of the Lenten Dispensation, the use of flesh meat is permitted on all days of the year except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday in Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas.

On fast days covered by these Indults persons who are bound to fast may use meat only once; but those exempt from the obligation of fasting, by reason of age, health, etc., are not thus limited. The use of meat and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

The dispensation is to be considered as granted, not only to the individual working men or women, but to their entire households. The faithful should be advised to perform some other work of penance or self-denial, as, for example, abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating drink.

By order of the Most Reverend Archbishop.

R. NEAGLE, Chancellor.
July 1, 1895.

The petition sent by the most reverend archbishops, and the readiness of the Holy See to grant the petition, affords another gratifying and touching evidence, among many, of the deep and practical sympathy always shown by Holy Mother Church for the toiling masses that form the bulk of the Catholic flock. For, though the Church is eminently conservative, and, therefore, tenacious of the wise laws she makes for the safe guidance of her children, yet she has always been ready to grant a prudent measure of relaxation in matters of discipline, whenever she sees sufficient cause for such indulgence.

What is to be remarked in the present Indult is that it affects the law of abstinence, not the law of fasting. It allows the use of flesh meat on certain days on which it has heretofore been forbidden. The law of abstinence from flesh meat is still in force: 1st on all Fridays; 2d, on Ash Wednesday; 3d, on Wednesday and Saturday in Holy

Week; 4th, on the eve or vigil of Christmas. On all other days of abstinence this Indult may be applied.

It is to be noted that on days which are announced as "days of fasting and abstinence," persons who come under the law of fasting may use meat only once a day; but those who are exempt from the law of fasting, by reason of age, health, etc., are not limited to the use of meat only once on fast days; and the use of flesh and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

This dispensation is granted to all those who "work for a living," that is, to all those who are obliged to gain their livelihood by working on their own account or for others; it does not, therefore, according to the terms of the Indult, release those who do not belong to the class of working people. Persons of leisure, whose time is their own; who do not earn their livelihood, are still bound by the law of abstinence.

But, by a very generous concession, the Indult removes the necessity of providing two kinds of meals in a household of which a member is affected by its provisions, since it is very plainly stated that this dispensation is granted, not only to the individual men or women, but to their entire households.

As the law of abstinence is a penitential law, and as we may never deem ourselves released from the obligation of doing penance for our sins, it is not to be imagined that the Church means us to lose sight of our need of making satisfaction to the offended justice of God. It is therefore advised that all those who are released from this particular kind of penance should make up for it by some other penitential practice, by some act of self-denial which involves a sacrifice or inconvenience without detriment to bodily health. For those who need it, the very best sacrifice would be that suggested in the circular, "Abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating drink," and the more of this kind of abstinence, the better—for soul and body.

The commander-in-chief of the Sultan of Morocco's army is a Scotchman, by name Kaid McLain.

STATUS OF THE PRESCRIPTION.

Druggists and doctors and patients are all interested in the question, to whom does the prescription belong? The doctors would be pleased to have it thought that the prescription is a sort of confidential note from doctor to druggist, often presented through the medium of the patient. The theory is, says the New York Sun, that this confidential note is good for one portion of the remedy prescribed, unless something in the note provides that the prescription shall be refilled one or more times.

Patients think that the prescription is theirs to do with it as they will. Some patients lend their prescriptions to friends. This makes the doctor angry; not only because it robs the writer of the prescription of a possible patient, but also because it renders the writer of the prescription liable to the suspicion of malpractice if the lender has improperly diagnosed the case of the borrower. As a layman is likely to make a false diagnosis, the doctors seem to have reason and justice on their side of the contention. Nevertheless prescriptions are lent freely, and the doctors have a choice collection of stories touching the results of laymen prescribing for their friends. Some of these stories seem funny even to laymen. As to the doctors, they laugh over them with much the same ghoulish glee that an evil-disposed person might manifest over the fate of a burglar that had robbed him of poison by mistake for something wholesome and potable. Some prescriptions are not only lent, but actually converted into patent medicines. It is conjectured that a physician whose name should be used as a guarantee of such a medicine would have his action of libel by way of indemnity. The doctors that furnish compressed tablets without an accompanying prescription seem to get the best of the prescription lenders.

The apothecaries stand between doctor and patient. Some druggists refuse to refill a prescription without an order from the prescribing doctors. Most of the druggists, however, refill a prescription as often as

it is brought to them, unless, indeed, it contains a cumulative poison that might be dangerous to life. Should a patient die from the effects of such a poison, perhaps the druggist might be in peril for having refilled it many times without orders from the doctor. Careful doctors warn druggists and patients alike against refilling such prescriptions by making a caution on the subject part and parcel of the prescription itself. Many druggists who will refill a prescription as often as the patient wishes object to returning the prescriptions or a copy of it to the patient. Some druggists, on the other hand, make it a point to ask whether the patient wishes the prescription returned. Many patients carry prescriptions for years and have them renewed for half a lifetime. The proper courtesy, if you are well off, is to ask your doctor to renew the prescription when you think you need it or something like it. Some doctors will do this for a dollar, unless they distrust your self-diagnosis, in which case you are invited to call and let the doctor see what is the matter. The doctors think there should be a judicial outgiving as to the status of the prescription.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

Some day we shall, perhaps, settle on a universal illuminant. Will it be acetylene? If so, we shall want a shorter name for it, but that can be shelved for the present. Acetylene is said to give a flame 10 or 12 times brighter than an ordinary gas jet, or four and a half times brighter than the very best gas burner can yield. Moreover, acetylene gives out much less heat than gas, and very much less vapor. Add to these advantages the fact that acetylene can be liquified with ease, and kept in liquid form, and you have the claims of acetylene in the rough. It is curious that acetylene has become commercially possible as an illuminant by developments in electricity, with which it will have to compete.

In Hungary school children have been forbidden to kiss the hands of their teachers on coming and going, on the ground of possible infection.

Quincy Bicycles

The Lightest Wheels at the New York Show.



Be sure to see them before you buy.

QUINCY CYCLE CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET, QUINCY.

Great Reduction

—IN—

SHIRT WAISTS.

Former Price, \$.50.	Now \$.38
" " .75 and \$1.00.	" .50
" " 1.25.	" .75
" " 1.38.	" 1.00
" " 1.50.	" 1.00
" " 3.00.	" 2.00

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE BETWEEN BOSTON & BROCKTON.

Under the Greenleaf,
QUINCY.

Branch
EAST MILTON.

A. F. BUSSELL.

Portrait AND Landscape Photographer

One dozen fine Cabinet Photos, \$3.00.
Children's Pictures a Specialty.

ADAMS BUILDING,

QUINCY, MASS.

JOHN H. GOODHUE,

SOUTH QUINCY BAKER.

BREAD CAKE PASTRY, ETC., CRACKERS AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
WEDDING CAKE A SPECIALTY.

BEANS AND BROWN BREAD EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

25 WATER STREET.

—1895—

HATS!

HATS!

FALL STYLES

NOW READY.

GRANITE CLOTHING CO.

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

QUINCY.

WALTER H. RIPLEY

Guarantees Satisfaction to Purchasers of

GRANITE TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

Jobbing of all Kinds Promptly Attended to.

Works, Cross Street, - - West Quincy.
N. B. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address, Box 10.

A GREAT COMFORT.

What a Satisfaction it is to have a FULL LINEN CLOSET.
To Know you can Buy

Table Linen at 25 cts. per yd.
9-4 Sheets for \$1.00 a pair,
Towels at 5 cts. each,
Napkins for 50 cts. a dozen.

Come and see how much \$2.00 will do for you in this line at

C. S. HUBBARD'S, 158 Hancock St.

GRANITE SHOE STORE.

Our Fall Stock is Now Complete.

The Great Advance in Leather has not affected our prices to any extent. We can give you the Best Working Shoe in town for

\$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25.

ROBERTSON BLOCK.

H. A. FELTIS, Manager.

CATHOLIC

Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries,
Photo Medallions, Books of Devotion, Gold and
Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed Pictures, etc.

FLYNN & MAHONY,

18 and 20 Essex Street, Boston.

Drafts for \$1 and upwards.

Agents for all the European Steamship Lines.

PASSAGE TICKETS TO IRELAND ONLY \$16.

An Advertisement in the Monitor Pays.

HOGAN

In St. Michael's
Monday morning
Hogan of Quincy
Jennie Toner of
united in marriage
brose Briscoe.

witnessed the marriage,
one, and the wedding
affair. Immediately
mony a wedding breakfast
at the home of the
and at the reception
friends from Boston
Stonington, besides
both the contracting
tended their congratulations.
felicitations. Mr.
were received by

The happy couple
afternoon train for
and after an extended
will reside in Quincy
a home awaits them.

CUNIFF—

Mr. John J. Cuniff
young man of this
service and Miss
of West Quincy
wednesday, Aug 21, at
by Rev. Francis
Miss Mary D. Keane
the bride was married
Mr. Martin M. Cuniff
the groom, best man
Cuniff will reside at
Quincy Point.

TO HEROES

The Chickamauga
noona National Park
opened on Sept. 19
great gathering to
augmented by the
President and his
ors of many of the
be present. The
uments commemorating
displayed on these
fields, is as follows:

Ohio	50
Illinois	50
Indiana	50
Michigan	50
Wisconsin	50
New York	50
Minnesota	50
Missouri	50
Kansas	50
Total	500

DO YOUR SHOES
NEED REPAIRING?

If they do and you do
work at reasonable
take them

John C. Mc

19 Franklin St., St.

Hand-Sewed Wo

RUBBERS R

HOGAN—TONER.

In St. Michael's church, 9 o'clock Monday morning, Mr. Thomas F. Hogan of Quincy, Mass., and Miss Jennie Toner of Pawcatuck, were united in marriage by Rev. Ambrose Bryson. The number who witnessed the nuptials was a large one, and the wedding was a brilliant affair. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, and at the reception following, many friends from Boston, New Haven and Stamford, besides those in town, of both the contracting parties, extended their congratulations and felicitations. Many costly presents were received by the bride.

The happy couple departed on an afternoon train for New York city and after an extended wedding tour will reside in Quincy, Mass., where a home awaits them.—*Westerly Sun.*

CUNIFF—KEATING.

Mr. John J. Cuniff an esteemed young man of this city in the postal service and Miss Sarah E. Keating of West Quincy were married Wednesday, Aug. 21, at St. John's Church by Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti. Miss Mary B. Keating, a sister of the bride was maid of honor and Mr. Martin M. Cuniff a brother of the groom, best man, Mr. and Mrs. Cuniff will reside on River street, Quincy Point.

TO HEROES' HONOR.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park will be dedicated on Sept. 19 and 20, and the great gathering to be present will be augmented by the presence of the President and his cabinet. Governors of many of the States will also be present. The value of the monuments commemorating the heroism displayed on these memorable battlefields is as follows:

Ohio.....	55 monuments at	\$95,000
Indiana.....	57 monuments at	\$7,500
Michigan.....	55 monuments at	40,000
Wisconsin.....	52 monuments at	20,000
New York.....	11 monuments at	2,500
Minnesota.....	10 monuments at	87,000
Missouri.....	5 monuments at	15,000
Kansas.....	5 monuments at	5,800
Texas.....	3 monuments at	5,000
Total.....	171 monuments at	\$355,000

DO YOUR SHOES
NEED REPAIRING?

If they do and you desire first-class work at reasonable prices take them to

John C. McGowan

19 Franklin St., South Quincy.

Hand-Sewed Work a Specialty.

RUBBERS REPAIRED.

SAFETY OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

To assure, as nearly as possible, the safety of those who travel by land or water, and to use every available means to that end, is the unquestioned duty of all who have to do with passenger traffic. But their responsibility does not end here. It is equally incumbent upon them to investigate everything new that presents itself, and to take no chance whatever of missing something that may save life and insure the security of person and property. Especially is it important to provide efficient and approved fire appliances for the use of sea-going craft of all sorts. There is much risk attending journeying of this kind even at the best, and when there is anything like carelessness or neglect, the conduct of such management at once becomes criminal, and should receive the reproof that such a course richly merits.

It is said properly constructed wrought iron cylinders, filled with liquid carbonic acid, furnish a manageable, reliable and certain means of extinguishing an ordinary conflagration. These cylinders should be firmly attached to various parts of the vessel and connected by iron tubes with hose attachments. It is not enough that there be one, two or three cylinders, but they should be provided in sufficient number to insure usefulness in case one part of the vessel is damaged. It would be merely an aggravation to locate them in one place and then have a collision occur destroying that portion of the ship, or a fire break out in the immediate vicinity which would involve the tanks themselves. There should be connections between all of the reservoirs, with easily managed appliances for shutting off or turning on, as the case might be; then if one cylinder were destroyed by fire or collision, it could be detached from the main system without impairing its efficiency. In extinguishing the flame of paraffine, alcohol or candles less than 16 per cent of carbonic acid is required. The flames of coal gas and hydrogen requires much more, the latter demanding something over 50 per cent. of acid.

When these extinguishers can be furnished at less than 6 cents per pound in small quantities, it is easy to see that the expense of equipping a ship would be a mere trifle compared with the advantage to be derived from it. If there were no other reason for taking precautions to use every means of safety, the value of the ship itself and the reputation of the line would be oc-

casional enough for looking into these new discoveries and adopting them if they carry out the promises made.

INTERESTING PERSONAGES.

The Italian premier, Crispi, is said to spend two hours a day in dressing, and that he has a horror of getting to look old.

Mr. Gladstone has written such a vast number of letters during his life that his autographs bring only sixpence in the English market.

Jules Simon's real family name is Suisse, which in France is an equivalent for concierge. When his first book came out Victor Cousin advised him to drop it, as no man could hope for fame with such a name.

Ruskin, according to a new anecdote, attended an exhibition of impressionistic paintings some time ago, and seeing an acquaintance said: "Leave this place. Don't let your eyes dwell on these impertinent, insolent daubs. It is a sin to prostitute a noble calling in such a way; it really makes me feel ill."

The marquis of Devonshire allows himself the luxury of a railroad 10 miles long for his private pleasure. The railroad encircles his own domain. Whenever he takes a ride he acts as fireman and engineer, while he compels the members of his family, the ladies not excepted, to act as watchmen and watchwomen at the crossings.

The young Egyptian Khedive is said to possess the most costly set of harness in the world. It is made of black leather, with chased gold buckles, and collars ornamented with the most costly metal. The pad cloths are also embroidered with gold, and the set is said to have cost \$11,000. It is for four horses, and is used on all state occasions.

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders, and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home," and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

Lawyers.

HERBERT M. FEDERHEN, Jr.

ATTORNEY

and Counsellor at Law.

QUINCY OFFICE—Court House Building
164 Hancock Street.

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 9 P. M.

J. W. McANARNEY,

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QUINCY, MASS.

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The Quincy Monitor.

Published Monthly
by the St. John's C. L. and A. A.Yearly Subscriptions.....50 Cents.
Single Copies.....5 Cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS are requested to have in any changes before the first of each month, and all business communications should be addressed to the

Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy, Mass.

ADVERTISERS will please comply with this request and avoid much unnecessary delay. Rates made known upon application.

All articles and correspondence intended for the MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of the QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

It seems that we have inspectors that do not inspect.

Now that the new schoolhouses are to be built of wood, we think that Councilman Sprague of Ward Five should furnish the paint.

"Senator Hoar bitterly denounced" is a phrase quite familiar lately. But still the Senator maintains his serenity and his bland smile is about as annoying to many pseudo-patriots as being drawn over red coals.

The Sewerage Commissioners want compensation. We do not begrudge part of the Commission all that the Council may allow, but are inclined to think that in view of certain things the other part are oblivious of the good times coming.

The Patriot seems to be disappointed at the census returns for this city and particularly those from Ward One. While it may be admitted that the increase in Ward One is proportionately small, still we believe that the figures are as nearly correct as those of the other wards. Ward One has not the elements of growth that the other wards have, and we think that here lies the cause of the stunted growth. The returns as reported are as follows:

	1890.	1895.	Increase.
Ward 1.	2,562	3,229	293
Ward 2.	2,743	2,983	157
Ward 3.	4,592	5,741	951
Ward 4.	4,964	4,374	800
Ward 5.	2,074	2,805	809
Ward 6.	2,083	1,094	716
Total.	20,712	26,726	3,086

The total increase for five years is only a little over 25 per cent, and Wards Three, Four, Five and Six contributes over 20 per cent. When one considers the extensive building in these Wards, and the absence of it in Wards One and Two the smallness of the increase does not appear so surprising.

We honestly believe that the Democratic party in Massachusetts would not sacrifice one whit of its dignity by refusing to nominate a candidate for Governor this fall. All will admit that Governor Greenhalge will be elected and that too by a larger vote than he received last year. It will not be said that this will be so on account of any loss the Democrats will have sustained through any act of their own, but rather from the way Governor Greenhalge has met perplexing matters the past year. The Governor has shown that he is above all parties, and that he can be counted upon to act in all cases fairly and honorably. He has erred, it will be admitted, in some matters from a Democratic standpoint, but in his relations to exceptional duties is where he has made his greatest mark, and for which he will receive the greatest credit in the coming election. The money and time spent in a gubernatorial campaign could be spent with better results in the senatorial and representative contests, for here certainly is a good opportunity for bettering the legislative branch of the State government.

GRAND BAZAAR.

The St. John's society and the Ladies' auxiliary have almost completed arrangements for the grand bazaar to be held from the 17 to the 24th of October. Every Catholic Society in the city will be represented by a table and special nights will be observed in honor of each. Many fine and serviceable articles have been contributed to the tables and all wishing to contribute can do so by notifying any of the young ladies in charge. It is intended to make the bazaar first-class in every respect. An entertainment will be given each evening.

RARE NOTES.

In the 14th century the Chinese government issued some paper currency. Today there are probably but two notes of that issue extant. One is in the British Museum, and the other in the possession of the Oriental Society of St. Petersburg. These notes were issued in the reign of Hung Woo, the founder of the Ning dynasty, who died in 1398. The face value of the note is about a dollar, and that issue of paper currency was the only one ever guaranteed by the Chinese government. Today these notes are probably the rarest and most valuable of currency issues. Nearly all note collectors and Chinese bankers are fully aware of their existence and their value.

Catholic Notes.

The consecration of Rt. Rev. J. A. Forest, the bishop-elect of San Antonio, Tex., will take place in the Cathedral at San Antonio, on Sunday, Sept. 29.

There is but little doubt, says the Hartford Courant, that Vicar-General Mulcahy will be the successor of the late Fr. Hughes as rector of St. Patrick's Church, Hartford.

The German Catholics held a notable convention in Munich last week. At the opening of the exercises toasts were drunk to the Pope, the prince regent of Bavaria and Emperor William.

The will of Winifred McIntire gives the Home for Destitute Catholic Children on Harrison avenue \$500, St. Elizabeth's Hospital on West Brookline street \$1500 and the residue of the estate to the Working Boys' Home.

The Pope has granted the French author, Boyer d'Agon, permission to write his biography, and for this purpose has given him access to the family archives of the Count Pecci in Carpineto.

Bishop Keane of the Catholic University is elated over the decision of Notre Dame University to establish a college in connection with the Washington Institution for the training of novices in the higher branches of the university curriculum.

Mgr. Satolli went west recently to attend and take part in the dedication of the new university at St. Paul. He was accompanied by Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University, and Drs. Garrigan, the vice-rector, and O'Gorman, Peace and Boquillon of the faculty. The party made the trip as the guests of Mr. Hill, travelling from Buffalo to Duluth on one of the new palatial steamers plying the great lakes. They will be absent from Washington about two weeks. Mgr. Satolli will make the principal address at St. Paul.

A notable ceremony was that performed by Archbishop Corrigan of New York last Sunday when he conferred holy orders on 13 young French Dominicans at the convent of the order at Sherman Park. The convent was opened last November, to enable young French novices to complete their studies without fear of being enlisted as conscripts. Those ordained last Sunday were the first to profit by the freedom afforded by the American flag, and in honor of the occasion, and in the sanctuary of the chapel, was displayed an American as well as a French flag.

The Trappists are preparing to erect a monastery at Hicksville, L. I. Land has been donated by a Catholic layman, and Bishop McDonnell has consented to the establishment of the institution.

Mme. Mabel Digby has been elected mother-general of the Society of the Sacred Heart, in succession to Mme. Adelaide de Sartorius, who died last spring, after less than a year in her responsible office. Very Rev. Mother Digby is an English lady, a daughter of Lord Digby, and a convert to the faith.

Comparatively few people know that at St. Joseph's convent, in that part of St. Louis still known as Carondelet, the Chapel of the Holy Martyrs contains the largest collection of sacred relics of the saints and early martyrs of the Roman Catholic church to be found in the United States, if, indeed, not the largest this side of the Atlantic ocean.

Up to the present time the only woman who has ever dared to set foot in the cloistered precincts of the Grand Trappe Monastery at Solignol, in France was Queen Marie Amelie. After her visit, so the story runs, the monks repaved the cloisters through which she had passed, considering that their abode had been desecrated by the feet of even a royal lady. But now a new church is about to be consecrated there, and for the nine days between Aug. 30 and Sept. 8 persons of both sexes are to be permitted to visit the sacred inclosure of the monks.

The venerable Louise de Marillac, whose name has been presented for beatification, by the diocese of Paris, was born in that city. It was she who, in union with St. Vincent de Paul, founded the Sisters of Charity in Paris, and in the year 1660 she died in the odor of sanctity. Having received an education both religious and intellectual at the royal monastery of St. Louis at Poissy, she married while very young, Antoine Le Gras, secretary to Marie de Medici. A few years after her marriage, she became a widow, and it was then that she chose St. Vincent de Paul for her director. He placed the first community of Sisters of Charity under her care. In 1624 she settled in the Rue St. Victor in order to be near the house where St. Vincent de Paul then lived, and when he removed to St. Lazare, Louise de Marillac established her growing community in the Faubourg St. Denis, and this remained the mother house of the Sisters of Charity until the time of the revolution.

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27 School

DEATH OF A

Mr. Thomas F. Keane, the most popular member, died at his home on South Tuesday night Sept. 3rd, illness, aged 29 years.

Mr. Keenan was throughout the city, quiet and unassuming, won a host of sincere, deeply mourn his death.

As a fireman he was a hard worker and was in the midst of danger called.

He leaves a widow and children. In his death loses a kind and considerate and his brother fireman loyal comrade.

The funeral was held morning, 6th inst., and was attended by relatives. The remains were in a handsome black box on which was a profusion of some floral tributes.

Among the set pieces some pillow of roses, flowers marked "Hose", members of that company of roses marked "Q. F.", the members of the Relief Association, and a pillow of roses marked "C. 76" from the Quincy Foresters.

At 8.45 the funeral from the house and passed South street to New River avenue, to School street Church where a solemn requiem was celebrated by Roche.

The members of the Relief Association headed Engineer Williams and Peers Edwards and St. funeral procession, passed the Central which had been draped to the memory

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS THE EATING THEREOF."

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THE ❖ PHENIX ❖ PHARMACY

Is THE Place to make your Drug Purchases in; and for these most Excellent Reasons, put in a Nutshell;

You get Most for your Money. You get the best the Market Affords.

Your Prescriptions are not put up by boys who may endanger your very life by a blunder.

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., Dispensing Chemist,

27 School Street,

QUINCY, MASS.

DEATH OF A FIREMAN.

Mr. Thomas F. Keenan, one of the most popular members of Hose 1, died at his home on South street late Tuesday night Sept. 3rd, after a long illness, aged 29 years.

Mr. Keenan was well known throughout the city, and by his quiet and unassuming disposition, won a host of sincere friends who deeply mourn his death.

As a fireman he was a brave and hard worker and was ever foremost in the midst of danger when duty called.

He leaves a widow and two small children. In his death his wife loses a kind and considerate husband and his brother firemen a brave and loyal comrade.

The funeral was held on Friday morning, 6th inst., and was largely attended by relatives and friends. The remains were enclosed in a handsome black broadcloth casket on which was a profusion of handsome floral tributes.

Among the set pieces was a handsome pillow of roses and passion flowers marked "Hose 1," from the members of that company, a wreath of roses marked "Q. F. R. A." from the members of the Firemen's Relief Association, and a handsome pillow of roses marked "M. C. O. F., C. 76" from the Quincy Court of Foresters.

At 8.45 the funeral cortege started from the house and proceeded over South street to New Road, to Quincy Avenue, to School street to St. John's Church where a solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev A. F. Roche.

The members of the Firemen's Relief Association headed by Chief Engineer Williams and Asst. Engineers Edwards and Sparrow led the funeral procession. As the cortege passed the Central Fire station, which had been draped out of respect to the memory of the deceased

the fire bells throughout the city tolled out his age. On the arrival of the cortege at the church the members of the Association formed a line of honor from the church to the street, through which the casket was borne into the church.

At the conclusion of the services at the church, lines were reformed and the line of march again taken to St. Mary's Cemetery, West Quincy. At the Cemetery, the lid of the casket was removed and the firemen took a last glance at the face of him, who in life was ever foremost with them in the thickest of the fight, risking life and limb in the interest of the public good, and who, after a long illness, borne with Christian fortitude and resignation, answered, in peaceful submission the final summons of his Maker. After the relatives had bade a last adieu, the casket was lowered into the grave and the firemen's "call out" had been sounded for the last time.

The pallbearers were Asst. Engineer John A. Mahoney, Henry Brown, Driver of Steamer 1, James Malone of Hose 1, Peter Donovan of Ladder 4 of Boston, James Devine and Wm. Taylor.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Mr. James Gilrairie an old employe of Charles Francis Adams met instant death by being struck by an out-bound express train on the morning of Wednesday, August 21. The unfortunate man had avoided an inward train, and not being aware of the other had stepped directly in front of it. Mr. Gilrairie was 45 years of age and leaves a widow and nine children. The funeral was held from St. John's Church, Friday morning, August 23.

Mr. Gilrairie was an industrious workman and a kind and provident father, having the respect of his employer and all who knew him. His

sudden demise is a great loss to his young family and the heart of the whole community is filled with poignant sorrow for them in their sad bereavement.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the St. John's C. L. and A. A., held Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, 1895, the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS: It has pleased the Almighty God to take from amongst us our late member Andrew Kirwin; be it

Resolved: That the members of the St. John's C. L. and A. A., mourn the loss of one who has been a good and faithful member of our Association.

Resolved: That in the death of Andrew Kirwin the Association loses a brother who has at all times been prompt to serve the interests of the Association, a sincere and pious Catholic, whose virtues endeared him not only to the members of the St. John's, but to all who knew him.

Resolved: That the St. John's Society tenders its heartfelt sympathy to his family in this their sad affliction.

Resolved: That a copy of the Resolutions be inscribed on the records of the Association, published in the Quincy MONITOR, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

RICHARD A. COLE, Pres.

GEORGE A. CAHILL.

JOHN F. SULLIVAN.

THOMAS F. HOGAN.

MARTIN H. GARRITY.

Committee on Resolutions.

LARGE PLANTATION.

The largest fruit plantation in Jamaica is owned and operated by an American company. It cultivates 44,000 acres, 28,000 of which it owns, and 16,000 of which it leases. The principal crops are bananas and cocoanuts. Last year it shipped 3,000,000 bunches of bananas and 5,000,000 cocoanuts, besides other fruit, to America and elsewhere, employing 12 steamers, which the company owns.

BEWARE OF MILK.

Buffalo has just gone through an interesting experience with typhoid fever from which an instructive lesson can be learned by other cities. Seven cases of the fever broke out at different places in one of the suburbs. An investigation by the authorities showed that one milkman served all of the houses in which the fever appeared. Further inquiry developed the fact that the milkman's wife was sick with the fever before any of the customers were attacked. He did not keep cows, but purchased his milk of a dairyman, took it to his home, where his wife was sick, and there put the milk in cans and bottles for delivery. At the same time the dealer was his wife's nurse. This accounted for the spread of the disease. That this disease is often spread by such criminal carelessness on the part of milkmen is well known. But there is too much official neglect in the inspection of milk dealer's premises, and the law is altogether too lax in every state in the matter of punishing dealers who spread disease that way.

REMARKABLE EXPLORER.

Joseph Thompson, the young African explorer who recently died at 36, was the only man who penetrated into the interior from all four sides. From Morocco on the north he explored Mt. Atlas, from the west he went up the Niger, from the Cape he reached the great lakes and the spot where Livingstone died, and from the east he travelled through the Masai country to the lakes. In all his expeditions he never found it necessary to use a revolver or a rifle against a human being.

The favorite language at the Russian court since the entrance of the new Empress is said to be English. German, Russian and French are seldom heard.



Ready for School.

School has now begun, and we would call your attention to our Superior Quality of Boys' Clothing. There's a heap of life talk in most of the clothing advertisements you see. Some dealers harp on the cheapness of their boys' clothing. If anybody wants that kind there's plenty of it to be had, and it costs too much, whatever you pay for it.

We are ready to say to you, face to face, that you can depend on our Boys' Clothing for good service. It's made to wear, to wear with iron endurance. It's got to be first in make, fit and style, before we will take the risk of selling it.

For the popular price, \$5.00, we sell the best school suit in the land. We have the finer grades up as high as \$10.00 and down as low as \$2.50.

We also carry an extensive line of Boys' long pants suits in all the newest and best styles—\$5.00 to \$18.00.

Whenever you have to buy in Boys' Clothing, Hats or Furnishings, we will be pleased to serve you. We want the Boys' trade, sure of the Boy, sure of the Man.

McMANUS & CO.,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

670 Washington Street, corner Beach, Boston.

Franco's Old Stand. Entrance on the Cor.

HEROISM IN THE FAR EAST.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives this interesting incident: "I sat at table with the ex-premier and children. The countess, quiet, gentle, motherly, and wearing spectacles, carving the tai and the kamo with such matronly serenity—and yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune.

"Long ago, in those dark, bloody days when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies, there came a time when they had tracked him to her house and had chosen a band of Sashis to assassinate him. The noise of their clogs and the rattling of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasure, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die, as a Japanese lord should, amid a circle of dead foes.

But while he murmured: 'Sagamore!' and knitted his fingers around the shark skin hilt of his sword, that brave lady whose guest I was whispered: 'Do not die; there is hope still,' upon which she removed the bilachi, or firebox, over which they were sitting, and lifting up the matting and planks beneath induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese homes. The murderers broke into the room, a ferocious band, just as the firebox had been replaced and the countess had assumed a position of nonchalance.

"They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair—now touched with silver—and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to this, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career and has lived to give his country a new constitution and to be one of the foremost and best respected statesmen of modern Japan."

RECEPTION OF CANDIDATES.

Candidates for admission into the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. John's church were received on Sunday evening, August 18, at the 8 o'clock vespers. Rev. John P. Cuffe was celebrant. Rev. Fr. Francis received the sodalists.

If your shoes need repairing we would advise you to take them to Mr. John C. McGowan, 19 Franklin street. Mr. McGowan was for many years employed at the factory of N. Curtis & Co., and is a first-class workman. He makes a specialty of hand-sewed work.

SMILES.

I see her turn the corner;
I hear her mannish tread.
I feel an awful presence
That fills my soul with dread.
Great Scott! she's drawing nearer;
I'll vanish while I can.
If she's the coming woman,
Then I'm the going man.—From Judge.

ONE OF MANY.

Philosopher—You have devoted your whole life to the cause of labor I understand. Now, just tell me of one good thing you have accomplished.

Agitator—Well, I've made a good living.

PATE PATIER.

Dozer—Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?

Jazlin—No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear a hat.

PHILOSOPHY.

Briggs—You say there are mosquitoes and malaria where you are staying, and the meals are poor, the rooms small, and its hotter than blazes. What in thunder do you stay there for?

Griggs (earnestly)—Just think, old man, of how good I'll feel when I get back to town!

REASONABLE.

"Whiskey," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he appointed his finger at the audience, "whiskey has killed more men than bullets."

"All the same," said the watery-eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap rather a man filled me with whiskey than with bullets."

AN EXCLUSIVE PAIR.

"Who are those two spirits I see always together?" asked a new arrival of one of the cherubim.

"They are Napoleon and Munroe, was the reply. "They are puffed up because the mortals are so much interested just now in Napoleon's life and Munroe's doctrine, so that they won't associate with any other celestial inhabitants."

OF INTEREST TO TAXPAYERS.

Tax Rate, \$16.80
Total Real Estate, 14,590,825
Personal Estate, 2,535,100
Resident Bank Stock, 199,930
Total Valuation, 17,325,855
Polls, 5,833

The tax rate this year will be \$16.80 on the \$1,000, a decrease of 80 cents over last year.

Principal Assessor Federhen announces

the valuation of the city for 1895 as follows:

VALUATION BY WARDS.			
Ward.	Personal Estate.	Real Estate.	Total.
1.	\$1,236,975.	\$4,400,075.	\$5,637,050.
2.	300,825.	1,546,125.	1,846,950.
3.	337,525.	1,921,850.	2,259,375.
4.	325,225.	1,956,850.	2,282,075.
5.	254,875.	2,095,575.	2,350,450.
6.	79,075.	1,983,350.	2,062,425.
Resident bank stock.	199,930.		199,930.

2,735,030. \$14,590,825. \$17,325,855
THE TOTAL LEVY.

City tax, (levy voted by the City Council) \$175,000.00

City tax, (notes maturing during the year) 75,41.00

City tax, (interest to be paid during the year) 18,114.46

County tax, 10,105.30

State Tax, 10,065.00

Overlays, 9,570.00

Total, \$302,832.36

Number of polls, 5,833

The gain in valuation by wards, over 1894 was as follows:

Ward 1, \$88,050.00

Ward 2, 18,000.00

Ward 3, 48,271.00

Ward 4, 169,100.00

Ward 5, 195,550.00

Total, \$517,971.00

Ward 6, lost 2,075.00

Total gain, \$517,971.00

LEVY OF 1894.

In connection with the Assessor's figures for 1895, a comparison with the figures of 1894 will be interesting. The total levy was as follows:

City tax, (levy voted by the City Council) \$175,000.00

City tax, (notes maturing during the year) 80,790.00

City tax, (interest to be paid during the year) 15,000.00

County tax (less polls) 8,990.26

State tax (less polls) 6,540.00

Overlays, 1,356.94

Polls, 11,840.00

Total, \$307,817.20

Number of polls, 5,320

The valuation by wards was as follows:

Ward, Personal Estate, Real Estate, Total.

1. \$1,205,050. \$4,433,050. \$5,638,100.

2. 309,925. 1,539,700. 1,849,625.

3. 350,950. 1,884,425. 2,235,375.

4. 340,925. 1,892,875. 2,233,800.

5. 248,650. 2,528,650. 2,777,300.

6. 59,000. 1,808,475. 1,867,475.

Resident bank stock, 208,780.

\$2,720,280. \$14,088,175. \$16,817,455.

LEVY OF 1893.

There was assessed on the polls and estates of the city in 1893, the sum of \$273,947.50 as follows:

City tax, (levy voted by the City Council) \$160,000.00

City tax, (notes maturing during the year) 62,062.00

City tax, (interest to be paid during the year) 16,000.00

County tax, (less polls) 7,795.24

State tax, (less polls) 10,042.00

Overlays, 6,082.26

Polls, 11,000.00

Total, \$273,947.50

VALUATION IN 1893.

The valuation of the city by wards in 1893 as follows:

Ward, Personal Estate, Real Estate, Total.

1. \$1,527,200. \$4,271,980. \$5,799,270.

2. 328,770. 1,517,350. 1,846,110.

3. 363,245. 1,840,760. 2,204,005.

4. 343,200. 1,983,895. 2,327,095.

5. 210,770. 2,682,425. 2,893,195.

6. 55,350. 1,609,765. 1,665,115.

Resident bank stock, 208,780.

\$3,032,395. \$13,605,675. \$16,638,070.

Custom T

When you want a

GOO

SUIT OF CL

GO TO

Dr. Bamf

HANCOCK ST

QUINCY

Opposite the Post Off

Stationer

McGOVERN

Stationers,

Printers, and

Blank Book

Wholesale and

Dealers in

Confectionery,

Tobacco

Cigarette

32 HANCOCK

QUINCY, I

Granite wa

SWITHIN B

Granite W

Office on Gran

P. O. ADD

QUINCY,

Monuments,

Headstones,

Vaults, Cemetery

Buttresses, al

riage Steps,

pinning, Edges

Beds, Wall

Stone.

Paving B

Building and Bri

all Descrip

Designs furnish

and Tablets.

of the city for 1895 as follows:

Real Estate.	Total.
\$4,490,075.	\$5,727,050.
1,546,125.	1,846,950.
1,921,850.	2,259,375.
1,356,850.	2,281,705.
2,695,575.	2,950,450.
1,983,350.	2,780,025.
199,920.	

30. \$14,590,825. \$17,325,855.
THE TOTAL LEVY.

by voted by the City

\$175,000.00

notes maturing during

78,541.00

interest to be paid dur-

18,114.40

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Real Estate.

Total.

\$4,433,050.

\$5,638,100.

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1,884,425.

2,241,375.

1,892,875.

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2,528,650.

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1,867,475.

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\$14,088,175.

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LEVY OF 1893.

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wards:

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Total.

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1,517,350.

1,841,110.

1,840,760.

2,204,005.

1,983,395.

2,326,595.

2,682,425.

2,593,195.

1,609,765.

1,665,116.

208,780.

\$13,605,975.

\$16,638,070.

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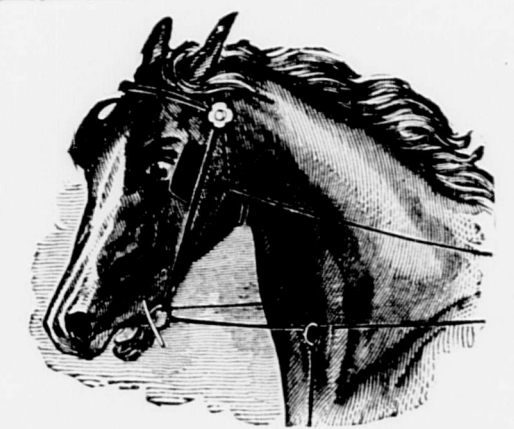
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1895 FALL HATS 1895

All the Latest Styles for the Fall of 1895.

We Carry in Stock the

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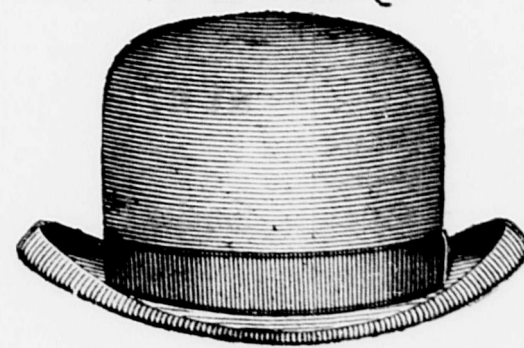
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MAKERS



THE WILCOX.

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\$3.00.

C. F. DERBY,

Adams Building,

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

VOL. IX. NO. 10.

WITH THE LIGHT

There is a man living in Quincy who carries on enough thrilling men the lives of a few but citizens with recollections of glory and disaster. Thomas Morley, the United States who rode of the 600 at Balaklava sergeant in the English Crimen, afterward by General C. F. Hay army) an instructor of cavalry in the through the war. Hero of hard riding and was a prisoner in

Last June it would Experience woke up there is Tom Morley along; nothing unique to him for half a life looking over her stor novelties to find so would eclipse Balaklava the fated building kn Theatre. He was at we an economical adm undermining it to a light plant, so it con out of its employees, dumped a few hundred with a few tons of third floor to the cella

Later, in the sun when the scattered records and pensions resumed work in and the elevator got out Morley narrowly esca legs cut off by that have evened him up left arm had been war, and the right hurt in the fall. However, his usual to have deserted him with some bad bri about which he ne When he got home the blood out of his and they were not h vent about his busi possible.

There is one per Captain Morley's the Washington P mixed up with son mistakes. The ch

The Quincy Monitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT QUINCY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. IX. NO. 10.

QUINCY, MASS., OCTOBER, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

WITH THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

There is a man living in Washington who carries about with him enough thrilling memories to stock the lives of a few hundred ordinary citizens with recollections of war, glory and disaster. This is Captain Thomas Morley, the only man in the United States who rode in the charge of the 600 at Balaklava. He was sergeant in the English cavalry in Crimea, afterward (recommended by General C. E. Havelock to our army) an instructor and a captain of cavalry in the northern army through the war. Here he saw plenty of hard riding and hot fighting, and was a prisoner in Libby for a year.

Last June it would seem as though Experience woke up and said: "Why there is Tom Morley living peaceably along; nothing unique has happened to him for half a lifetime," and, on looking over her stock of assorted novelties to find something that would eclipse Balaklava, put him in the faded building known as Ford's Theatre. He was at work there when an economical administration was undermining it to put in an electric light plant, so it could get more work out of its employees, and incidentally dumped a few hundreds of them down with a few tons of debris from the third floor to the cellar.

Later, in the summer of 1893, when the scattered remnants of the records and pensions division had resumed work in another building, the elevator got out of order, and Morley narrowly escaped having his legs cut off by that, which would have evened him up on limbs, as his left arm had been disabled in the war, and the right one was badly hurt in the fall of the building. However, his usual luck seemed not to have deserted him, and he escaped with some bad bruises and cuts, about which he made little ado. When he got home and had to pour the blood out of his boots, he was glad they were not his best ones, and went about his business as soon as possible.

There is one peculiar thing about Captain Morley's experiences, says the Washington Post. They are all mixed up with some other person's mistakes. The charge of the Light

Brigade is perhaps the most famous episode in the history of the war. It was a thing that sent a thrill of pride, wonder and pity around the world. "Some one had blundered." There was no Tennyson to crystallize the sentiments roused by the Ford's Theatre disaster into a famous poem but that one line fits both occasions. When a prisoner in Libby he was compelled to be vaccinated, and the stuff was a poison that nearly killed him. Fate seems to have selected him as a victim of egregious mistakes, but one thing has been demonstrated, he was not easily frightened. Captain Morley is a dignified man, without any airs. His memory is wonderfully distinct.

The survivors of the six hundred some years ago formed a commemorative society, which meets annually. The roll for December 1893, shows eighty-three names, twenty of them of Captain Morley's regiment.

QUEBEC'S DEFENSES.

The time when Quebec could be called the Gibraltar in America and the key to the St. Lawrence, and its much-vaunted citadel and impregnable fortress, is long since past. A series of remarkable admissions upon this score has just been made in an interview with a New York Sun correspondent by a high official of the Canadian army.

The whole system of fortifications is so obsolete that they are now positively valueless, and under the modern methods of attack and defense it is certain that they would never be reformed. At a distance of ten miles from the citadel, whose fortifications, designed by the Duke of Wellington, cost England some \$25,000,000, modern ships of war could silence and destroy the entire fortress within an hour. The outer walls of Quebec, which cost the French government so much in treasure that one of the kings inquired if they were built of gold, are even more worthless than the works upon the citadel. Not half a dozen modern guns have been mounted upon any of Quebec's fortifications within the last century. As a fortress the whole place is being gradually abandoned, and the 350

Canadian troops stationed in the citadel would be withdrawn but for the fact that the ample barrack accommodation affords better facilities for housing them than those to be had elsewhere.

There are no possible means for protecting Quebec from the operations of a hostile fleet, the advance of which must be checked by a naval defense at the mouth of the St. Lawrence or in the gulf.

One of the results of the neglect of Quebec's fortifications of late is that tourists and visitors find it easier to obtain admission to the citadel and its works, and the once famous but now crumbling towers, than heretofore, in striking contrast to Halifax, where no foreigner is permitted to view its splendid new system of fortifications, and nobody but officers in uniform are admitted inside its citadel.

CATHERINE I OF RUSSIA.

Catherine I of Russia, widow of Peter the Great, was inclined to corpulence. She had a fair complexion, eyes almost black, which contrasted strongly with her light yellow hair. Disliking the effects, she, for the last two or three years of her life, dyed her hair. Her kindness of heart was so great that, during the time she reigned alone, she allowed no criminal to be put to death in her dominions, but substituted exile to Siberia.

Readers of the Monitor should remember that our advertisers are all representative merchants and deserving of their patronage. The value of the Monitor as an advertising medium depends upon the business of our advertiser and we are solicitous that they should receive as much patronage as possible, and that it should be otherwise is astonishing, considering the high-class characters of their wares. Patronize the home dealer!

A Parsee sacred fire, which is burning in a temple at Leignil, Persia, is known to have not been extinguished since the days of Rapereth, who lived twelve centuries ago.

INGENIOUS SMUGGLING.

One of the most ingenious devices for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago. A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the czar. They could only have been imported, and, although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the custom house officer, picking it up, cut it to a point and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterward, because it again needed a new point, he cut it again and found that there was no more lead. He cut still farther and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nestled in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they have been smuggled into the country.

A PUZZLER.

De Goosby—As ye would have men do unto you, do ye even so to them?

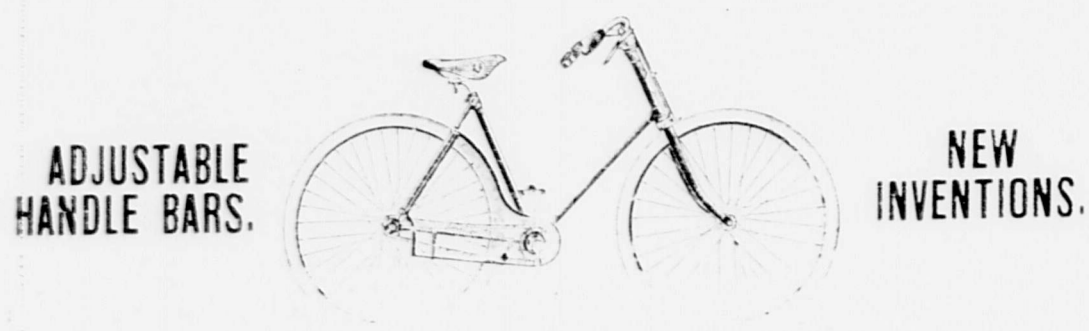
Miss Giffrey (in confusion)—Oh! but would people say, Mr. De Goosby?

After "Paradise Lost" was printed it was translated into French, and this version falling into the hands of an innocent Englishman he translated it back into English and sent it to a publisher. The manuscript is now in the British museum.

When the Marquis de Lafayette was received in great state in Alexandria, the market and church town of Washington, in 1824, an eagle, obligingly loaned by a museum man, was perched upon the floral arch of welcome. At precisely the right moment the royal bird flapped his wings and uttered a scream of victory, being impelled thereto by a bright boy with a pin.

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The Lightest Wheels at the New York Show.



Be sure to see them before you buy.

QUINCY CYCLE CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET, QUINCY.

Great Reduction —IN— SHIRT WAISTS.

Former Price, \$.50.	Now \$.38
" " .75 and \$1.00.	" .50
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BLANKETS. In Colored and White from 58c to \$4.
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The Great Advance in Leather has not affected our prices to
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German Village Life.

Heidelberg is in natural location a curiously situated place. The town is built at the point where the Neckar river shortly before it empties into the Rhine emerges from a winding defile in the mountains. The river abuts so close to the mountain edge there is scarcely room for a town, so that the houses have been stretched out along one principal street. This is the so called Hauptstrasse, or main street, which is of course neither wonderful nor beautiful. It is simply a winding roadway where one may observe various phases of German village life. The shops are nearly all located here, where not only the natives trade, but where are found all those various novelties and souvenirs which are distinctly of the place and which tourists are so addicted to carrying home with them. The other leading street, and the one most frequented by foreigners, is the so-called Anlage, a broad earth path beneath a double line of trees, adjoining at one end a small park. This is the aristocratic quarter, where nearly all the hotels are situated.

In common with all German towns and cities, the soldier life on this street and elsewhere is very much in evidence. A regiment with its stirring music goes marching through the town once or twice a day to keep alive the martial spirit of the people and to impress them with the power of the government. It would seem that there might be in Germany one or two particularly pretty little towns, such as this is, perhaps excluded from the military jurisdiction, where those people might resort who are not so fond of the army. The German government, however, trusts so little in the innate goodness and reliability of the individual that such a course has never commended itself to it.—Heidelberg Letter.

Under a Blue Light.

A gentleman who was invited out to dine at a West End mansion lately observed that the chandelier over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue.

"What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess.

"Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea, one may invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now, last Tuesday I gave a supper, and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to ask them, or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged 20 years the minute that they sat down."

"The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and

awfully gium at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under one of the blue lights. It kills everything."

The gentleman looked up. He was under a blue light!—Pearson's Weekly.

Divided the Spoils.

An impatient New York gentleman, going to the White mountains, was seated by the side of the driver. The stage on which he was had just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers.

New York Man—I say, driver, I will give \$1 if you will pass that coach.

Driver (sleepily)—I will do it. Then addressing the next driver he says, "Oh, I say, Bill!"

Bill—Waal? First Driver—There is a man here who says he will give me \$1 if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach. Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass, I'll give ye half.

Bill instantly hauled out, and in a moment the rear coach had about 60 feet advantage of the road.

The New York man paid the dollar.—Philadelphia Press.

A Very Thirsty Dog.

A young Wissahickon man, so the tale goes, owned a dog of mongrel breed which had added to its one great undesirable quality of low birth the more offensive one of the mange. The young man determined to sever his connections with the animal, and with that end in view he secured a large washtub and put staples in the inside of it, with ropes attached to them, to securely hold the dog and keep its head under water. He caught the dog just as it came in after a long tramp in the dusty roads. The doomed animal was preparing to slake its thirst at the hydrant when its master grabbed it and tied it down in the tub. Then he turned on the water and let it run until the dog's head was totally submerged. He couldn't bear to see the poor brute suffer, so he went away for a quarter of an hour. He came back, expecting to find the dog dead. Strange to say, however, the dog was very much alive. There was no water in the tub. Neither was there any leak in it. The dog had simply quenched his thirst.—Philadelphia Record.

Got It Mixed.

"When is a ship like a woman? When she is in stays."

"By George," exclaimed Fenderson when he heard this old timer, "I'll spring that on the boarders tonight!" and he did. When they had all given it up, he exclaimed with pride and pleasure in his eyes, "When it has its corset on—no; that doesn't sound just right either. But I'm sure it was something about corsets, and it struck me as pretty cute when I heard it."—Boston Transcript.

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BAZAAR!**

—Under the Auspices of the—

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TO BE HELD AT

Hancock Hall,

Oct. 17 to 24, 1895

**Sacred
Concert,**

SUNDAY EV'NG, OCT. 20,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

The managers of the Concert have engaged the best Boston and Quincy talent, and will use every effort to make this one of the best concerts ever held in Quincy. Congressman-elect JOHN F. FITZGERALD has been engaged for a lecture.

TICKETS 50 CENTS.

To be had of members of the St. John's and the Ladies' Auxiliary.

**Grand Coffee Party
AND DANCE,**

THURSDAY EV'NG, OCT. 24,

This is the closing night of the Bazaar and it is the intention to have a rollicking good time. The dance will terminate at 1 o'clock. Special cars will be in waiting to convey people living in West Quincy and Atlantic to their homes.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

First-class Entertainments will be given each evening under the direction of the Dramatic Board of the St. John's.

SEASON TICKET, 50 CENTS.
SACRED CONCERT, 50 CENTS.
COFFEE PARTY AND DANCE,
25 CENTS.
SINGLE ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

Special Tickets issued to Societies can be used only on nights named on tickets.

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ALL KINDS.

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ALL articles and correspondence intended for the MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of the QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

OCTOBER, 1895.

The St. John's C. L. and A. A. take this occasion to thank the numerous private and public persons of Quincy, who have been so generous in their gifts to the Bazaar. Some names cannot at present writing be obtained—others are suppressed at the wish of those persons themselves. All gifts, however, will be duly recognized at the Bazaar. Among the most generous gifts were, among others, the following:

A ton of coal, J. F. Sheppard & Sons; barrel of flour, Michael O'Hara; guess cake, J. H. Goodhue; white spread, Delia Conaway; child's shoes, H. A. Feltis; Year's subscription to Advertiser, F. F. Green; \$18 bookcase, Knights of Columbus; the same filled with books, J. W. McAnaney; lamp, John Keenan; lady's imported hat, John H. Griffin; crayon portrait of Rev. Fr. Cunningham, A. F. Bussell; picture, Mr. Litchman; ham, H. E. Coonik; can of fancy crackers, Mr. Robinson; cake, J. H. Goodhue; barrel of potatoes, T. Daffy; toilet article, L. J. Pastor; table, Thos. Hogan; bush hammer, John Foley; picture frame, W. Arnold; bureau scarf, tray cloths and stocking bag, Mrs. John McQueen; tidy and apron, Mrs. Richard Gray; cake, Mrs. Margaret Gray; cake, Mrs. Bridget Murphy; dressed doll, Misses Mooney; apron, Miss Katie Mulhally; vase, Mrs. Daniel Mullen; two aprons, Mrs. Joseph; girl's tire, Mrs. John Gorman; comb cases, Mrs. W. P. Reardon; 2 flannel shirts, Mrs. W. A. Kelly; splasher, Lillie Williams; sugar shell, dressed doll, tidy, stamp plate, thermometer, 6 linen handkerchiefs, Misses Roust; box of candy, O. D. Chick; picture, Miss Keenan; painted plaque, Miss O'Connor; 100 ride ticket, A Friend; silver water pitcher, A Friend; lady's fan, Mrs. McCann; statue of the Blessed Virgin, Flynn & Mahoney; doz. tumblers, Miss Sweeney; dinner set, A Friend; Indian basket, Miss K. Ballentine; stereopticon, A Friend; guess cake, Miss Elizabeth Mundy; hand-worked handkerchief, Miss May Jones; oil painting, Miss K. Ballentine; pin cushion, Mrs. P. H. Igo; dressed doll, Miss Mooney; fancy cake, Mr. Hodges; photograph album, McGovern Bros.; pair of slippers, Jas. O'Donovan; wine set, Colpits & Walker; box of tea, J. F. Merrill; ham, Johnson Bros.; can of coffee, Rogers Bros.; order for 1 doz. cabinets, A. F. Bussell; umbrella, J. C. Dorgan; smoking set and bon bon dish, Mrs. Gordon; oil

stove, Foster Bros.; box of butter, Thomas Elcock; piece of cotton cloth, Misses Flynn; box of cigars, Stephen Pierce; handsome rug, Mr. J. Wilson; box of cigars, Geo. F. Wilson; slippers, 1 doz. celluloid shoe horns, John Sullivan; book, Daniel Doran; photograph album, Mr. Clapp; box of stationery, D. E. Wadsworth; gentleman's gloves, Granite Clothing Co.; \$3 pair lady's boots, Geo. W. Jones; fire screen, H. L. Kincaide; box of cigars; jewel case, Miss Minnie McAuliffe; silk tidy, Miss Elizabeth McAuliffe; baby's jacket, Mrs. Higgins; pin cushion, Mrs. Kellher; \$5 J. W. McAnaney; glove case, Miss Jennie Griffin; fancy table, Miss Nellie Sullivan; fancy brush, J. O. Holden; clock, C. F. Pettengill; pair of vases, Mr. Litchman; order for \$5 hat, Miss E. B. Collins; souvenirs, E. B. Souther; boxes of candy, A. G. Durgin; stationery, C. F. Carlson; pin cushion, Mrs. M. J. Smith; jardiniere, Mrs. J. A. Mahoney; box of cigars, Edward Powers; health pillows, C. W. Guy; hand painted handkerchief case, Miss Mary Griffin; hand made shoes, John R. Graham; cologne, L. J. Pastor; jar, C. B. Tilton; oil stove, Sanborn & Damon; fern, M. C. Ring; boy's suit of clothes, Mr. McManus; Year's subscription to Reporter, Nichols & Co., Chicago; box of Marguerite cigars, L. J. Pastor.

OUR BAZAAR.

The Bazaar to be held in Hancock hall from Thursday Oct. 17 to Oct. 24 will be one of the best attractions offered in this city in recent years. The proceeds go toward a good object and it is hoped, considering that such a call has not been made by the St. John's before, that all will do their utmost to make the Bazaar a grand success. We promise you a good time every evening and also an opportunity to take away something substantial to remember us by. The Sacred Concert will be the best concert of the season and the added attraction of Hon. John F. Fitzgerald will be certain to fill the hall.

The closing night, Thursday, Oct. 24 will be given up to a first-class entertainment to be followed by a coffee party and dance.

Tickets can be purchased of the young ladies of the Auxiliary and by members of the St. John's. Let each member of the parish do his or her best to make the Bazaar gratifying to all.

Come the first night! Come every night thereafter!!

MADE ENEMIES OF THEM,

Railway president—That fellow, Speaker, must be recalled instantly. He will never be able to do any successful lobbying for us.

Director—Why not?

Railway president—I have just learned that he played poker with a band of assemblymen the other night, and the ass won.—From Truth.

In Memoriam.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Quincy Court No. 76, M. C. O. F., held Monday evening, Sept. 8, 1895, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite mercy and wisdom to remove from our midst, by death, our esteemed brother, Thomas F. Keenan.

Resolved: That while the members of the Quincy Court mourn the loss of a good Brother and a faithful member, we bow with humble submission to the will of Divine Providence.

Resolved: That we tender his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow and while they mourn his loss we would remind them that he has gone to God who made Him.

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolutions be entered on the records of Quincy Court and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Per order of

JAMES P. MCGOVERN,

WILLIAM TAYLOR,

MICHAEL SWEENEY,

Committee on Resolutions.

Quincy, Sept. 23, 1895.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Quincy Firemen's Relief Association held Sept. 4th, 1895, it was voted unanimously that a set of resolutions be drafted on the death of our esteemed Bro. Thomas F. Keenan.

WHEREAS: It has pleased the Almighty Disposer to remove from our midst our late worthy and esteemed fellow member, Thomas F. Keenan; and

WHEREAS: The intimate relations long held by deceased with the members of this Association render it proper that we should place upon record our appreciation of his services as a fireman, and his merits as a man; therefore

Resolved: That we deplore the loss of Thomas F. Keenan with deep feelings of regret, softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are enjoying perfect happiness in a better world.

Resolved: That we tender to his bereaved wife and family, our sincere condolence and our earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a good citizen, a devoted husband, and an upright man.

Resolved: That the members of this Association will have the Engine House draped with the emblems of mourning and the charter of this Association will be draped with black for thirty days.

Resolved: That as a tribute of respect to his memory, a copy of these resolutions be presented to his sorrowing wife, and that the same be published in the Quincy Patriot, Quincy Monitor and Advertiser and entered on the records of this Association.

EDWARD F. DROHAN,

MICHAEL P. BARRY,

Committee on Resolutions.

LITTLEBITS OF INFORMATION.

Germans are the most prone to suicide; the Irish and negroes rarely resort to self-destruction.

Fourteen years ago J. M. Monroe of Nevada, Mo., lost his hearing. He has just regained its use without medical aid.

There is a Hebrew tradition that Eye survived Adam and was, therefore the first widow.

Twelve thousand infants are annually received at a foundling asylum in Moscow. The boys are trained for the navy.

An electric mosquito bar has been invented by a Frenchman. Just as a mosquito touches it the insect receives a death shock.

An authority estimates the silver production of the United States in 1893 at 60,000,000 ounces, while the production in 1892 was 75,000,000 ounces.

It is computed that all the houses in London and New York could be built of the lava thrown out by Vesuvius since the first recorded eruption in A. D. 79.

A TIRED BABY.

Children of Bostonian parentage are notoriously precocious. A child of Mr. and Mrs. Preble Quincy Saltonstall of Marlborough street astonished its mamma by remarking from its cradle after the departure of some lady callers: "Mamma, the paucity ideas of the fine de siècle society woman is something shocking. In future you will greatly oblige me by removing my comments during such vapid discourse. I prefer the company of my own reflections. Where's that bottle?"

EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON.

Friend—This must be bargain day! I never saw such a crowd in your store before.

Dry-Goods Man—I should say it is bargain day! We are selling Homer's Iliad, in the original Greek at 98 cents!—From Puck.

We would call the attention of our readers to the announcement of McManus & Co., the Clothiers of Boston. They keep a first-class list of goods and at reasonable prices.

Huxley Chaffs Tyndall.

Tyndall was, I think, one of the ablest members of the Alpine club, but he seceded after an unfortunate dispute, which arose in connection with his own successful attempts on the Matterhorn and Mr. Whymper's ascent of that peak, and it was not till three or four years before his death that he again attended one of the annual dinners of the club, where he and Professor Huxley were among the guests of the evening.

Both orated, but in the particular act of after dinner speaking Tyndall was not the equal of his brilliant rival, and his labored and rather egotistical utterances contrasted unfavorably with the delicate persiflage of Huxley, who, by the way, chaffed him unmercifully on that occasion as being one of the goats and not one of the sheep—the goats were climbed the grid rocks, while the sheep, among whom Huxley reckoned himself, browsed contentedly on the rich pictures below.—Blackwood's Magazine.

We keep nothing
But goods of
First Quality.
Our prices are
Without exception
The LOWEST
In Quincy.

SACR

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But goods of
First Quality, while
Our prices are,
Without exception,
The LOWEST
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THE PHENIX PHARMACY,
27 SCHOOL STREET, QUINCY.
L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., - Dispensing Chemist.

In this Pharmacy
Boys do NOT
Put up ANY Prescriptions.
Here you run no risk
Of being poisoned
Through a boy's blunder.
As our
Prescription department
Is under the
Personal supervision
Of the proprietor
And manager,
LEONARD J. PASTOR, Ph. G.

— GRAND — SACRED CONCERT AND LECTURE — BY —



HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

Hancock Hall, Quincy,

Sunday Evening, October 20, 1895.

Tickets, = = 50 Cents.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30.



Who Took My Hat.

A Hat that is out of proportion to the rest of your body makes you feel and look uncomfortable. We have shapes suited to everybody and we save you fifty cents to a dollar on the exclusive hat store prices.

If you intend buying a Fall Suit or Overcoat and don't know just what kind you want or where to buy, we say we have the best that America can produce. No matter what price you want to pay, from \$8.00 up to \$25.00, it will be to your advantage to look through our immense Fall and Winter stock of suits and overcoats.

Boys' Suits and Overcoats—We have the styles that are sure to be popular, and you can depend on our prices always being the lowest.

Things You'll Need Now—Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Sweaters, Cardigan Jackets, White and Fancy Shirts, and all kinds of Furnishings, we have an immense variety, and you'll save money by trading with us—Suppose you try it.

McMANUS & CO.,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters,

670 Washington Street, corner Beach, Boston.

Fenno's Old Stand. Entrance on the Cor.

USES OF BORAX.

Most of Them Are Modern, Though the Ancients Knew the Drug.

It is interesting to note the changes that have been brought about in the production of many of our commonest commodities through the ceaseless efforts of scientists. Articles that were but a few years ago only known as a natural product of mother earth and were so scarce and consequently expensive that they had found their way into but few of the arts and sciences are today nearly a drug on the market on account of the cheapness of their production.

Borax is one of the oldest drugs known to man, having been used by the ancients for medicinal purposes. It was found in natural crystals in Tibet and known as tincal. Quite a tincal industry sprang up in Venice, where the process of refining it was long kept a secret. But the quantity found was so small and its uses so limited that for centuries it was known only as a medicine, which the apothecary prescribed in curing the ills to which flesh is heir. During the gold excitement of 1849 many a man who arrived in the western arid land, high in hopes, building castles in the air of future wealth, found that he was dreaming on an empty stomach. Dr. John A. Veatch, one of the number, noticing the great stretches of arid land saturated with salty, life-extinguishing alkali, concluded from his knowledge of geology that borax could be found. After several weeks of fruitless search he one day uncovered a small deposit near a little lake. Not being enough gold mines to go round, it was but a short time until hundreds of disappointed goldbugs left the mountain gulches and began to prospect for borax in the low lands. It was soon discovered that the bottom of a number of lakes in California, Nevada and Arizona were covered with borax crystals, and they began dredging them. The largest deposit was found in Lake Clear, in Death valley, California, where as high as 4,000 pounds a day have been taken out.

Although these discoveries cheapened the price of the article very materially and brought it into much more general use, it was not until 1880 that it was discovered that the oxide of boron combined with soda would make pure borax. As both of these substances are found in great quantities in many parts of the world borax has become a very common commodity, and instead of 30 cents a pound, for which it sold in 1880, it is selling in Chicago today for 6 cents a pound. While borax is used now in the manufacture of a great many articles it is finding its way rapidly into the arts, which is shown by the increase in production. The output for the first four months of 1895 was 4,580,000 pounds, as compared with 3,520,000 pounds for the same period of last year, an increase of about 30 per cent.

Among the many uses to which it is put one of the most important is in detecting the nature of metallic substances, which it does by exhibiting characteristic colors when it

comes in contact with the metals under the blowpipe. It was this that first led to its use in the manufacture of stained glass. In combination with the oxides of various metals it gives us the many beautiful shades we find in our stained glass windows. It is almost indispensable in iron and brass manufacturing, as it is the only thing that will cause these metals to successfully weld together. It has found an extensive use in the preservation of meats and is found much more desirable than the exclusive use of salt. It also plays an important part in the soap industry, as it is the ingredient which cuts the grease from our hands when we attend to our morning ablutions. Borax is an antiseptic, detergent and is alkaline in its reaction and has a sweet taste—Chicago Jour. 1.

Jack's Vegetables.

A vessel being ready for sailing, the captain ordered a new hand to take a boat to shore and buy 10 shillings' worth of vegetables. Not being certain of the meaning of the word, the man appealed to the first individual he met. "I say, mate, what might vegetables be?"

"Vegetables?" the stranger replied. "Why, peas are vegetables, for instance."

"That'll do," said Jack.

Having got his sack filled with peas, he pulled back to the ship, and when alongside the captain called out, "Have you got those vegetables?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said the captain. "Then hand them up one by one."

"By gad," said Jack, scratching his head, "I have got a job now and no mistake."—London Telegraph.

LAST CENTURY HIGHWAYMEN.

When They Went to the Scaffold, Titled Ladies Wept For Them.

The gentleman of the road was long the terror of the highway between Kensington and Knightsbridge. As late as the year 1792 a detachment of light horse was employed to patrol nightly from Hyde park corner to the former place. Foot passengers waited until a party could be made up sufficiently strong for mutual protection, a bell being rung when a start was deemed prudent. An extract from Lady Cowper's diary in 1715 speaks volumes:

"I was at Kensington, where I intended to stay as long as the camp was in Hyde park, the roads being so secure by it that one might come from London at any time in the night without danger, which I did very often."

The romance which such writers as Ainsworth have given to the highwaymen is not so highly colored as may be supposed. During his brief term of office he was a man of note, the darling of the fair sex, the hero of play and ditty. He danced at Ranelagh and dined at the clubs with impunity, and when at last he became notorious enough to be worth apprehension he passed in triumphal procession from Newgate to Tyburn, dressed in the newest fashion, bowing gracefully to the windows, where ladies of position shed real tears of grief, and gayly quaffing a farewell cup with admiring friends of his own sex.

The courtly McLean—grocer and gallant—made Hyde park his chief scene of action. Here on a November night in

1749 he nearly put an end to Horatio Walpole himself. That gentleman's coach was stopped by McLean and his accomplice, Pinchbet, as he was returning from Holland House. A pistol, accidentally going off, grazed the skin under his eye, and stunned him. "The ball went through the top of the carriage, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side must have gone through my head." But he freely forgave the fascinating scoundrel, when the law at last intervened.

He writes: "My friend McLean is still the fashion. Have not I reason to call him my friend? He says if the pistol had shot me he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?" He gives an amusing description of the rush that was made to see the condemned man in Newgate. Three thousand people visited him in his cell on the first Sunday after the sentence, so that he fainted twice from the heat. The noble members of White's came in a body. Lady Caroline Petersham and other ladies of title wept over him and uttered broken words of comfort. "Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears."—Atalanta.

It Worked Both ways.

Little Jacky had two apples, which he had saved from dessert. There was company in the room, and one of the gentlemen thought it would be a good opportunity to give Jacky a lesson in manners. So he called the boy and said:

"I see you have two apples, Jacky. Won't you give me one?"

Jacky hesitated, looked rather ruefully at his prizes and finally offered the smaller one. This was what the gentleman had expected, and he proceeded to expatiate upon it, ending with:

"Now, Jacky, whenever you have anything to give away you should always keep the poorest for yourself."

This might be good manners, but it didn't harmonize with Jacky's desires. So he ruminated over it awhile, and then stuck out the other fist.

"Take t'other one, too," he said generously.

The gentleman was congratulating himself on his success, when Jacky stunned him by saying:

"Now, won't you please give me one?"—Boston Standard.

No Use.

Briggs—I knew the cook would burn the steak this morning as usual, so I lay awake last night and got up the finest sort of a sarcastic speech for her benefit. I sprung the speech, and she downed me in the first round.

Briggs—What did she say?

Briggs—She said, "Aw, you talk like a string of fish." Now, how could I answer that?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Source of Wonderment.

She was a spinster from the country, come to the town to see the sights, and as she watched the hundreds of the opposite sex hurrying along the streets she stood lost in wonderment. "Well, well," she said at length, drawing a deep breath and gazing wistfully around, "I think there should be all these men in the world, and yet I can't get one of them for a husband."—London Telegraph.

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Monuments,
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Building and Bridge Work for
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Designs furnished for Monuments
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NEED REPAIRING?If they do and you desire first-class
work at reasonable prices
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Hand-Sewed Work a Specialty.

RUBBERS REPAIRED.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.
Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Meats and
Provisions, and a Bakery.A Store noted for first-class quality
of goods and extremely low prices.

FOSTER BROS., The

Have a Superior Line of

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and are prepared to fit up the kitchen of
the most particular housewife with
every article of TIN
WARE needed.

Agents for the BARSTOW FURNACE

Tin Roofing a Specialty.

All Work Promptly and Accurately done.

16 and 18 Hancock Street.

MISSSES FLYNN

Have a New Line of

MUSLINS

IN PLAIN AND FIGURES.

Ladies'

Shirt Waists and Wrappers

— ALSO VERY PRETTY —

CHALLIES at 5c. Per Yd.
BOY'S SUITS.Extra Bargains at 50 cts.
Children's Lace Caps and Hosiery.

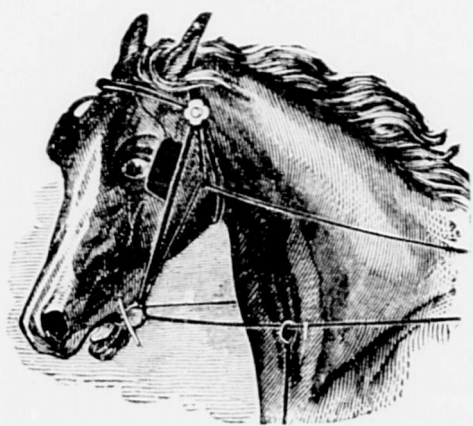
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Blacksmith



City Shoeing Forge

NO. 12 QUINCY AVENUE.

Horse Shoeing

Done in all its Branches.

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A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,

Quincy Grain Store

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, ETC.

Prices are the Lowest in the city.

Our Specialty is Flour.

Washburn and Crosby,
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Gold Heart.In Quality and Price we invite
Competition.

TRY THEM.

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Office 4 Chestnut Street.,

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Houses to Let in all Parts of Quincy,

REAL ESTATE
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Office: Room 3, Adams Building.

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W. A. HODGES,

BAKER.

42 HANCOCK STREET.

QUINCY.

BRANCH STORE:

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The Local News
in the
Quincy Advertiser
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PRAIRIE FLOUR

Is not advertised in the Big Boston Dailies at a cost of many thousand dollars, nor is it the product of a big mill which is owned by foreign capital.

BUT it is ground from the best Hard Spring Wheat and is guaranteed to make MORE BREAD and BETTER BREAD and WHITER BREAD than most of the flours whose virtues are so loudly sounded in the newspapers.

Ask any one using it what they think of PRAIRIE.

The price is **\$5.50** per bbl. and the sole agency for Quincy is

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J. F. SHEPPARD & SONS,

—DEALERS IN—

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red and White Ash and Cumberland

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PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite St., Quincy.

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2.
Post-office Box: 19 Granite St., Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

To the Stone Dealers and Granite Workers of Quincy:

We Beg to Call your Attention to this Fact:

100 Acres of First-Class Quarry Land

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And they will be pleased to show you over the land.

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Choice House Lots in all parts of the City for Sale on Easy Terms, and Money Advanced to Build. Care of Property and Collection of Rents a Specialty.

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Men's Suits,

Men's Overcoats,

All the New Styles and Patterns.

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Suits from \$2.50 to \$5
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**Coat, Two Pants and
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Price, \$5.00.

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VOL. IX. NO.

OUR LADY'S

Under the odd Lady's Tumbler," been printed a church legend the shrewd lesson for the "Our Lady" in the Virgin Mary, and is a circus dancer at What possible connection between the blessed and the mere flinger. Just there lies the heart of the legend.

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VOL. IX. NO. 11.

QUINCY, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER.

Under the odd name of "Our Lady's Tumbler," there has recently been printed a twelfth century church legend that is not without a shrewd lesson for the world of today. "Our Lady" in the legend is, of course the Virgin Mary, and the "Tumbler" is a circus dancer and mountebank. What possible connection, one asks between the blessed Queen of Heaven and the mere flinger of somersaults? Just there lies the beauty and pathos of the legend.

The poor tumbler has grown weary of the sin and misery of the world and longs to seek retreat in the monastery of Clairvaux. He yearns for the touch of heavenly love. Once, however, received as a brother, he soon finds, to his deep grief, that he can do none of the things in the way of religious service his brethren do. Ignorant of letters, all he is fit for is leaping and turning heels over head, while at the altar he sees the priests ministering, the deacons at the gospels or the sub-deacons at the vigils. So he grows utterly wretched.

Disconsolately wandering through the monastery, at last he lights on a deserted old crypt where stands an altar, and on it an image of Holy Mary. Her would he serve, but it must be with the only gift he possesses. "I shall never be blamed for it," he cries out, "if I do what I have learned according to my trade. The best serve in chanting! I will serve in tumbling. I will pick for her a choice of all my finest feats." So, throwing off his cloak, he begins his leaps before Our Lady, low and high first under and then over. In utter seriousness of simplicity he thus offers the best at his command, feats that have made countless of his fellow-creatures smile and which have cheered their hearts when depressed. Day after day does he renew his offering, flinging himself into it with such fervor of devotion as at last to faint with fatigue; till, finally, tracked out to the lonely crypt by his brethren, to their amazement they discover him hovered over in a swoon by our Blessed Lady and by troops of angels. He had done

what he could, and the beauty of the will had spiritualized the strangeness of the service. For the spirit he threw into it, his tumbling had proved more acceptable than the chants and prayers at the altar.

Of course, to our modern minds there seems something ludicrously incongruous in such a divine service made up of leaping and pirouetting, all gone through with the devoutest earnestness. But are we wise or shallow in our estimate? At any rate, in the middle ages a very different feeling prevailed. Those were the horses and oxen were brought into the churches to be blessed, and no such distinction of sacred and secular prevailed as now exists. Why should not the horse and ox as faithful servants of man be regarded also as faithful servants of God? So, too, in those old days, with the whole question of popular sports. Even in the church merry games were then a free and happy element in the life of the humble, on which God, Christ and the saints were believed to look down with sympathetic pleasure. The poor tumbler was not ashamed of his jocular profession. As he had been wont to hear the crowds merrily laughing and the children screaming with delight, he had always felt he was playing a good part in life. So he was. A grim, joyless kind of deity would it be that would not look down with complacency on such a scene. Thus it was that the simple, uneducated fellow had on many an occasion felt himself brought into a sense of harmony with our Blessed Lady, and so now experienced as devout a sentiment in offering to her in the choicest feats as Dante or Petrarch in ascribing to her their most ecstatic hymns.

Do we gain or lose in these modern times by thinking the only fit things to consecrate to the powers are the solemn and serious? The power to make people laugh in this care-worn world, what better gift could be offered to God than this? Never, indeed, will this earth see a free, joyous faith till people bring their power of diffusing cheer into harmony with the divine good will. In a world so full of anxiety and grief,

what religious brotherhood would be worth more today than one made up of people of high animal spirits, who should take vows upon themselves to go about cheering with merry laughter the depressed and disconsolate? "The Sacred Brotherhood of Saint Tumbler," why should not some such order as this be inaugurated?

Alas! let a man in these days get sick and dejected, and then look round him, say, for some book where-with to exhilarate his spirits and give him a hearty laugh. Instantly is he struck with how hard it is to get hold of anything of the kind. The whole tone of literature is sad, if not morbid. Beauty, cheer, happy enjoyment of life and love are sacrificed to analysis of perplexing and painful problems. Each writer seems to think he will be rated as shallow if he does not increase the prevalent doubt and gloom and add his share to the stock of analytic headache and distress. Why, before the image of our blessed lady of literature, cannot the merry tumbler of the heart feel welcome to perform his liveliest feats, sure that she and the angels will hover over him if he consecrate his gift in the spirit of love.

A RED HAT FOR SATOLLI.

At the next Papal consistory, to be held this month, Monsignor Satolli, the Papal delegate to the United States, will be raised to the cardinalate. Last week Monsignor Satolli received private advices to that effect. The first public announcement of the fact was made through Cardinal Gibbons in the following cablegram:

To the Most Eminent Cardinal Gibbons, U. S. A.: I am happy to inform you that the Holy Father, having decided to confer the cardinalate upon the apostolic delegate, Monsignor Satolli, your eminence will be delegated to impose the cardinalate beretta. His Holiness intending in this way to perform an act gratifying to your eminence.

RAMPOLLA, Cardinal.

Cardinal Gibbons went personally to Washington to congratulate the apostolic delegate upon the high honor conferred. His eminence was

cordially received, and the two dignitaries, with Dr. Mangien, rector of St. Mary's Seminary, and the officials of the legation, lunched together. Dr. Rooker, the secretary, gave the following statement to the press:

"Monsignor Satolli will be created cardinal at the consistory assembling about the middle of November. He is not to go to Rome for the ceremony or receiving the beretta at this consistory. Cardinal Gibbons will be delegated to act for the Pope in conferring the beretta.

"Monsignor Sbarretti, the auditor of the delegation, will act as Papal ablegate at the ceremony, consigning the beretta to Cardinal Gibbons for its imposition.

"The beretta will be brought from Rome by one of the Noble Guard, who will leave Rome the day after the consistory. The ceremony will, consequently, probably take place early in December in the cathedral in Baltimore."

The Church News has this to say about the great ecclesiastical event:

"At the ceremony of conferring the beretta the guard will hand the ablegate, who will be Monsignor Sbarretti, the beretta and the letter of appointment. Then, after the ablegate has read aloud the letter, Cardinal Gibbons will confer the beretta. Monsignor Sbarretti will deliver an address in Latin, to which it is probable that the new cardinal will respond.

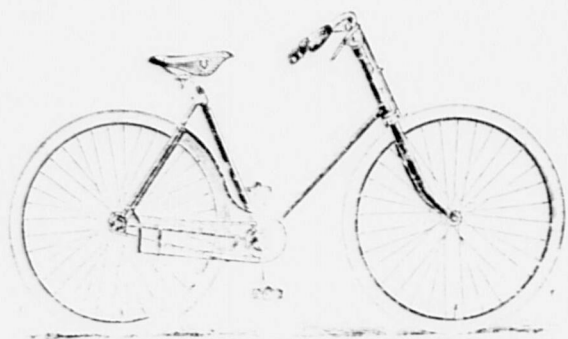
The details for the ceremony of conferring the beretta have not been made. It is said that a mass composed by Professor Fauciulli, and dedicated to the new cardinal, will be sung.

"Inasmuch as Monsignor Satolli will have to go to Rome to complete the elevation, he will, after the beretta is conferred upon him by Cardinal Gibbons, become pro-delegate, or one holding the post of delegate until another delegate appears. There will be no change in the offices of any of the officials now here in the delegation, but a delegate will come from Rome some time before the next consistory. In speaking of the movements of Monsignor Satolli after his elevation to the cardinalate, Cardinal Gibbons said that he will stay for some time in Washington and then go to Rome and remain there permanently.

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THE PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN FRANCE.

It would appear that the Ribot Ministry by the persecution of religion, is endeavouring to retrieve with the masses some of the credit which it has lost by all the official blundering in connection with the Madagascar expedition. The mortality, however, of soldiers in Madagascar is due mainly to mismanagement, in such that no Ministerial efforts to turn public attention into other grooves are likely to prevent the collapse of the present Cabinet before the end of the year. Meanwhile, to the observer of political tricks it is interesting to note how this Government, that professed some months since to be animated by so much conciliatory spirit, is pandering to the fanaticism and intolerance of all who treat the Christian religion as an aggressive superstition, opposed to liberty and the true interests of the proletariat. The scandalous scenes which followed the promulgation of the infamous decrees of October, 1880, have lately been repeated. The celebration of Mass in certain chapels is being treated as a far more heinous offence against the public order than a bull fight, accompanied by that revolting exhibition of blood and quivering entrails which has so long been the disgrace of Spain. The bull-fighting southerners are treated with the utmost consideration by the Government, even when they act in open defiance and mockery to the law and ministerial decrees; but Catholics who meet to pray at some venerated shrine are liable to be frustrated in their intention by the gendarmes as though they were a mob bent on some design against the public peace. Ten thousand pilgrims who recently assembled at Issoudun found the Basilica of the Sacred Heart closed by order of the Prefect in anticipation of their coming. The reason given was that the building belonged to a Community—which had no legal status in France. The pilgrims, however, did not allow their intention to be frustrated. The representatives of the law could not prohibit the celebration of Mass in the open-air on private property. Therefore, from daybreak until midday Masses were offered up on the altar of the Calvary in the park. In the evening there was a great procession of pilgrims carrying candles in the same grounds. Nothing could have been more impressive than this Catholic protest against atheistic intolerance. But to the French public such events as these are far less stirring than the

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conflict between the municipality of some provincial towns and the Government over the bull-fighting question. Near Cuiverry, the Saone et Loire, is a chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de Lachaux, belonging to a Community of Camillians expelled in 1880. The Superior and two or three Brothers have been allowed to remain in charge, and the building serves as an asylum for aged priests who can no longer perform parochial duty. The chapel closed in 1880 and seals were placed in the door. The seals, however, official they may be, do not last for ever, and these gradually disappeared under the influence of the weather—assisted, perhaps, a little by the people of the district, who were righteously indignant at the closing of the chapel. At length the door opened—it matters little how—and the people returned to pray in the chapel as in former days. By so doing they caused neither mischief nor scandal; but the law, which is so elastic in the interest of the patrons of the bull-ring who audaciously and insolently break it, is relentless towards those who do not respect the iniquitous decrees of 1880. A pilgrimage was recently held on this spot, in anticipation of which fresh seals had been placed on the chapel door. But as the commissary of police was refused admittance to the conventual building, an inner door communicating with the chapel was left open. By this means the pilgrims on their arrival assembled in the chapel, and they were there when the chief commissary of Macon, accompanied by two brigades of gendarmerie, appeared outside. The door on which the seals had been placed was opened by a locksmith. This took place during Benediction. The conduct of the police was not disrespectful; their bearing indicated that they were engaged upon a disagreeable task. They did not interfere with the congregation until the end of the office. Then the chapel was cleared—some persons being forcibly removed—and seals were placed on both doors. While this was being done a priest persuaded the crowd outside to kneel and pray for the commissary and the gendarmes. All these men, armed to the teeth, were visibly embar-

assed in the presence of the kneeling pilgrims. It is strange that the French people, who pride themselves on their keen sense of the ridiculous, cannot perceive the ridicule, not to speak of indignation, to which such acts of petty persecution expose them from the world beyond their frontiers.

Mr. Andrew Greaney, an old and well known citizen of this section of the city, died at his home on Main street, Monday Nov. 11 of pneumonia.

Mr. John Faircloth deftly handles the tapes on the new three horse hitch of the Hook and Ladder truck.

The massive doors at the entrance to the vestibule at St. John's church, have recently received the attention of a skilled grainer.

Mr. Daniel J. Deasy left Saturday evening for an extended business trip through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. He expects to arrive home before the holidays.

The pretty new church being erected by the Baptists of this section is fast nearing completion. It is situated on the Spear estate off Franklin street, and will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

Miss Agnes Heaphy of Somerville, is spending a few days with Miss Katie Kelliher of Quincy avenue.

Mr. Leonard J. Pastor, the South Quincy druggist, successfully passed the examination before the Rhode Island Board of Pharmacy.

CARD OF THANKS.

The St. John's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association and the Young Ladies' Auxiliary under whose combined auspices the recent bazaar was held in Hancock hall, desire to thank the merchants of Quincy for their liberality and patronage, and others who generously contributed in any way toward making the bazaar a success. To the many societies who honored us by their presence on the different evenings we are grateful for their help, and to the press of Quincy we have the highest praise for their complete and entertaining accounts of each evening's work. The bazaar was very successful and the St. John's society will never forget the help and encouragement so unstintingly given by the people of Quincy.

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All articles and correspondence intended for the MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of the QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

Of all the nominations made in recent years in this city by either party, none we think appeals so strongly to the whole city as that of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, for the mayoralty. The spontaneity of the independent movement in Mr. Adams' favor is a tribute to his own worth, aside from any remote or present circumstance, and also to the party nominating him, as this is the first instance of a citizens' movement in Quincy. It sufficiently shows that one party at least is anxious to put forward only the best men, and that the idea of conducting the business of the city on business rules has received its greatest encouragement from the Democratic party. Mr. Adams has a good record as a councilman, in which capacity he has served three years. He has been chairman of the Finance Committee for the past year, and every order passed to the consideration of this committee received his best attention. The election of Mr. Adams will be more than a party triumph, it will be the verdict of our best citizens against the scheming politicians who would use the City of Quincy for their own selfish purposes. No greater danger besets good municipal government than the horde of persons whose attitude toward such government is favorable or unfavorable according to the patronage received. Such persons have little to hope for from Mr. Adams, and much to expect from his opponent. Does it seem probable that the people of Quincy are so wedded to partisanship that they would support this class of people and their leader. We think not. If the people of Quincy want a *liberal*, high-minded and courageous non-partisan Mayor they will triumphantly elect Mr. Adams. And if the people of Quincy desire that the Mayor should have the counsel of good solid business men in the Coun-

cil we cannot fail to see why they should not support the five gentlemen named by the Democrats as councilmen-at-large. Each has been successful in his business and not one but what would acquit himself satisfactorily if called upon by the citizens. If you desire to give good government an impetus, you will recognize solid worth before party fealty.

The vote on the license question should be strong on the "no" side this year and every voter should be impelled to negative the attempt to place Quincy among the license cities. Local option has worked well and THE MONITOR urges a continuance of this excellent state of affairs.

In Memoriam.

MISS MARY E. GRIFFIN.

Miss Mary E. Griffin, an estimable young lady of Quincy died Sunday, Nov. 3d. Her funeral was held from St. John's church, Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 9 o'clock, requiem Mass being celebrated by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham. The bearers were Joseph Griffin, Daniel J. Ford, Michael McAuliffe, Daniel Ford, Richard Cole, and John W. Walsh. The interment was at West Quincy. The casket and bier were completely hidden by the many handsome floral tributes from her past employers, and neighbors.

Miss Griffin was a young woman of many fine qualities, and one whose whole being was moved by the strong impulses of a call to do a chosen work. Her ambition led her to work incessantly at any thing she undertook. Her indefatigable work told upon her and she paid the costly penalty. Her one thought was to rise by assiduous work to a place that many would not dare think of, and the one great satisfaction to herself and her friends was that she was wonderfully successful. We remember her preparation one time for a play by the St. John's Society, and cannot forget that her portrayal was of the best, and that too in a difficult role. The Society remembered her faithful service and their offering at her bier, a broken column, was suggestive of the abrupt ending of her useful life. While she was extremely practical in daily life and routine duties, she was in contemplative moods apt to wander from the troublous world and build her hopes upon the idealistic. No matter how great her own discomfiture, she was to others affable and solicitous for

their well being. Knowing her for many years and in multitudinous cases we always found her whole-souled and conscientious.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY CAREY.

Mrs. Mary Carey of South street died late Wednesday afternoon at her home. Mrs. Carey had been a sufferer for years from consumption and the end had been momentarily expected for the past few days. She had a host of friends and acquaintances, whose poignant grief cannot be described at the sad news, of the taking of a good, loving mother from her large family. Her husband Mr. Jeremiah Carey, and ten children, eight boys and two girls, survive her. The messages of sympathy to the afflicted family testify to the sorrow of the whole community. The funeral was held Saturday morning from St. John's church and the interment was at West Quincy.

Mrs. Ellen Mundy was buried from her late residence, Waterstreet, Saturday, Nov. 4. Services appropriate to the dead were held at St. John's church, Rev. F. A. Cunningham officiating. The interment was at West Quincy.

THE GRAND BAZAAR.

The Grand Bazaar in aid of St. John's C. L. and A. A. opened auspiciously on Thursday evening, Oct. 17.

President Cole introduced Mayor Hodges, who formally opened the fair. He was followed on behalf of the society by Rev. F. A. Cunningham.

The tables were seven in number and were in charge of the following:

Knights of Columbus—Mary Ellen Walsh, Annie McGinty, Kittie Walsh, Margaret Walsh, Elizabeth Walsh, Annie Walsh, Margaret O'Hara, Jennie Welch, Mrs. Geo. Ferguson, Bertha Trepanier, Annie Nagle, Thomas J. McGrath.

Charitable Society—Alice G. Gaylin, Nellie O'Brien, Catherine Barentine, Mary Moen, Margaret Mundy, Ellen Greany, Ellen Sweeney, John Walsh.

St. Mary's C. T. A. and M. R.—Katie Meaney, Lizzie Smith, Lucy F. Feeley, Emily Smith, Annie Feeley, Kitty McGinty, Annie Connor, Richard Cole, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Dunn.

Refreshments—Annie Sullivan, Margaret Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Mary Brennan, Sadie Smith, John P. Mundy.

Hibernian—Katie Powers, Mary Bruce, Margaret Foy, Nora Moriarty, Julia O'Brien, Julia Murphy, Sa-

die Callahan, Minnie O'Brien, Timothy J. Carey.

Foresters—Miss Flynn, Ellen Connelly, Miss Sheahan, Julia Duffy, Andrew Mischler.

Sales table—Mary Doran, Catherine Roche, Nellie Griffin, Jennie Roust, Margaret Desmond, Annie Roche, Lizzie Savoy, Helen Smith, John Sullivan, John Gill.

Down stairs Wm. Kingston had charge of the shooting gallery and doll rack.

Mr. Wm. Short, and Mr. James F. Woods, appeared for the first time before a Quincy audience, and both were encored.

The first night can truly be said was very successful and augured well for the remaining nights.

Friday night was dedicated to the Foresters. The crowd at the St. John's bazaar was larger even than that of the first night, and at one time it was impossible to move about the hall. The table displays were the finest ever seen in Quincy and the young ladies in charge did their utmost to make the table to which they were attached more attractive than the rest.

The entertainment of the evening was very good and consisted of a one-act farce and single numbers. The "Sewing Circle," in which five young ladies whiled away fifteen minutes in a cursory diagnosis of the fault of their neighbors, was participated in by Misses Mary Powers, Mary Doran, Jennie Griffin, Mary Haggerty and Kitty McGinty.

Miss Frances Tate gave a very pleasing recitation, and Miss Garland Mischler displayed her ability as a danseuse. Miss Maud Welsh gave a solo with piano accompaniment by Miss Eva Mischler. The McConarty children, Master Willie violinist; Master Eddie, cornetist; and Miss Lena, pianist, were heard in a very pretty trio.

Mr. John Deasy was awarded a handsome bouquet on the Foresters' table, and Miss Jennie Welsh the boiled dinner on the same table.

CONCERT AND LECTURE.

A fair sized audience was present at the concert and lecture in Hancock hall Sunday evening. Hon. John F. Fitzgerald disappointed the managers of the affair by announcing at the last moment that he was unable through sickness to be present. In order to fulfill in part the expectations of the audience, Mr. James S. Ryan of Boston was engaged for the lecture and chose for his subject, "Citizenship." The musical part of the entertainment was excellent, and Messrs. Woods and Short, artists little known in Quincy,

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cy, made a very favorable impression. The programme was as follows:

Opening chorus,—"We are Telling," Misses Mary Emily Garrity, Francis Ellenore Roche, Mrs. Woods, Mahan and Short.

Tenor solo,—"My James F. Woods.

Duet,—"I Peseant," Mahan and Padula.

Soprano solo,—"Misses White.

Quartette,—"Messrs. Mahan, Short and Padula.

Baritone solo,—"Mr. V. Terzetto,—"Ave," Ma

Carl Gurnst, Miss White, Mahan and Padula.

Solo,—"Mona," Mr. Padula.

Double quartette,—"Portals," Misses Mary Emily Garrity, Francis Ellenore Roche, Mrs. Woods, Mahan and Short.

THE BANNER N

Monday eve, Oct. 21, the first night of the St. John's bazaar and the large number present was augmented by a delegation from the Quincy Council, No. 96, of the Knights of Columbus, who were in the vanguard of John W. Esq. The entertainment was the best yet provided and guests immensely.

The first number was Miss Ella McKenna, of Quincy, with piano accompaniment by Eva Mischler. On the young lady gave a recitation.

The "Confidential Clerk" act comedy, was presented by Messrs. John Phelan, George Cahill, William and John Gill in the Hobson Dobbs (Mr. is in quest of an

Minnie O'Brien, Tim-

Miss Flynn, Ellen Con-
Sheahan, Julia Duffy,
bler.

Mary Doran, Cather-
Nellie Griffin, Jennie
aret Desmond, Annie
Savoy, Helen Smith,
John Gill.

Wm. Kingston had
shooting gallery and

Short, and Mr. James
appeared for the first
Quincy audience, and
ored.

ight can truly be said
successful and augured
remaining nights.

it was dedicated to the
The crowd at the St.
was larger even than

first night, and
it was impossible to
the hall. The table dis-

the finest ever seen in
the young ladies in,
air ut most to make the

h they were attached
e than the rest.

inment of the evening
d and consisted of a
and single numbers.

"Circle," in which five
whiled away fifteen
cursory diagnosis of

their neighbors, was par-
y Misses Mary Pow-
Doran, Jennie Griffin,

ty and Kitty McGinty.
es Tate gave a very
tation, and Miss Gar-

displayed her ability
Miss Maud Welsh
with piano accompani-

s Eva Mischler. The
children, Master Willie
ster Eldie, cornetist;

a, pia rist, were heard
ty trio.

Deasy was awarded a
quet on the Forester's
ss Jennie Welsh the
on the same table.

AND LECTURE.

audience was present
and lecture in Han-
nday evening. Hon.

erald disappointed the
he affair by announce-
ment that he was

h sickness to be pres-
to fulfill in part the
of the audience, Mr.

on of Boston was en-
lecture and chose for
Citizenship." Them-

the entertainment was
Messrs. Woods and
little known in Quin-

We keep nothing
But goods of
First Quality, while
Our prices are,
Without exception,
The LOWEST
In Quincy.

THE PHENIX PHARMACY, 27 SCHOOL STREET, QUINCY. L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., - Dispensing Chemist.

In this Pharmacy
Boys do NOT
Put up ANY Prescriptions.
Here you run no risk
Of being poisoned
Through a boy's blunder.
As our
Prescription department
Is under the
Personal supervision
Of the proprietor
And manager,
LEONARD J. PASTOR, Ph. G.

ey, made a very favorable impres-
sion. The programme was as fol-
lows:

Opening chorus.—"The Heavens
are Telling," Misses Mary F. White,
Emily Garrity, Frances Sullivan,
Ellenore Roche, Messrs. Padula,
Woods, Mahan and Short.

Tenor solo.—"Marguerite," Mr.
James F. Woods.

Duet.—"I Pescatori," Messrs.
Mahan and Padula.

Soprano solo.—Miss Mary Fran-
ces White.

Quartette.—Messrs. Woods, Ma-
han, Short and Padula.

Baritone solo.—Mr. Wm. Short.

Terzetto.—"Ave Maris Stella,"
Carl Gurnst, Miss White and Messrs.
Mahan and Padula.

Solo.—"Mona," Mr. Daniel F. Pa-
dula.

Double quartette.—"Unfold ye
Portals," Misses Mary F. White,
Emily Garrity, Frances Sullivan,
Ellenore Roche, Messrs. Padula,
Woods, Mahan and Short.

THE BANNER NIGHT.

Monday eve, Oct. 21, was the ban-
ner night of the St. John's bazaar,
and the large number present were
augmented by a delegation from
Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of
Columbus, who were under the es-
pionage of John W. McAnarney,
Esq. The entertainment was the
best yet provided and pleased the
guests immensely.

The first number was a solo by
Miss Ella McKenna of Somerville,
with piano accompaniment by Miss
Eva Mischler. On an encore the
young lady gave a comic recita-
tion.

The "Confidential Clerk," a one-
act comedy, was presented with
Messrs. John Phelan, Richard Gray,
George Cahill, William Donovan
and John Gill in the cast. Squire
Hobson Dobbs (Mr. John Phelan)
is in quest of an amanuensis,

and experiences the hardships and
annoyances incidental to a selection
from the crude rustics, chappies and
"lost opportunities" who seek the
place.

His valet, Mr. Richard Gray, is
ever alert to the interests of his
master, and the order to show a per-
sistent applicant the door is an-
swered with a rich "yis, sur"; and a
forcible taking hold of the obdurate
objectionable, sometimes with no
small harm to himself.

Admiring friends presented Rich-
ard with a handsome bouquet during
the performance.

The last number was a piano
duet by Misses Annie and Lizzie
Walsh.

The roast dinner with fixin's given
by L. M. Pratt & Co., was awarded
to Mrs. John A. Avery.

Each succeeding night at the ba-
zar seemed to bring a large number
of patrons, and Tuesday night the
hall was crowded to suffocation.
Tuesday eve. was given up to the
Hibernians. The society had as
special guests Rev. F. A. Friguglietti,
Rev. John P. Cuffe, Mr. Charles F.
Adams, 2d, Mr. Frederic A. Tupper,
head master of the High school, and
Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan.

The following took part in "My
Neighbor's Wife": Miss Jennie
Walsh, Miss Nellie Connelly, Miss
Duffy, Thomas F. Hogan, James
Cantfill, Edward McGinty, Messrs.
Mahoney and Murphy gave a good
Irish gig.

The announcement that Galen V.
Bowditch was to sing probably drew
a large number, who were most
liberal in their applause on his ap-
pearance. He rendered "The Star
Spangled Banner" finely, and de-
monstrated that he still retains some
of his former power.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE.

About three hundred young peo-
ple assembled in Hancock hall, on

evening of Oct. 24, for the dance held
by the St. John's C. L. and A. A.
Prior to the dance an entertainment
was furnished by the following:
Overture by Lyon's orchestra; read-
ing by Miss Sully, piano solo by J.
H. Gilbertti, humorous selections by
Edward Frye, reading by Mr. Dowl-
ing. The entertainment was enjoyed
by all, especially the part furnished
by Mr. Frye.

The grand march started at 10
o'clock and was led by Mr. Richard
J. Cole and Miss Eliza M. Sheahan,
followed by fifty couples. The
dancing continued until 2 o'clock,
with intermission from 12 to 1.
Lyon's orchestra furnished the music
and Mr. William W. Wilson acted
as prompter.

THE BAZAAR CLOSED.

Wednesday evening was a fitting
finale to the bazaar at Hancock hall,
and though every one connected with
the affair had been working zealously
for the past week, that night the
final efforts were put forth. Many
handsome articles on all tables were
put up at auction, and Mr. John H.
Dinegan and Mr. John W. Walsh
officiated as auctioneers, with Mr.
Maurice Cantfill as clerk.

The management wish to express
their heartfelt thanks to the many
friends both Catholic and Protestant
who came forth generously to the
aid of the bazaar. Special thanks
are due to the Young Ladies' Aux-
iliary and to the various Catholic
organizations for their exhibition of
generosity and good fellowship.

The entertainment was more
varied than usual and consisted of
club swinging by Master Howard,
sailors' hornpipe and Highland fling
by little Miss Garland Mischler, top-
ical song by Mr. John Phelan, and
a fine exhibition by Prof. James P.
Clare of sleight-of-hand tricks. Mr.
John J. Keenan sang a song with
Mr. Phelan as accompanist.

The reception committee during
the bazaar were Rev. F. A. Cun-
ningham, Miss Eliza Sheahan, Mr.
Richard J. Cole, Mr. Andrew Misch-
ler, Miss Mary Ellen Walsh, Miss
Lizzie Flynn, Miss Alice G. Gavin,
Miss Sadie Smith, Miss Katie
Powers, Miss Annie McGinty, Miss
Mary Doran.

The crowd on every evening was
a very orderly one and Officer
O'Brien found plenty of time in
which to assist the members in other
duties.

Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Andrew
Mischler, Richard Cole and Miss
Eliza Sheahan had full charge of the
hall, and they are to be congratulated
on the perfect system inaugurated
and maintained.

Mr. George B. Osborne, the oblig-
ing janitor, was very attentive
and patient.

Messrs. Michael O'Hara, John J.
Keenan and Murdock Morrison had
charge of the ticket office.

Mr. John P. Mundy had charge
of the entertainments.

Officer Ferguson returned to duty
Monday, after a two weeks absence
caused by sickness.

Messrs. Edward White, John
Danchy, Edward Swain and John
Moynihan are on the sick list.

Mrs. Roche, mother of Rev. A.
F. Roche, is occupying her hand-
some new residence off Goddard
street.

A number of the friends of Miss
Katie Donavon of Taber street, sur-
prised the young lady at her home
Saturday evening, and presented her
with a gold ring. A royal good
time followed.

Mr. John McGowan, for many
years employed in the factory of E.
W. H. Bass, has opened a shop on
Franklin street, where he promises
to make and repair shoes in a first
class manner.



Who Took My Hat.

A Hat that is out of proportion to the rest of your body makes you feel and look uncomfortable. We have shapes suited to everybody and we save you fifty cents to a dollar on the exclusive hat store prices.

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Boys' Suits and Overcoats—We have the styles that are sure to be popular, and you can depend on our prices always being the lowest.

Things You'll Need Now—Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Sweaters, Cardigan Jackets, White and Fancy Shirts, and all kinds of Furnishings, we have an immense variety, and you'll save money by trading with us—Suppose you try it.

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Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

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(Fenno's Old Stand.) Entrance on the Cor.

HOW THEY SAW THE POPE.

In an interesting letter received from Miss Lucy Donovan, daughter of Mr. J. T. Donovan, says the St. Louis Republic, she gives an account of the interview she was fortunate enough to obtain with His Holiness the Pope. Miss Donovan, in company with Misses Odile, Fusz, Katherine and Grace Cunningham, Blanche Duross and Augusta Dougherty, have been touring Europe under the chaperonage of Miss Louise Garesche. They reached Rome on the 15th of September. After visiting the many points of interest in Rome, they sought to obtain an audience with the Pope, but in consequence of the Italian celebration of the independence of Rome the Holy Father had been in retirement and had refused audiences to every one.

The Pope is himself inclined to be somewhat unceremonious, but owing to his great age and responsible position he is compelled to surround himself with precautions and maintain certain rigid rules of etiquette. In Miss Donovan's letter she describes the happy termination of their endeavors to see His Holiness.

"I think I mentioned in a previous letter that we had abandoned all hope of seeing our Holy Father. We have had a number of the influential persons in Rome interested in our cause, but the Pope had positively refused to grant audiences. Father Farrelly of the American College was working to obtain for us permission to see the Pope as he passed from his palace to the garden, but was even doubtful of obtaining this favor. Count Cassell called on me, but I was not in. He left a note asking if he could render any service. I told Miss Garesche to avail herself of this offer. Well, you can't imagine what she asked him to do. It was to deliver a letter to the Pope.

"The Count called the following morning. I was not able to see him, and he left a note for Miss Garesche telling her that he had delivered the letter to the private secretary of His Holiness. After lunch, as Miss Garesche was preparing to go out, the porter brought her a letter which required an immediate answer. The letter was in Italian. It was a summons for Miss Garesche and her six companions to appear at the Vatican at half-past five the same evening. Can you imagine our excitement and surprise? We did not know whether it was to see the Pope in the garden of the Vatican or to receive his blessing.

We were informed that audiences were seldom granted in the afternoon, and that during the celebration of the Italian occupation of Rome there would be no public audiences. We prepared to answer the summons, and, arrayed in black dresses and veils, the latter arranged in Spanish style, we procured two carriages drawn by black horses, for custom requires this.

"Arriving in the court of the palace, where stood several of the Swiss guards dressed in their peculiar uniforms of black and yellow—said to be designed by Michael Angelo—we passed through the gateway and entered the palace, ascending a broad marble staircase. Chamberlains clad in crimson satin ushered us into a room. Here we were met by a Cardinal robed in purple, who took our invitation, bowed and walked away. We sat down and waited, and yet uncertain of what we were waiting for; if it was an audience, surely there would be others coming, for the Pope had not had a private audience for a long time.

"After the lapse of probably twenty minutes the door at the farther end of the hall opened, the Cardinal again appeared, and ushered us into the adjoining room. Here to our utter amazement the Cardinal said the Holy Father would receive us in his private room. Another door opened and Miss Garesche was summoned: in a few minutes a little bell rang and the Cardinal conducted us to the next room. I was in the lead. When I saw the Cardinal bow, I did the same, though to whom I did not know. I heard a low, clear voice say, 'Venez, venez.'

"Looking up I saw our Holy Father with his arms stretched out toward me—only five feet away. The room was small. He was sitting at the end on a raised chair, not another bow did I make, but, walking hastily toward him, I knelt and would have kissed his foot, but he held out his hand and I kissed his ring. He then rested one hand upon my head, holding my hand with his other.

"After asking about my life and family he turned to Miss Garesche and asked if any of us were married, and being answered that we were not married, he smiled and said: 'Then you are all virgins, and God loves you all dearly. This is a beautiful and holy time of life, for you have not now the cares and troubles which may come later on.'

"He spoke to each separately for five minutes. I had ample time to look at him. He wore a white cas-

sock and a little white skull cap, slippers and a gold chain around his neck. In his ring there was a large sapphire, surrounded by diamonds. His eyes are dark, keen and penetrating, while his smile leaves an impression never to be forgotten. He asked us if we remembered him in our prayers, and said that this was our duty. He was glad to hear that we had taken no part in the Italian celebration. He then invited us to attend his mass on Sunday and communicate. After imparting his blessing he arose and left the room.

"The impression he made upon me will always remain a beautiful and venerable one. On the following morning we reached the Vatican at 7.30.

"There were about thirty persons present, but we were the only persons to receive the holy communion. As the Pope stood at the altar he trembled in every limb, but his voice was clear and penetrating. As he said the confector he took the ring from his finger and replaced it when he reached the side of the altar. At communion the Cardinal signalled us to approach. When the Pope turned to bless us his voice was loud and full of emotion, but when walking from the altar to the communion rail he had to be supported by two Cardinals. After mass a chamberlain approached and said the Pope wished to see us again.

"He had spoken in French during the first interview and continued in the same language when we saw him again.

"At the second interview the Pope said: 'I have seen you all before, and you are my children from America.' We thanked him for the many privileges he had accorded us, and he said: 'Yes, you have received communion from the hands of the Pope. You must treasure this in your memory as a precious souvenir, and let the graces of today forever remain in your heart. I will again bless you and renew the benediction which I have granted.' Then in turn he placed his hand upon each of our foreheads and imparted his blessing to each of us separately. I would have gone all the way to Rome and put up with all the inconveniences if only to have been favored as we have been this week. No one, much less ourselves, can understand why the Holy Father treated us so favorably. We are envied by all here, but monsignor says the whole proceeding has been extraordinary, but that we deserved to have our efforts rewarded, as we had striven so hard to obtain the interview.

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and Tablets.

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Headstones,

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Buttresses and Steps, Car-
riage Steps, Posts, Under-
pinning, Edgestones, Engine
Beds, Wall Coping, Cellar
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BOY'S SUITS,

Extra Bargains at 50 cts.
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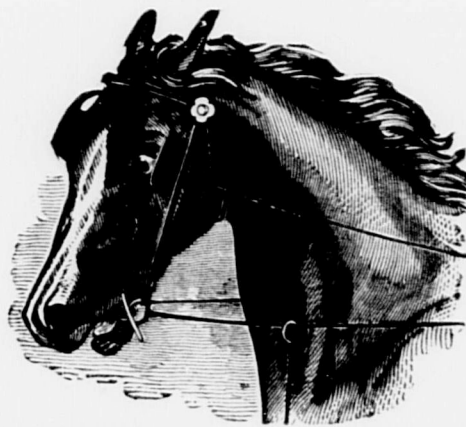
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is Furnished by
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GROCERY, Headquarters for FINE GROCERIES.

Raisins, 5, 8, 10c lb.	Citron, 12c.
Prunes, 5, 10, 12, 15c lb.	Cleaned Currants, 8, 10c lb.
Figs, 10, 12, 15, 20c lb.	Mixed Nuts, 12c lb.
Dates, 8c lb.	Malaga Grapes, 15 lb. 2 lbs. 25 c.

Canned Fruits of all kinds at Lowest Prices.

Prairie Flour is always Good.

We lead on Fine Teas and Coffees.

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Price, \$5.00.

Ulsters and Reefers.

Hats, Caps, and Furnishings.

C. F. DERBY, - Adams Building.

J. C. DORGAN, Manager.

VOL. IX. NO.

HOMEWARD

[AFTER THE
Sunrise and farewell
And welcome for
And may there be
When I come home
Long tempest-tossed
I keep my watch
But now from all the
I near my home.
Sunrise and morning
And after that the
And may the joy of
For all delay.
What then to me shall
On voyage hard as
For I shall meet my
At home, beyond
FREDERICK

THE CHRIS

The Christmas
gins with the first
and closes with a
any. It includes
time some of the
vals of the year.
Feast of the Immaculate
commemorates
Blessed Virgin
She was the Mother
who was God's
out the stain of
alone of all men
privilege, one
as it is repugnant
who was all single
of one who at
existence could
sin. This is not
Catholic Church
the Church, was
always been
though its ex
pronounced
is thus, indeed
of the Church
when Catholic
unquestioningly
sent in regard to
the Blessed Virg
fore, there is no
Church's exact
any doctrine,
when doctrine
questioningly,
controversy,
claims all over
just in what th
What are the
will express

The Quincy Monitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT QUINCY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. IX. NO. 12.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1895.

Five Cents a Number.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

[AFTER TENNYSON.]

Surprise and farewell star,
And welcome for me!
And may there be joy, joy beyond the bar,
When I come home from sea.
Long tempest-tossed and weary to!
I keep my watch besprent with foam.
But now from all the perils of the deep
I near my home.
Sunrise and morning bell,
And after that the day!
And may the joy of welcome pay me well,
For all delay.
What then to me shall be or Time or Place,
On voyage hard and far?
For I shall meet my Father face to face,
At home, beyond the bar.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

The Christmas season properly begins with the first Sunday of Advent and closes with octave of the Epiphany. It includes in that space of time some of the most beautiful festivals of the year. December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, commemorates the fact that the Blessed Virgin Mary, in as much as She was the Mother of Jesus Christ, who was God, was conceived without the stain of original sin. She alone of all men enjoyed this singular privilege, one consonant to reason as it is repugnant to think that He who was all sinlessness could be born of one who at any moment of her existence could have been tainted by sin. This is no new doctrine in the Catholic Church, as many outside the Church would believe. It has always been held by the Church, though its exact definition was not pronounced till the year 1854. It is thus, indeed, with all the Dogmas of the Church. There are times when Catholics Christians believe unquestioningly, as they do at present in regard to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and when, therefore, there is no need of defining the Church's exact position in regard to any doctrine. There are also times when doctrines hitherto held unquestioningly, become the subject of controversy, and then the Church claims all over the world, to know just in what their belief is to consist. What are the exact terms which will express their belief? What is

the formula which will contain unmistakably the whole doctrine. It is at times like these that the Church takes upon herself the duty of defining the doctrine in question, so that we may have no doubt as to what is her mind in regard to it, and that definition once made, carries with it the obligation on our part of yielding up our whole and unquestioning belief. So it was with the doctrine of the immaculate Conception.

Catholic Notes.

The death of Cardinal Persico has removed from the Sacred College a figure well known in the annals of American Church history. He was from 1870 to 1872, the Bishop of Savanna, Ga.

The third Sunday of Advent, Dec. 15, of this year, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation, by Pius IX of St. Joseph, as patron of the Universal Church.

The chief item of interest this month for the Catholics of Boston, is the honor which has been conferred upon Rev. Wm. O'Connell, of St. Joseph's church, West End, who has been appointed Rector of the American College at Rome. The real significance of this appointment will not be obvious at first sight to all. That it is a high honor in itself is sufficiently evident as it places the Rev. Father in charge of what might be called the chief ecclesiastical seminary of the Catholic Church in the United States. Its greatest importance, however, lies in the fact that the Rector of the American College acts, in a certain measure, as the authorized agent for all American affairs transacted before the Propaganda, at Rome. An immense power is thus placed in his hands and thus we can easily understand with what a high opinion the hierarchy of America must regard Fr. O'Connell, in entrusting such a mission to him. He will leave Boston soon to take his charge in hand, and will bear away with him the esteem of all who know him, and the affection and hearty good wishes of the many friends he has made during his life in the ministry in Boston.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

At the last meeting of Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—
Past Grand Knight,—John W. McAnarney.

Grand Knight,—M. T. Sullivan.

Deputy Grand Knight,—Richard T. Larkin.

Chancellor,—James F. Burke.

Recording Secretary,—Thomas J. McGrath.

Financial Secretary,—Timothy J. Carey.

Treasurer,—William Shea.

Warden,—William T. Moran.

Lecturer,—Edward S. McKeon.

Advocate,—P. T. Hughes.

Inside Guard,—B. Cullen.

Outside Guard,—James A. White.

Chaplain,—Rev. John J. Driscoll.

Physician,—Joseph M. Sheahan, M. D.

Auditors,—E. W. O'Connor, C. Hearn and James McDonald.

A. O. H. OFFICERS.

The following officers were elected by Division 5, A. O. H., at its meeting Thursday evening:—

President,—Edward Powers.

Vice President,—James P. Flannigan.

Recording Secretary,—Patrick Crimmins.

Financial Secretary,—Thos. M. Murphy.

Treasurer,—John Deady.

These officers will be installed Jan. 9th.

LOCALS.

The kindly face of the venerable John Dennehy, who passed away Nov. 26, will be missed by many.

Mr. Timothy Moriarty of Summer street, died Wednesday, Dec. 11, from the effects of a paralytic shock.

The Misses Alice and Annie Dee of Braintree, have by their complete recovery from diphtheria, added another testimony to the wonderful efficiency of antitoxine.

Mr. Frank X. Fruth of Revere street, West Quincy, who was so severely injured in the attempt to make an arrest last month, is reported as convalescent.

All the advertisements in the Monitor represent first class business houses, and our readers can feel assured that they will get the most for their money by trading with them.

The annual election of officers of the St. John's society will take place Tuesday, evening, Jan. 7, at 8 o'clock. The Christmas Communion will take place Sunday, Jan. 5, at the 8 o'clock Mass at St. John's Church.

Rev. Edward J. Fegan of Hopkinton, who was so seriously ill for many months at his mother's residence in West Quincy, has completely recovered, and is again performing the duties of the Holy Ministry.

Those who have known Mr. Alex. LeFave of Union street, were very much pained to hear of the sad accident which befell him, on Monday, Dec. 2. Fortunately his wounds were not so severe as at first supposed, and there are even hopes of complete recovery.

Mr. Timothy J. Collins is to be congratulated upon his appointment as city editor of the Quincy Advertiser. Mr. Collins has already shown his ability as a newspaper man, and there is no doubt, but that under his management the Advertiser will gain in interest and popularity.

The Young Ladies' Charitable Association of this city had a very pretty booth at the "Natalis Kobono" in the old Public Library of Boston. Those who attended have pronounced it a very enjoyable affair. The West Quincy branch is under the presidency of Mrs. O'Brien of Hall place.

On Christmas day there will be three Masses each in St. John's and in St. Mary's churches. Two Masses will be said in Atlantic and also in South Braintree. With ten Masses being said in the parish, from 5 o'clock to 10:30 there can be no excuse for neglecting to attend the Holy Sacrifice on that day.

Quite a respectable sum was realized from the collection taken up for the poor. It will be of eminent service during the coming months of what promises to be a severe winter. The distribution of the fund has been committed to the Young Ladies' Charitable Association, whose kind offices in that direction have already been felt by many needy families.

The Quincy Monitor.

Published Monthly
by the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

Yearly Subscriptions.....50 Cents.
Single Copies.....5 Cents.

ADVERTISERS are requested to hand in any changes before the first of each month, and all business communications should be addressed to the

Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy Mass

ADVERTISERS will please comply with this request and avoid much unnecessary delay. Rates made known upon application.

All articles and correspondence intended for the Monitor should be addressed to the Editor of the QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to Monitor readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies and promptly send copy of resolutions, which will be inserted gratuitously.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

Well, our man now!

Hands off Mr. Faxon.

A Merry Christmas to all.

Are we not getting meddlesome?

Mr. Faxon's silence prior to election was indeed golden.

Felicitations are in order to Mr. William H. Warner, the new Commander of Post 88, G. A. R.

That commission about to be appointed to define the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana will have a snap, sure.

Mayor-elect Adams must realize by this time that our Quincy papers have poor memories. Surely he must be impressed by the many good things said now, that were forgotten in the bustle of election week.

Pshaw, there will be no war, when the finest flippancy gives away to sense, the trouble over the Venezuela boundary will be settled with honor to the intermediary and principals.

It is remarkable considering the election returns, the large number of people who declared themselves on the right side of the fence Wednesday morning December 4. We venture to guess they have either poor memories, or else were out-of-town the day previous.

It seems rather peculiar—that is it may seem peculiar to some people—that Miss Mabel Adams was nominated and elected by the party that is always accused of antagonism to woman's advancement, and it would not be amiss to say that the nomination was the best, judged by any standard of any made this year. We heartily congratulate Miss Adams.

The first "smoke talk" of the Knights of Columbus was held Dec-

ember 17 in Doble's hall. The principal interest of the evening was a short talk on "Journalism" by William Kenney of the Boston Globe. Messrs. Padula and Fitzgerald gave vocal numbers. A collation was served by Wales.

It is our belief that many of our well-meaning contemporaries do not fully understand the meaning of the words neutral and independent. Independence may often times be complicated with aggressiveness, but neutrality always bespeaks a passive or non-committal state. This latter condition applies more generally to our neighbors than the former.

The first of January is New Year's Day to the general world, to Catholics its chief value lies in the fact that it commemorates the Circumcision of Our Lord. The season properly closes with the Epiphany on January 6, bringing to our minds the visit of the three kings to the Stable. The Epiphany also is a holy day of obligation.

Of Christmas in regard to its history and significance it would be superfluous to say anything. The good old feast apart from its eminently spiritual character is redolent with visions of good St. Nicholas and the angels of good cheer. It is the time of good feeling. It is the hour when a generous act seems spontaneous, when a man feels the true sense of the saying: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

In the death of Mr. George L. Gill, Quincy loses one of her very best citizens. Mr. Gill has long served his fellow-men in many positions of honor and trust, and no matter how great the responsibility, the people were always assured of the safe keeping in his hands. He was a man universally known in this city, and by none better than by the young men. But he was likewise one who was willing to give to anyone, without restrictions, the benefit of his wide knowledge of those affairs that often perplex the less favored of our people. We could all approach him and make the repository of our confidences, and all could feel that no man had ever a better or truer friend. The young men of our Society had on many occasions the necessity of calling upon him to consult on business matters, and it is the common testimony that they were always received in truest kindness and with a patience that one could hardly expect to find in a man of his multitudinous cares. Mr. Gill honored Quincy by giving of the best of his powers, and Quincy in

part appreciation has honored him. It was our fortune to know him and our pleasure always to find some pretext that we might call upon him, knowing that moments spent with him would fortify us for many cares that would undoubtedly fall on our shoulders.

Mr. Henry McGrath is entitled to further consideration at the hands of our voters. His was a handsome vote and we think another year can be increased.

We congratulate ourselves upon the fact, that, judging by the last election, we have changed paths and no longer must listen to the wailings of one dispirited co-workers, but rather to listen to the exultant shouts of the conquerors. All this is truly pleasant.

Mr. Charles M. Bryant will probably be the next President of the Council, seems to be the general opinion. We think the choice is a good one, and though Mr. Bryant has been in his earlier services somewhat erratic, his last year in the Council has been marked by more soberness and more of the disposition to view every question of importance from every standpoint but the politicians.

We welcome the new Board of Trade as evidence that many of our solid men believe in Quincy's future. We did in a previous issue of the Monitor point out the many natural advantages possessed by Quincy and made a plea at that time for the creation of a body able and willing to bring these advantages into employment. This we hope is soon to be done, and earnestly hope for the permanency and usefulness of the new Board of Trade.

Marriages.

BRENNAN—ROBERY—In Weymouth, Nov. 27, by Rev. John J. Murphy, Mr. Martin W. Brennan of Quincy to Miss Ellen Robery of Braintree.

GRIFFIN—COSTELLO—In Quincy, Nov. 27, by Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, Mr. Michael J. Griffin to Miss Kate J. Costello, both of Quincy.

McKINNON—McDONALD—In Boston, Nov. 26, by Rev. John J. Downey, Mr. John McKinnon of Quincy to Miss Barbara McDonald of Boston.

McCORMACK—HAMILTON—In Boston, Nov. 27, by Rev. John L. Lane, Mr. Samuel McCormack of Quincy to Miss Elizabeth E. Hamilton of Boston.

LEE—DILLON—In Boston, Nov. 24, by Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Dennis Lee of Milton to Miss Catherine M. Dillon of Quincy.

McDONALD—CASHMAN—In Cambridge, Nov. 24, by Rev. Michael J. Dooley, Mr. Gregory McDonald of Quincy, to Miss Nellie Cashman of Cambridge.

McKENZIE—HURLEY—In East Weymouth, Nov. 27, by Rev. M. E. Bagley, Mr. Stewart McKenzie of Quincy to Miss Eliza J. Hurley.

GUNNING—HALEY—In Boston, Nov. 28, by Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Bartholomew Gunning of Quincy to Miss Annie T. Haley.

Deaths.

COSTELLO—In Quincy, Nov. 25, Mr. John Costello aged 36 years.

In Memoriam.

MRS. JULIA A. O'NEIL.

Julia A. wife of Mr. Bernard O'Neil of Common street died Saturday night from typhoid-pneumonia in her 33d year. Mrs. O'Neil has been in a critical state for the past two weeks, but her family and friends had hoped that she might rally. She was well-known in Quincy and respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance. She leaves a husband and four children, the youngest a babe of four weeks. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Sullivan of Main street, and two brothers and four sisters mourn her loss. The funeral was held from St. Mary's church, West Quincy.

Mr. Michael J. Griffin and Miss Kate J. Costello were united in marriage on Wednesday Nov. 27, at St. John's church, Rev. F. A. Friguglietti officiating. Miss Maud Costello, a niece of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward Shee of Braintree best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony at the residence of the bride's brother on Chubbuck street.

Do not forget the Candy Festival and Entertainment of the St. John's Sunday School, at Hancock Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 27, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 Cents.

As I have no experience of that kind, more expected of any one seems supernatural, relate, by way of circumstances which ened my mind. Christ on Friday, and Wednesday at the Lodge, those days when the Carnegie were living house had still a roof of stone. The colonel's time, who had been a fighter—Clelland's. He rounded with satan's fier—and now was a ment to Drumtochty another soldier—5 ft. 4 inches round the a soul as any man who had obtained the killing 11 sepoys in a to save a woman's very beautiful and he and the colonels had Christmas with their arms, as they had strange places of the swallowed a make belt buckling on their sword not see the old war fierce curiosity, and help that evening sions, that ought to ble, but nothing w them to open his m he had done or seen with his fellows borders of the empire, not be weaned from tation, on which he light that very morning was full of Jamie Som Drumtochty, he do place for humor, also men. As for Victoria speak only of the cu had seen to herself, at empty averred—chal to deny it if they mental in its excell mortal could have our two standard tions. "The queen, "Kate Carnegie," a fellows show, stand silver candlesticks and oak woodwork, with gray hair and bronzed, toasted them, standing glass in her hand, for lass and a bonnie, as daughter, and coupled with a certain battlefi ans were utterly abash besought me to underst was only a girl's daffi however, that they pleased, and when door for Kate he wished he were whereat Kate threat but thought the bett him instead.

KENZIE HURLEY—In East Weymouth, Nov. 27, by Rev. M. E. Bagley, Dr. Stewart McKenzie of Quincy to Miss Eliza J. Hurley.

ANNING HALEY—In Boston, Nov. 28, by Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Bartholomew Gunning of Quincy to Miss Annie T. Haley.

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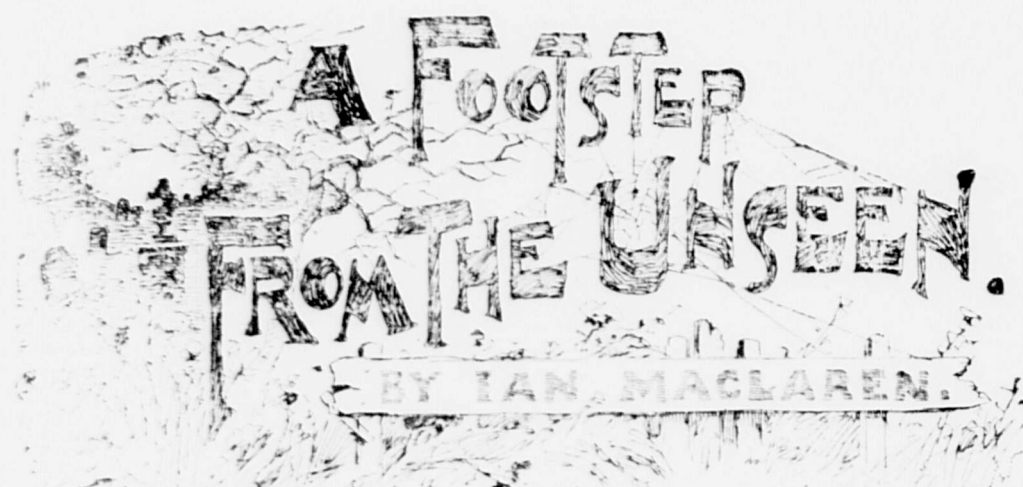
In Memoriam.

MRS. JULIA A. O'NEIL.

A wife of Mr. Bernard O'Neil, Common street died Saturday night from typhoid-pneumonia in 1895. Mrs. O'Neil has been in a critical state for the past two weeks, but her family and friends hoped that she might rally. She was well-known in Quincy and respected and beloved by all who knew the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance. She leaves a husband and four children, the youngest a babe of four weeks. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Sullivan of Elm street, and two brothers and two sisters mourn her loss. The funeral was held from St. Mary's church, West Quincy.

Mr. Michael J. Griffin and Miss Kate J. Costello were united in marriage on Wednesday Nov. 27, at St. John's church, Rev. F. A. Frigoli officiating. Miss Mamie Costello, a niece of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward Shea of Braintree best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother on Chubbuck street.

Do not forget the Candy Festival and Entertainment of the St. John's Sunday School, at Hancock Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 27, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.



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As I have no explanation to offer of the following experience, and something of that kind, more or less ingenious, is expected of any one daring to tell what seems supernatural, it is only right to relate, by way of compensation, various circumstances which may have influenced my mind. Christmas fell that year on Friday, and Wednesday night I had slept at the Lodge, as I often did in those days when the general and Kate Carnegie were living there, and the old house had still a roof and a warm hearth stone. The colonel was a guest at the time, who had been a very desperate fighter—Clelland's Horse are still commanded with Satan on the Indian frontier—and now was a very poor preacher, affording an endless source of amusement to Drumtochty. There was also another soldier—5 feet 9 in height, and 44 inches round the chest, and as genial a soul as any man could wish to meet—who had obtained the Victoria Cross for killing 11 sepoys in a room at Lucknow to save a woman's life. Winter was very beautiful and heartening with us, and the colonels had come to spend Christmas with their old companion in arms, as they had spent it together in strange places of the past, where they swallowed a make believe plum pudding bucking on their sword belts. One could not see the old warriors without a fierce curiosity, and Kate came to my help that evening with cunning allusions, that ought to have been irresistible, but nothing would induce one of them to open his mouth about the things he had done or seen in those years when with his fellows he had guarded the borders of the empire. The colonel could not be weaned from the beast in Revelation, on which he had got some new light that very morning, and the general was full of Jamie Soutar's last story.

Drumtochty, he declared, was the place for humor, also for scenery and men. As for Victoria Cross, he could speak only of the curry, which Kate had seen to herself, and which he solemnly averred—challenging the others to deny it if they dared—was monumental in its excellence and such as no mortal could have deserved. We had our two standard toasts on great occasions, "The queen, God bless her," and "Kate Carnegie," and well did the old fellows show, standing erect over the silver candlesticks and against the black oak woodwork, with their close cropped gray hair and bronzed faces. Then Kate toasted them, standing up with her glass in her hand, for she was a gallant lass and a bonnie, as became Carnegie's daughter, and coupled each man's name with a certain battlefield till the veterans were utterly abashed and severally besought me to understand that all this was only a girl's daffing. It struck me, however, that they were wonderfully pleased, and when V. C. opened the door for Kate he told her boldly he wished he were 40 years younger, whereat Kate threatened to box his ears, but thought the better of it and kissed him instead.

"Kate kissed me first when she was a little tottler and I was a young dog of a subaltern."

"That was in Lucknow, Kinloch," said the general, "and a shell broke five minutes afterward in the room." And nothing more was said by any man till we went to the smoking room.

We talked of various things, and at last we lighted upon ghosts. Of course, every man announced ostentatiously that he did not believe in such absurd nonsense, except myself, who am a Highlander and soaked in superstition, but finally we agreed, upon a mutual understanding of infidelity, to describe any incident in our lives that ignorant people might call supernatural. Our host led off with one that left us thoughtful, and the colonel deepened the impression, but the V. C.'s story was so wonderful that none was asked from me. We kept close together going up the stair to the old wing, and when the turret door slammed, it was not the civilian that dropped his candlestick.

Next morning the general was closely questioned why he had opened and shut various doors in his room and admitted that he did not relish an ambuscade, preferring to meet his foe in the open, and I thought it only fair to confess my suspicions of a large black chest, whose lid looked as if it had begun to rise. The light was failing as I walked home to The Cottage after luncheon, through the woods on the other side of the Tocht, and all the horror of the V. C.'s story was in my mind—a face appearing at the foot of your bed. My little home looked eerie as I came up the garden, and I started when a man opened the door in place of my housekeeper. "It's me, sir," said Jamie Soutar, "yir housekeeper askit me tae wait till ye cam in, for she's aff wi' a bottle o' wine tae Barbara Stewart. A juist happened tae gie a cry in passing," and Jamie settled himself down in my big chair by the study fire for a talk.

Now, no man's conversation I have ever known had such a smack, and ordinarily it was full of dry, biting humor, but this evening Jamie was grown some. He would speak of nothing but the "resurrection" days, when a guard kept watch over the kirkyard by night that the bodies of the dead might not be lifted, and every man had to take his turn.

"The Drumtochty fouk are no' pushin'," said Jamie, "at any time, and their humility aboot gairdin the kirkyard was by ordinar. As sure as a'm sittin here, they juist quarreled hoo tae pit the honor on ane anither."

"It was the smith's father 'at keepit the key o' the deadhouse an gied us oor directions. He had an awfu' tongue, an naeboddy cud complain 'at he wasna faithfu' afore he left the twa men for the night."

"Man, a was juist a bit birkie at the time. But a hear him fine laying down the law tae auld Hillocks an Tammas Mitchell's faither, an a can see them shiverin in their claithees."

"Ye'll be fine an comfortable in here, but ye mauna dromie nor sleep. There's the lid o' a coffin for a seat in the corner. Dinna shut the door or ye'll no hear the clink o' the spades, an ye'll need tae gae yir roonds aince in the oor."

"Here's twa sticks, in case ye catch them at a grave, an a gun wi' a charge o' sma' scattering shot for emergencies. Dinna be feared ta shoot gin they wull na listen tai reason. Half a dizzin pellets in their legs'll be a lesson, but for any sake dinna be wystin yir poother on ghaists an sic like. It's no chaney, an it costs money."

"Gin ye see anything white when ye're danderin round, dinna be hysty. It might be a sheep or a lamb—slip up quiet an tak' a conjunct view. It's no likely the'll be mair nor ye can maister atween ye, but gin ye be hard pit tae't, gie a cry an I'll may be hear ye doon bye, an come up. Weel, that's a', an a'll be gaein hame. Ye're looking rael couthy in there in this dark blawy nicht."

"A watched him gae doon the road, an a declare the smith was shaking wi' the sight o' auld Hillocks sittin in the back end o' the deid hoose, no able tae say ae word, wi' a stick on either side o' him an a gun in his hand."

"Sall, they were clever lads though, thae lifters," continued Jamie—who was now in great fettle—"gin they didna raise a wumman frae the heich glen 'at had been buried the day afore. There wes twa men in the hoose an they kent naethin aboot it."

"She might never hae been missed, but a Pitscourie man 'at was sittin up wi' an unweal horse, saw a gig come doon frae Drumtochty in the gray o' the mornin. There wes twa men in it an a wumman 'atween them wi' a veil on her face. He didna like the wy she was sittin, an he cam up in the afternoon."

"Is that Jess back?" And Jamie listened. "A thoct a heard a step in the kitchen." But it ceased, and we concluded that it had been our mistake.

"Speakin aboot lifters," but I had not spoken of any such thing, and was anxious to abandon the subject, "a'll tell ye a story 'at's never passed my lips afore, an is kent tae nae livin man." Jamie listened again, and then drew his chair closer to the fire.

"Div ye mind an auld man 'at livit at the end o' the clachan an deid in the big storm, where they had tae dig oot the parish kirk ae Sabbath, wha never lookit ye in the face, an said naething but grumph gin ye spoke tae him?"

"Weel ae nicht, aboot the gloamin, Robert comes in an sits doon by ma fire-side as a'm daein noo, but never a word did a get frae him for maybe half an oor exceptin:

"'Hoo's a' wi' ye the nicht, Jamie?' 'He was aifter something a saw fife, for he lookit at me aince an he shapit his mooth for speakin twice, but naeth-

ing cam, so a hirstled me chair on the scrapin on the floor set him aff."

"Ye're a body, Jamie?" he said. "Ay, ay, a wadna say but a wis."

"Ye can hand yir tongue at a time?" "A've seen me manage," an then he lookit at me again."

"Ye'll be easier when it's aff yir mind, Robert," but little a thoct what was comin. Sall, there's times when a'm sittin ly mase' in the hoose a wish he had keepit it tae himself. * * * What's yon?" But it was only a loose spray o' ivy swishing on the window. Ye might have thought it was a knock. "Div ye mind a genkeeper, Jamie," an he drew his chair nearer mine, 'at deid ae hairst time fife an forty year ago?"

"Fine, Robert, a buirdly man, an he slippit aff so sudden that the fouk were feared o' the cholera, an he was heered the same day. The doctor gied his first prayer that day, an tho' it was only a beginnin it promised weel."

"An did ye ever see a young student," Robert speiks next, 'auld Gormack's sister's son, 'at cam tae Drumtochty aff an on in the summer, a weel built callant wi' a cast in ane o' his een?"

"Weel, him an me got chief over the fishin an ither trokes, an aifter the beerial he cam roond an we gied up tae the burn. A jaloused he was aifter something, for he wadna fish, but aye lookit at me."

"Juist the same as ye lookit at me, Robert," says I, but he didna hear."

"It's a peety we dinna ken what the genkeeper deid o'," says he tae me, 'it wud be a satisfaction tae his freends tae pit a name on't. A end tell in half an oor, Robert, gin a hed him up, but it 'ill need twa o's, for he's a heavy man."

"Jamie, a got sic a turn 'at a near fell in'tae the Kelpie's hole, an a felt him 'at a wud hae naethin tae dae wi' his lifting tricks, but he got roond me in the end an * * * a promised tae meet him at the kirkyard that nicht."

"There wes a wee licht frae a half mune, an the grave wes fresh happit. We werena lang o' haein the coffin oot,



"THERE WES TWAS MEN IN IT AN A WUMMAN 'ATWEEN THEM."

but, Jamie," he said, "a did nae mair, a turned ma back when he began on the screws."

"The student gied a screich, an Jamie, as sure's deith," here Robert grippit ma arm like a vice, "the gem-keeper was sittin up in his graveclothes an lookin 'at's wi' his eyes wide open."

"Lord's sake, man," a said tae Robert, "what garred him flee the country then like a thief an div ye ken what cam ower him? It hed been a swoon, a'm jidgin."

"Jamie," says Robert, "he's lyin there yet, but a didna touch him, an it was just fright on the student's part * * * the spade was lyin tae his hand." * * *

"Div ye mean to say he?" * * *

"Ay, Jamie, he did, an a helpit tae ury the body again, an little time was lost * * * he's deid, that student, noo, far from here, an Jamie, a cudna keep it langer. * * * Ave heard a step in ma hoose ilka nicht for a month, an a ken ma time's no far off." * * *

"But Jess is back noo," Jamie said, rising, "an a'll juist be travelin. Gin ye'll excuse me a'll gang oot by the front door an tak the near road thro' the garden."

For once in my life I had sufficient of Jamie, and yet a curious loneliness came over me as his shambling figure disappeared among the bushes, covered with snow, and I turned to re-enter the house. It was a comfort, however, to know that some one was beneath the same roof, and I was tempted to go to the kitchen and make some excuse for a talk with Jess. But she would be certain to bring a lamp—she was moving about as if getting it ready—and I turned into my study and sat down by the fire. At this point it is necessary to be tiresome and to describe the plan of The Cottage. It stood on a height above the Tochtly, in a solitary place, with pine woods behind and on two sides, and a marvelous view of the setting sun from the front windows. On one side of the front door was the room I used as a study, and on the other the dining room, where I once entertained potentates, but I can't go into that just now. A little lobby terminated in a door which shut off a back wing containing the kitchen, and beyond it a scullery as well as a dreary compartment intended for a servants' bedroom. The stair started at the study door, and on the upper floor were four bedrooms. The largest over the study was kept for guests. My housekeeper used one of the small ones above the dining room, and my own room and dressing room were above the kitchen and scullery. The house had lain empty for some years before I came in search of quietness to Drumtochty, and who the former tenants were was a mystery.

"Man an wife," Jamie once explained, "sae far as we kent, but what he did or what for they cam' here nobody cud tell. Bell Baxter's mother gaid in the mornin and did their wark for them and left in the forenoon. His wife died sudden, and he took her awa' to England and never cam' back. A'm thinkin they didna gree ower well."

Jamie's weird story, true or untrue, coming on the back of the conversation at the lodge had affected my nerves, and I was conscious of a distinct wish that Jess would come with rural gossip and the lamp. What was she about now? She knew I was in darkness and there had been time to trim 20 lamps. So I rang the bell vigorously with a suggestion of impatience, but with a curious misgiving. Was Jess really in the house,

or had we imagined her movements? No opening door in the lobby, no sound in the kitchen. It shows how one is deceived by fancies, but just to make sure:

"Jess!" from the study door. "Jess, are you there?" No answer.

I had often done the same thing before—bad habit of shouting orders instead of ringing—but never noticed how unpleasant is the sound of a voice in an empty house; quite gruesome. Might go into kitchen and make certain she had not come back, but it would be absurd, for I could be heard in the stable. Besides, what good was there in a man rambling through the house? Very likely the lamp was lying ready, and I went to the lobby door and hesitated. Why? Liked to sit in the dark? No, not that evening. Did not want to work? It happened that an article was overdue and the editor had allowed himself to write evil words. An unaccountable dislike to go into the kitchen seized me, and I went back to the big chair by the study fire. The black and tan, who had been very restless all evening, jumped upon my knee and licked my hand as if grateful for protection, although not a dog usually carried by sentiment. The house was perfectly still and the fire was soothing and I fell asleep.

I could not have slept more than a few minutes when I was awakened by a terrific crash, evidently in the kitchen. The noise was unmistakable—the fall of tin dishes on the floor—and I at once jumped to a conclusion. For some months a number of suspicious characters had been taking refuge in the district under pretense of working in our quarry, and we had been warned to be careful. For the first time in the history of the Glen, doors were locked and windows bolted. Dr. Davidson was actually stopped on the road after dark and asked for the time, in a menacing tone, by a stranger who was, however, so averted by the minister's manner that he disappeared into a field, and Mrs. Macfadyen, a woman not given to hysteria, came into Hillocks' breathless, one Friday evening, because footsteps had dogged her through the pine woods. We were, in short, prepared for a burglary that would raise us to the privileges of town life, and, in the supposed absence of its inmates the cottage had been plainly selected for a first experiment. Burglars are understood to be unpleasant persons; ours were said to be also murderous, and, without being afraid, one may have a becoming modesty about his skill in single combat, but I was conscious of a distinct sense of relief. One had at least escaped from an atmosphere of horror and now it was merely the question of a scrimmage. Ought I to lie quiet till the intruders came along the lobby, and then meet them with polite words at the study door? "This is quite an unexpected pleasure. Will you come into the study, take care of the table?" that kind of thing? Or had I better dash down the passage noisily and pull open the door amid a fit of coughing to find that the visitors had naturally departed through the kitchen window? The latter course commended itself to me, mainly on charitable grounds. No one wishes to put his fellow man to shame nor leave him without a way of escape. It is in such circumstances that misguided men grow hard and do things they (as well as other people) must regret. No, the poor fellows, however unfortunate may have been their intentions, will have a timely warning.

I suggested to Jerry that he might begin by expressing himself, but he would not move from the chair in which he was now crouching, and yet a more offensive dog for his size or apart from it competent judges had never seen. Much, however, can be done in passing a hat stand if you happen to collide with it, and the upsetting of a bundle of sticks is fairly audible. Fumbling with the lock of the kitchen door gave one chance more, and when I burst in with a mighty show of bravery it was not surprising to find the kitchen empty. But



"WHAT'S YON?"

where had they gone? The window was closed and bolted, the back door was locked, and through the scullery door I could see no one was concealed among the pans. Perhaps they had taken refuge * * * no, the little room was as dreary as usual. What about the crash? The covers hung in a row, polished and bright, and a meat rack stood with unimpeachable respectability in a corner. There was nothing to account for that clatter of falling dishes * * * or for the footsteps before. How sudden and irresistible is a panic and * * * accelerating! Would it be three seconds between the fireplace of the kitchen and the fireplace of the study, including stumbling over the sticks and locking the study door? There could be no person in that kitchen, for the firelight showed every corner * * * but one felt as if he were in danger * * * in fact, going to be crushed * * *

that nonsense! First time I ever saw the perspiration fall from my forehead, and my hand is shaking. How ghostly is the light from the snow! Darkness would be better. Why did I not bring the lamp with me? * * * I would not go for it now though I might give me * * * disgraceful evidence! I'll draw the curtains at any rate * * * if I didn't think that was a face looking in * * * this is most humiliating! Now that's better * * * and more coals * * * lie down, Jerry, and don't whine. No, I did not fall asleep again, and I was not dreaming. From first to last I remember every movement.

It began in the kitchen as of one pacing noiselessly back and forward. Then it opened the intermediate door and came to the foot of the stairs. For a minute there was perfect silence, and then Jerry lifted his nose and howled. The step went up stairs and went to the housekeeper's room. After a few minutes it came along the landing, dragging something, and I heard it over my head in the big guestroom.

Whatever was being done * * * it's the bed being pulled across the floor * * * that's bedclothes falling on the floor * * * a cupboard is opened * * * the blinds are pulled down * * * not crying, only a soft, pleading wail * * * could one get through the window and bolt for Milton? * * * Too late, the step comes down again * * * if I had the spirit of a man I would fling the door open and solve the mystery. * * * Nothing, but I saw the lobby door close of its own accord, or * * * not another sound till the back door was unlocked and the kitchen fire vigorously poked.

"Yes, Jess, I was wearying for the lamp, but the roads are heavy, and I must be four miles to Barbara's on the writing table, please, I wish to make some notes."

"No, I know it was not likely you would come in and go out without lighting the lamp. It was Jerry perhaps rambling about. He's been restless all evening. You have heard noises, too * * * I dare say. These old houses do creak, and I fancy I've noticed the sound myself. That's how silly people come to believe in ghosts."

Then Jess went her evening round from room to room, but when she visited that room I heard an exclamation and went up stairs quickly.

The bed was stripped of blankets, which lay in a heap near the door. The mattress was covered with a sheet, and another sheet was spread over the whole bed from its foot to the top of a pillow which had replaced the bolster. The ends of this upper sheet hung over the sides of the bed. There was a distinct indentation in the pillow and a fainter one down the middle of the bed as if * * * Jess was a matter of fact woman and not easily disturbed, but the suggestion was enough to shake any one, and I took my resolution (swiftly). Ghosts were bad enough, but this might be only a solitary visitation, and I could not afford to lose such a housekeeper.

"You may well be horrified, but I heard you say once no man could make up a bed. * * * Yes, I tried my hand to pass the time before it grew dark * * * got sheets out of the cupboard, you see * * * but it wouldn't do * * * sorry for the mess I've made."

But it was not I that laid out that bed for the dead. Nor have I any doubt a footstep from the unseen paced The Cottage that evening.

THE END.

God Bless 'Em.

Christmas coming with a rush—
Hail the rising star!
If our pockets are not flush,
Cheeks of children are—
—Atlanta Constitution.

So We Can!

The Christmas fires are glowing;
There'll be good times by and by.
When the Christmas bills are owing,
We can all shake hands and—high—
—Atlanta Constitution.

We're Waitin' For 'Em Now.

The dogs are on the possum's track.
They bay with one accord.
And if the dogs come back—come back,
We'll dine and praise the Lord.
—Atlanta Constitution.



(Copyright, 1895.)

once more to n
Time's murmur
For on this day a
The prophet poin

The waifs are singi
And distant hills
Their merry Christ
And hear the clari



Pile up the Yule
Bring in the fe
Today the name
Shall sweep the

And burdens of
Since he took up
And all the sorrow
Shall turn to trim



Now lovely maids w
Shall stand beneat
While in the purple
Sweet symbols of

Let evergreen and h
Their wreaths for
And good cheer, f
Come without s

Ring, Christmas b
Let not your pe
For on this day a
The gentle, heat



(Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.)

Once more to mark the Christmas morn
Time's murmuring tides their tumults cease,
For on this day a King was born.
The prophet pointed Prince of Peace.

The waifs are singing in the street,
And distant hills and icy dells
Their merry Christmases repeat
And hear the clang of Christmas bells.



Pile up the Yule log's ancient flame;
Bring in the feast of savory worth.
Today the name of every name
Shall sweep the circuit of the earth.

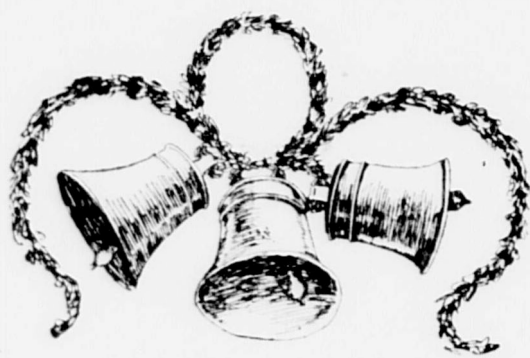
And burdens of the soul shall flee
Since he took up the cross for us,
And all the sorrows that can be
Shall turn to triumphs glorious.



Now lovely maids whose hearts beat high
Shall stand beneath the mistletoe,
While in the purple eastern sky
Sweet symbols of this day shall glow.

Let evergreen and holly make
Their wreaths for every human door
And good cheer, for the Master's sake,
Come without stint to rich and poor.

Ring, Christmas bells, this joyous morn!
Let not your peals or music cease,
For on this day a King was born—
The gentle, heaven-crowned Prince of Peace.
JOEL BENTON.



Christmas Changes.

The Yule log has given place to the steam radiator, the furnace register and the base burning heater, but we who are warmed by any of these means on Christmas eve are quite as likely to enjoy Christmas as were our forefathers and foremothers, who used to celebrate its festivities when gathered about the old time fire-places. There have been changes in heating apparatus, but human nature and Christmas remain as they were and will probably so remain after the present apparatus has been displaced by electric heaters. We grumble about our furnaces, our radiators and our stoves and will probably grumble about our electric heaters, but in Yule log times our ancestors were often roasted on one side and frozen on the other.

Christmas Stockings.

A street urchin stood peering into the window of a toyshop one evening just before Christmas watching a prosperous father buying presents. Bigger and bigger the boy's eyes grew as the purchasing went on. Finally, when it was all over and the man left the store, the lad sidled up to him and with great diffidence asked:

"Wuz all them things you bought for one boy, mister?"

"Why, yes, certainly," said the man impatiently as he turned away with the bundles under his arms.

The street boy's eyes grew bigger yet.

"Gee whiz!" he whispered under his breath. "Rich men's boys must wear awful big stockings!"

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

How an Old Tar Came Near Being Cooked For Dinner.

"I never think of Christmas turkeys without rememberin the time I come near to bein the turkey myself," said an aged sailor to the group of seamen who surrounded him as he sat upon the end of an old spar on South street, New York.

The ancient mariner's name was Jack Brown, and as he had followed the sea as man and boy for over 50 years and had cruised in every part of the world the group listened in respectful silence, well knowing that when old Jack Brown started to spin a yarn it was sure to be well worth hearing.

"It was away back in 1840, and I was little more than a youngster then—only about 18. I had bunked aboard the Jolly Rover, but, mates, she didn't prove to be what her name indicated. We left this port for Melbourne, weathered Cape Horn as safe from Davy Jones' locker as a mountain a mile inland, and all was smooth goin until we were a week's sail into the south Pacific. Then a storm struck us that sent us scuddin along under bare poles like a Mother Carey's chicken afore a cyclone.

"I've run afore many a gale, mates, but that hurricane could give points to any of 'em. One minute the Jolly Rover would plunge out of sight into a big wave, and the next she would seem to be perched like the ark on a Mount Ararat of water. The gale blew nearly all night without a moment's pause. All we could do was to let her run. Suddenly she struck with a shock that made every timber creak. I was below, but I rushed on deck, expecting the ship would go down. An instant later a big wave came over the rail, washed me overboard and swept me on and on. I kept my head above water part of the time, every moment expectin to be dashed agin the rocks. To my joy, I was washed up on a sandy beach. Luckily I had strength enough left to get up and run inland a few feet before the next wave caught me.

"Day was just breakin, and as I looked around I saw Captain Stout, Second Mate Bill Fry and Jim English crawlin out of a big wave and helmed 'em on the beach.

"Look!" yells Fry, shakin the water from his eyes. "There she goes!"

"As we glanced in the direction of the Jolly Rover she staggered like some gigantic animal with a mortal wound and sank beneath the waves. We watched the beach for an hour, but not another man came ashore. Every Jack Tar of 'em was drowned. Then we started inland to explore the place. We didn't feel at all at ease, mates, because Captain Stout figured as how we must be on one of the smallest of the Solomon islands, which we knew was inhabited by the toughest lot of cannibals and head hunters in the Pacific.

"We realized that we were dead men if we were captured, and we kept a sharp lookout for the cannibals while we were takin in the lay of the land. We saw many cocoanut and breadfruit trees, but the island was apparently uninhabited. I say apparently because about half an hour after we landed a dozen ugly, tattooed savages leaped upon us from the bushes.

I knocked one of 'em off his legs before a big warclub brought me to the grass, and Stout, Fry and English had no better luck. The savages were armed with clubs, bows and arrows and bone pointed spears, and their hair was thick and bushy and was stuck full of sticks for hairpins.

"We were all bound hand and foot, and then the savages carried us to a village near by, where we were thrown into a hut and guarded by two big black fellows armed with clubs.

"Mates," says English, "did you notice what was hangin up agin the hut next to us?" We all said, "No." "Well," says he, "it was the flesh of human bein's, and, as Captain Stout feared, these fellers with clubs is cannibals."

"If they are, our goose is cooked, and—so are we," the captain says with a nonow sort of a laugh. "Blast my eyes," he says, "if tomorrow ain't Christmas day too! Perhaps these blacks are goin to have us help 'em make their turkey dinner a success." We all shuddered, and Jack Brown for one thought he had seen New York for the last time. We lay in the hut all day and the followin night. The savages fed us very well, and while we enjoyed the mess we couldn't help thinkin that the black villains were givin it to us to make us more fat and eatable. Next mornin we heard a great yellin and poundin of tamtams, and Fry, who could look through a crack in the hut, said that a big party of blacks had just returned from somewhere in large war canoes and had with 'em a dozen native prisoners.

"It looks," says Fry, "as if our captors have been makin war on another tribe that lives in this village. The prisoners they have with 'em evidently got away when the village was attacked, but were chased inland and captured."

"Fry's guess proved correct, and we soon found that our captors did not live on the island, but on another large one about five miles away. Just after sunrise Christmas day we were loaded into big, handsomely carved war canoes along with the dozen native prisoners, and the savages paddled across a wide channel to their own island. On the shore was a native village, and about 1,000 dancin, yellin drum beatin blacks of both sexes welcomed the return of the war canoes, loaded down as they were with Christmas turkeys.

"Well, mates, the savages carried us up the beach a short distance and dropped us near an ugly idol 20 feet high. Several

hundred fires were built near by, and then most of the savages gathered in a circle around the idol. Pretty soon a dozen of the tallest blacks, all armed with long, sharp spears, danced around the idol to the music of a hundred tamtams, and then they ranged the dozen native prisoners in a line facin the idol and speared the poor blacks through and through.

"I won't describe the horrible scene that followed, except to say that we lay there expectin every minute would be our last and saw the cannibals cook and devour their victims.

"They're savin us for dessert," says the captain.

"But they didn't save us long. In a very few minutes the 12 big savages were leadin us toward the idol, and we were sayin goodby to one another. Death

seemed very near when suddenly we heard the boom of a dozen cannon. An instant later shells exploded right and left among the cannibals, killin scores of them. The remainder took one look at the British man-o'-war, lyin in the channel half a mile away, and then fled, panic stricken.

"We sailors were soon tackin for the beach with every sail drawin, you can bet, and when the warship's boats picked us up Jack Brown for one was heartily thankin heaven he'd saved his wishbone!"

EARLE H. EATON.

Christmas Selections.

Christ's cradle was as suddenly as his cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out. He had only two friends—they, his parents. No satin lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. From the depths of that poverty he rose until today he is honored throughout all Christendom and sits triumphant on the imperial throne in heaven.—Dr. Talmage.

There is Christmas east and Christmas west, Christmas north and Christmas south, but whether amid the snow or the roses it is the same dear festival. I have spent Christmas in St. Augustine and San Diego in Boston and Chicago, and Santa Claus was the same jolly old gentleman in all four places.—Unidentified Philosopher.

Not all are able to give golden gifts, or gifts bought with gold. But who is so poor that on Christmas day he may not bestow a pleasant word on some one poorer than himself? Who is so downcast that he may not give a token of sympathy to some fellow mortal in distress, a smile of friendly recognition to some forlorn one? Even a cup of cold water given in the name of him who founded Christmas shall not lose its reward.—Christmas Chimes.

The injunction, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," should be especially remembered at Christmas time.

Christmas Table Decorations.

In planning for Christmas festivities the question of table decorations is of real importance. Therefore suggestions for a unique and artistically arranged dinner table may be of service. The covers may be laid for as many as may be desired. In the center have a square bed of holly, from the middle of which there may rise a small Christmas tree suitably decorated. At either end of this table stand the candelabra, which for this occasion should have red candles and red shades. At each lady's place have a corsage bouquet of bright red flowers tied with red ribbon, and for the gentlemen boutonnières of mistletoe. Have suspended over the table a little above the tree a large bell of red flowers, from the top of which, reaching to each plate, may hang red ribbons about an inch wide, held in place by the weight of the dinner card, which should be perforated near the top, allowing the end of the ribbon to pass through and tie in a bow. On the upper side of the card should be written the guest's name.

Taking It In Courses.

"No cold turkey, ma'am, if you please," said Mosely Wraggs, waving his hand majestically. "We hed our roast turkey a hour ago, at the first place we struck, follered by scolloped orsters at the next house. We ett pun-kin pie jest now acrost the road. All we're wantin now, ma'am, is some cay-noyer, an we'll git a toothpick or two at the next place."

And he beckoned to Tuffold Knutt, who was leaning pensively against the rainwater pipe.—Chicago Tribune.

Out.

"Unless he discovers me," she whispered as she shrank behind the curtains of her window, "he will find me out."

With beating heart she listened while the hired girl went to the door and made the talk.—Detroit Tribune.



...I was wearying for the
...the roads are heavy, and it
...miles to Barbara's; on the
...le, please, I wish to make

...now it was not likely you
...in and go out without
...lamp. It was Jerry per-
...ing about. He's been restless

...You have heard noises,
...dare say. These old houses
...and I fancy I've noticed the
...of. That's how silly people
...live in ghosts."

...s went her evening round
...room, but when she visit-
...m I heard an exclamation
...stairs quickly.

...was stripped of blankets,
...a heap near the door. The
...s covered with a sheet, and
...et was spread over the whole

...foot to the top of a pillow
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...ay well be horrified, but I
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... * * * Yes, I tried my hand

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... * * but it wouldn't do * * *
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...is not I that laid out that bed
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...m the unseen paced The Cot-
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THE END.

God Bless 'Em.
...mas coming with a rush—
...the rising star!
...pockets are not flush.
...cks of children are.
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So We Can!
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We Waitin For 'Em Now.
...are on the possum's track,
...ay with one accord,
...ne dogs come back—come back,
...ne and praise the Lord
—Atlanta Constitution.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS RELATES AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

How He Added a Pot of Soup, a Little Sugar, Some Molasses and a Canteen of Yeast to the Christmas Mess—On Short Rations.

My recollections of Christmas experiences in the army are mostly connected with the matter of grub, and I suppose every other old soldier, if he is frank enough, will admit the same thing. As a rule we always looked for boxes from home on Christmas day, and those boxes were tolerably certain to have something in them that made a delightful change from the ordinary rations. When we got those boxes, we celebrated Christmas. When we didn't, we didn't celebrate. Christmas was pretty much the same as any other day under those circumstances.

The particular Christmas that stands up above all others in my memory was that of 1862. We had gone into camp after Fredricksburg, at a place called White Oak church, about six miles from Falmouth, Va., and lay there when Christmas came. We looked for our boxes, of course, for we



"SUGAR," HE EXCLAIMED.

know the people at home would not forget us, but no boxes came. We learned afterward that they were only three or four miles away, but that didn't help us then, and we didn't get them for several days.

It was bitter cold. Only two days after Christmas three or four men were frozen to death on picket, and it was almost as cold then, but even worse than the weather was the notion of feeding on hard tack and salt horse, which was about all we had, while the people at home had turkey and plum pudding. In the morning, though, there seemed to be no help for it, and while we didn't grin we thought we had to bear it.

At noon, however, there came a little alleviation. One of the men—I remember his name was Hageman—came in from picket duty with the bones of a sheep that he had kicked up in the snow. Some guerrillas had been along there and had killed and eaten the poor brute and left the bones. They had mighty little meat on them, but they were full of marrow, and we boiled them up. There was a Dutch sergeant in the company who had a potato, and somebody managed to steal two onions from the quartermaster; so we had some soup.

It was a change, and so it was welcome. I don't remember to have enjoyed any soup since then quite as much as I did that, but somehow it didn't seem to fill the bill of fare very well for Christmas, and we were ready to take almost any kind of a change for something good.

My brother was in the same company with me, and he was on guard at brigade headquarters that day. We all knew that there were some provisions in the storehouse there, but the question was how to get at them. It meant running the risk of being shot by some sentinel, besides the certainty of severe punishment in case we should get caught trying to steal anything, yet there were some of us willing to take the chance.

When my brother came in after being relieved, he came to my tent in great glee. "I've got it!" he said after making sure that nobody was looking or listening. "What have you got?" I asked. "Sugar,"

he exclaimed. "Where is it?" said I. "Here," said he, showing me his musket. He had managed to get into the storehouse long enough to pack the barrel of his gun full of sugar, but didn't get anything else.

"Sugar is good," said I, "but if there is sugar in the storehouse there ought to be some whisky there too." And I made up my mind to get some of that whisky that night if it was a possible thing.

There was a corporal named Nason in the company, who was always ready to take chances if there was anything to be gained by it, and he wanted some of that whisky as much as I did. It was cold enough to make a temperance orator long for a nip. I hunted Nason up, and we agreed to start together when it got dark enough. Meantime we managed to steal an auger from the quartermaster, and that, with two canteens, made all the outfit we thought we needed.

Fortunately it was a dark night, and we knew the lay of the land all right, so we had a comparatively easy time to dodge the sentries. It wasn't really easy, but it proved to be a good deal easier than getting away from the place afterward. It took us half an hour of hiding and dodging to get through the line, but we managed it and found ourselves somewhere about 10 o'clock, under the storehouse.

It was a rough sort of a shanty, built on the side of a hill, and there was room enough to move around under it all right, but the trouble was, we had neither of us been inside the building and we hadn't any notion where the things were packed, so we could only guess where the whisky barrel was, and that was what we were after.

We took turns boring holes in the floor at random, and it wasn't long before we found out that we had a pretty dirty job on hand, to say nothing of a good bit of hard work, but we persevered for something like an hour before we could strike anything that would leak through. We struck all sorts of things that wouldn't leak, but we had no means of knowing what they were and no way of getting them down if we had known.

At length, after an hour, we struck a barrel out of which a slow thick stream began to trickle. We couldn't think what it was till we tasted it, and then we knew it was molasses. We used a little language for a minute or two, but even molasses was a treat, and we couldn't afford to despise it. So we filled one canteen with that and plugged the hole up as well as we could, so as not to waste the stuff unnecessarily. I am afraid the plug wasn't a very good one, but we did the best we could.

Then we went to work again. It was a little discouraging, but we didn't propose to give up. We bored hole after hole. It seems to me we must have bored 50 or more before we got through, and it took some minutes for each one. Sometimes we would go through the floor and hit nothing, and sometimes, as I said, it would be something solid.

At last we struck something that spouted like a geyser, only it spouted downward. I was right under it and I was flooded in a minute. I scrambled out of the way as quickly as possible, and we investigated. It was yeast. Well, yeast didn't seem to be as near what we wanted as the molasses was, but we didn't propose to lose any tricks, so we filled the other canteen with that, after we had had a good drink apiece. It was not quite equal to the best beer, but it was a sort of substitute for it, and we enjoyed it hugely.

We didn't succeed in plugging that up as well as we did the molasses barrel, though we did try. The yeast was too much for us, and I am seriously afraid that that whole barrel of yeast was spilled.

By this time we had pretty well despaired of finding the whisky, but we kept on trying awhile longer, until it seemed as if we had riddled the floor so completely that there was no place left above where a barrel could stand. Finally we gave it up and began to plan a retreat.

The side of the hill in the rear of the house was covered with a sort of ice formation that was 300 or 400 feet wide and sloped downward at a pretty steep angle. We had surveyed this carefully before going in, and I said to Nason that if we could make a rush over to where that ice was we could get down the hill a good deal faster than any of the sentinels would care

to come after us, for all we had to do was to jump on the ice and slide down. That seemed to be about the best scheme we could think of, so we watched our chance and made a rush.

We hadn't got to the edge of the hill, and that was only a few feet from the storehouse, when we heard the sentries cry, "Who goes there?" It really wasn't worth while for us to stop and answer them under the circumstances, so we kept right on. There were two or three shots fired after us, but we did not get hit. I don't imagine the men on guard were very anxious to kill us, for they must have understood in an instant what we were about and probably stopped long enough to remember that they would have liked the chance to try the same thing.

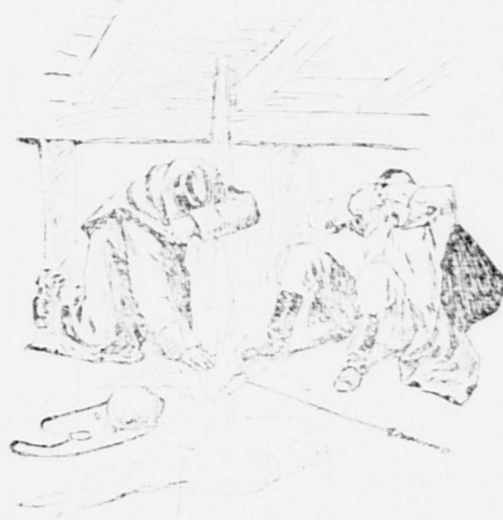
So our Christmas extras that year were a pot of soup, a little sugar, a little molasses and a canteen of yeast. And I think perhaps we enjoyed the yeast more than any of the other things. The real Christmas festival did not come for some days afterward, when our boxes arrived, and I remember that I had a glorious time, for there was a big Yorkshire plum pudding in my box and three pounds of killiknick tobacco, and the tobacco was a perfect god-send.

But before that, on the morning after Christmas day, there was the very mischief to pay in camp, and if Nason and I had been found out, we would have been in for severe punishment, for we had done a great amount more of mischief than we knew anything about.

It appeared that there was a politician of some standing—I think he was an alderman from Boston or somewhere—who had been in camp for some days looking for the remains of his brother, who had been killed some time before, and he had found them Christmas morning. The body had been disinterred and put in a handsome coffin that the alderman had brought from home, and the coffin had been put in the storehouse over night.

Of course we didn't know it was there. Perhaps it might have made a difference to Nason and me if we had known. I don't know as I care about expressing an opinion on such a delicate question. At all events we didn't know, and naturally we couldn't be expected to bore holes through the floor in as many places as we did bore them without hitting the coffin, and as a matter of fact we had bored three or four holes in it. It hadn't really spoiled the coffin for actual service, but it had certainly damaged it to some extent.

Well, the politician made a row, and the commanding officer ordered a general search of the camp, to see if any trace could be found of the miscreants—meaning Nason and me—who had been guilty of the desecration. It was a pretty rigor-



I WAS FLOODED IN A MINUTE.

ous search, too, and our tents were ransacked thoroughly, but long before they got around to our quarters Nason and I had the molasses and sugar, or what was left of them, safely buried. Of course the yeast was all gone, and there wasn't a trace of our crimes left.

I suppose it would be easy to tell a more sentimental story about a soldier's Christmas, but the sentiment that moved us most powerfully when we were on short rations in those days was hunger.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

ARMENIAN CHRISTMASSES.

One of the Persecuted Race Tells of Observances and Customs of His People.

It is not as easy to describe the customs of the Armenian people in their celebration of Christmas as it would be to tell of the

customs of the Armenians in their native land, because the customs of my people differ according to their habitat. Scattered as the Armenians are from Constantinople and other cities to the little villages in Asia Minor, there are many observances that are almost purely local. Some of these, however, are extremely interesting.

To begin, Christmas is not observed on the same day with us as it is here, for there is a difference of 12 days in the calendar, as everybody knows. So our Christmas falls on your Jan. 6. Coming as it does, so near New Year's day, it is not so much of a social occasion as it probably would be otherwise, but as a religious

festival it ranks with Easter, and the two days are the principal feasts of the year.

The religious services are most impressive. Our churches differ from yours in some ways, for there are no pews in them, and we adorn them as richly as we are able to do. The principal service on Christmas day is a sort of high mass that is celebrated before daybreak. Everybody who is able to do so goes to this mass, at which the highest church dignitary in the neighborhood always officiates. If there is an archbishop near, he is the one; if not, it is the bishop. And everybody wears his very best clothes. It is a general custom to give the children a new suit of clothes if possible on Christmas. If the parents cannot afford so much, they will at least contrive to give some article of dress, if it is only a pair of new shoes.

This has led to another custom which is in vogue especially in Constantinople, where the Armenian children are all educated in our parochial schools. These schools are located in the churchyards and are, of course, supported by the churches. Some of the children are very poor, and a collection is always taken up at the Christmas service in the church for the purpose of buying new clothes for the children whose parents cannot clothe them properly. There is one very benevolent gentleman, a merchant in Constantinople, whom I know very well, who always buys a great number of suits at Christmas—from 20 to 60 or 70, according to what he can afford.

The making of presents at Christmas is not perhaps as general among our people as it is here, though in the cities we are rapidly adopting European customs. Presents are given, but most frequently by superiors to their inferiors or by elders to children.

After the church services the people greet one another with a special salutation. One says, "Christ is born," and the reply is, "Blessed is the birth of Christ." This is as they return to their homes from church.

Later in the day there is a general interchange of visits, much like the fashion of New Year's calls, which is still kept up in some parts of this country, though with this difference: It is deemed almost obligatory for inferiors to call on superiors, and for the younger members of the community to call on the elder. There is, of course, no law about this, but if an employer, for example, should not receive a call from each of his employees, he would feel that his dignity had not been properly respected, and the employee would feel that he had been rude, to say the least. I remember that my father used to reprove me severely if I failed to call on any one who had a right to expect a visit from me.

When the visitor arrives at the house of the person he is calling on, he is received according to his station. If he is a dependent or a servant or hired man, he may very likely receive a small present of money; perhaps only as much as 25 cents, or perhaps \$5 or \$10, or he may, especially in the country, receive food or clothing. If he is a social equal, he will be entertained with arrack and fruits and sweets. Fruits are much used, too, for trilling gifts.

I should say that the greeting on entering the house on one of these visits is similar to the morning salutation. The guest says, "Christ is born and made manifest to us," and the reply is, "Blessed are the birth and the manifestation of Christ."

One custom is worth mentioning. The smaller boys in each village go out in parties on Christmas day, carrying bags, and go from house to house singing a sort of Christmas carol or song about the birth of Christ. I cannot recall the exact words, but it tells the old story and has a refrain: "Good tidings! Good tidings!"

They go on the roof, or to the houses of the villagers and derelict, and the roofs are red, and as they sing they throw down in front of the doors, put in them whatever they give. Sometimes it will be a bag of money, and sometimes it will be a bag of trash put in by everybody who is good natured.

Christmas among my people, what it is here, but the spirit is the same, and perhaps it is that makes the difference.

Up to here

(Armenian)

Post-Christmas

(After Stephen)

It was the morning after Christmas, and the boy was looking very

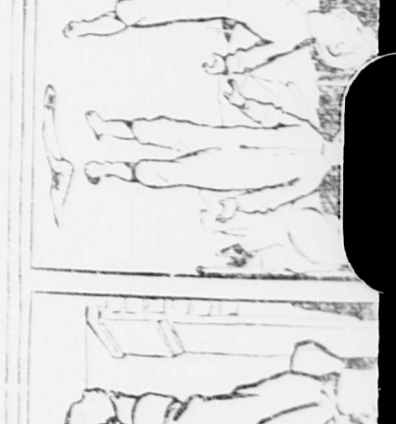
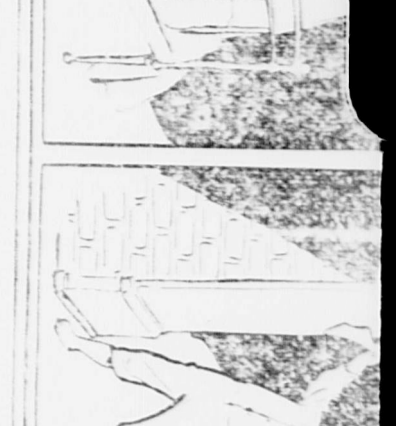
cheerful, and he was

sunshine.

But he—he wrinkle his

"No, I will not

And he continued his work



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QUINCY, MASS.

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Roast Sucking Pig With Apples.

Select a young pig that has been fed on sow's milk only. Scald, dress and singe it and place in soak in cold water for about three hours. Then drain and dry well with a coarse towel and salt and pepper lightly inside.

For the stuffing take four medium sized onions chopped fine, with a pound of larding pork cut into small pieces, and brown together in a pan over the fire. Then add the pig's liver after it has been well cleaned and cut fine, together with 1½ pounds of forcemeat and a pound of the heart of a white loaf of bread that has been soaked in cream.

Cook together a few minutes and then remove from the fire and add salt and pepper to suit taste; also one pinch of ground nutmeg, half an ounce each of sage and thyme, a bunch of parsley chopped fine and 6 raw eggs, and mix well together.

Stuff the pig with the material thus prepared, sew up the opening, skewer the legs, oil the skin with the best olive oil and bake in a moderate oven for about 2½ hours.

Take one dozen medium size apples, cored, pared and quartered, and glaze with powdered sugar. Serve with a thick gravy and apple sauce.—New York Herald.

Decoration For the Church.

If the platform of a church or Sunday school room be deep enough to admit of it, an artistic Christmas arch can easily be made by an amateur carpenter. The upper part should have wires stretched across, to which may be fastened small hemlock boughs, thus forming a solid mass of green. The framework should of course be wound with evergreen, the whole placed about two feet from the wall, so that behind it may be hung the Christmas bells of red and yellow immortelles at different lengths by ropes of evergreen. These bells may be made to hang at different angles by using fine picture wire, which would not be visible from the pews. Let each bell be worded so that they may seem to ring out their own song of "glory to God in the highest." The lower part of the arch should be arranged to form a dado of green about four feet high.—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

Rhyme, Reason and Superstition of the Day.

In a rare tract, published in 1652, are the lines,

Let's dance and sing and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,

though Thomas Tusser, a century before this, had written in his "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," and had advised people it was necessary to at

Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Previous writers had even furnished the same sage advice, but it is in "Marion" we are told that—

When the grim bear's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary, hard by
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie,
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.

Next in importance to the bear's head as a Christmas dish came the peacock, and to prepare argus for the table, according to an English chronicler, was no slight care.

The preliminary action was to take off carefully the skin without loss or injury to the plumage, when, after being roasted and then "partially cooled," it was again enveloped in its coat of feathers, and its beak was gilded.

"In guise of naturalness" it now appeared on the table. Abundance of spices and much store of sweet herbs and basting with yolks of eggs and rich gravy combined to make it "a lordly dish," when it was served by lady guests, precedence being given to the most distinguished for youth and beauty. It was borne to the banquet hall by one of the "fayre maydens," and to the sound of music. The other ladies followed in procession, and the master of the house or his most distinguished guest received it with proper dignity.

Upon very marked occasions of festivity the bird was served in a wonderful Christmas pie. At one end his plumed crest waved above the crust, and at the opposite, unfolded in all its glory, was the spread tail. Then in the most approved fashion of the period, knights errant took oath of fealty to lovely woman in distress. Hence, it is added, Justice Shallow desired to take oath, "by cock and pie."

From a curious old song it is learned that it was felt to be peculiarly fortunate when Christmas day fell on a Sunday and exactly the reverse if it occurred on Saturday. This year it comes on that day of ill omen among the Italians, or Tuesday. ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

Christmas Keeping.

Without little children there can be no real Christmas keeping, for it is of a truth a child festival, while, apart from holier things, there are the many pretty ceremonies, half myth, half mirth, that belong to the child world alone.—Faith Fenton.

A CHRISTMAS EVE VI.

Word, ghostly shadows dance
The dying embers flicker in the
From out the darkness voices
And a lone star gleams like the
Can nature sympathize with human
And the wind moan because of
mourning?
If so, no wonder that its low refrain
Is sad tonight, as if of misery
sigh, O west wind, as if through
That man knew sorrow thou had
swept
Across the graves bedewed by rain
Frighted with all the woes of
wept!

The past is drowsy on my brain,
Am now where solitude has found
While on my ear falls, soft as love,
The words of her, my first, my

I feel the pressure of her hand
The soothing touch of other
Hear, soft as south wind sighing
pine,
The words of love, not sweeter

O maiden fair, thou of the blue
Where love enshrined itself in
found,
Twine sprig of holly in thy hair to
Thou long lost loved one, hast
found!

Mately thou dar'st me take at mid
Beneath the mistletoe love's first
Which verged my being to a point,
And conscious life was naught but
bliss.

Oh, fancy that didst cheat me for
No more canst thou such magic
Or lonely room become an Eden
By thy so vivid pictures of the

I am again alone. That vision
Of youth's brief, happy days has
And like sun glinted clouds as fast
The glamour's ended in a cheer

I hear the sobbing winds again
The dying embers flicker in the
The twinkling star looms from afar
While I, a prey to sadness, bide
NEIL MARSH

99 LINWOOD ST.

**A CHRISTMAS STORY BY EDWARD
HALE.**

[Copyright, 1895, by American
tion.]

A gray cold morning, the
iron all beaded with frost, a
shoremen in heavy pea jackets
the whole ship in a bustle and
first class passengers just leaving.

One sad looking Irish girl, still
her knit hood already spotted
rime, and you cannot tell where
are tears which hang from her
lashes or whether the fog is be
freeze there. What you see is
poor thing looks right and left
pier and down the pier, and the
whole crowd—they all seem so
sees nobody. Hundreds of people
and coming, pushing and huddling
Nora's big brother is not there,
used to be and should be.

Mrs. Ohstrom, the mother
woman, who has four children,
tin cups and a great bed and
and a fatuous, freckless hus-
time, between cousins and un-
tom house men and sharpers,
every now and then and to say
must not cry, that she must be-
she has spoken to the master and
ter has said they are three hours
than they were expected. And
so kindly meant and so kindly
poor Nora brushed the tears away
were tears, and thanked her, she
did not understand one word.
Mrs. Ohstrom said to her. What
guage, or what are words, after
And the bright buttoned, dainty
little ship's doctor, whom poor
ly knew in his shore finery—he
to stop and tell her that the
early, and that she must not
ther, was it, she was waiting
brother! Oh, he will be sure
Better sit down. Here is a cl
cry. I am afraid you had no

A CHRISTMAS EVE VISION.

World, ghostly shadows dance upon the wall,
The dying embers flicker in the grate,
From out the darkness voices seem to call,
And a lone star gleams like the eye of fate.

Can nature sympathize with human pain
Amid the wind moan because poor mortals
Mourn?
Is it no wonder that its low refrain
Is so taught, as if of misery born.

Sigh, O west wind, as if through all the years
That man knew sorrow thou hadst ceaseless sweep
Across the graves bedewed by human tears,
Fringed with all the woes of those who weep!

The past is drowsy on my brain, and I
Am now where solitude has found a voice,
With on my ear falls, soft as lover's sigh,
The words of her, my first, my only choice.

I feel the pressure of her hand in mine,
The soothing touch of other on my brow;
Hear, soft as south wind sighing through the pine,
The words of love, not sweeter then than now.

O maiden fair, thou of the blue eyes bright,
Where love enshrined itself in depths profound,
Tame sprig of holly in thy hair tonight,
Thou long lost loved one, lost to me, now found!

Maiden thou dar'st me take at midnight chime
Beneath the mistle-toe love's first, pure kiss,
Which venged my being to a point in time,
And conscious life was naught but conscious bliss.

Oh, fancy that didst cheat me for an hour,
No more canst thou such magic o'er me cast
Or lonely room become an Eden's bower
By thy so vivid pictures of the past!

I am again alone. That vision bright
Of youth's brief, happy days has passed away,
And like sun-glinted clouds as fades the light
The glamour's ended in a cheerless gray.

Hear the sobbing winds again intone,
The dying embers flicker in the grate,
The twinkling star looms from afar alone,
While I, a prey to sadness, bide my fate.

NEIL MACDONALD.

99 LINWOOD STREET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

(Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.)

A gray cold morning, the deck wet, the iron all beaded with frost, all the long-shorn men in heavy pea jackets or cardigans, the whole ship in a bustle and the favored first class passengers just leaving.

One sad looking Irish girl stands with her knit hood already spotted with the time, and you cannot tell whether those are tears which hang from her black eyelashes or whether the fog is beginning to freeze there. What you see is that the poor thing looks right and left and up the pier and down the pier, and that in the whole crowd—they all seem so selfish—she sees nobody. Hundreds of people going and coming, pushing and hauling, and Nora's big brother is not there, as he promised to be and should be.

Mrs. Ohstrom, the motherly Swedish woman, who has four children and ten tin cups and a great bed and five trunks and a fatuous, freckless husband, makes time between cousins and uncles and custom house men and sharpers, to run up every now and then and to say that Nora must not cry, that she must be easy, that she has spoken to the master and the master has said they are three hours earlier than they were expected. And all this was so kindly meant and so kindly said that poor Nora brushed the tears away, if they were tears, and thanked her, though she did not understand one word that dear Mrs. Ohstrom said to her. What is language, or what are words, after all?

And the bright buttoned, daintily dressed little ship's doctor, whom poor Nora hardly knew in his shore finery—he made time to stop and tell her that the ship was too early, and that she must not worry. Father, was it, she was waiting for? "Oh, brother! Oh, he will be sure to be here! Better sit down. Here is a chair. Don't cry. I am afraid you had no breakfast.

Take this orange. It will cheer you up. I shall see you again."

Alas! the little doctor was swept away and forgot Nora for a week, and she "was left lamenting."

For one hour went by, and two and three. The Swedish woman went, and the doctor went, and the girl could see the



"SEE, HERE IS THE PAPER."

captain go, and the mate that gave them their orders every morning. The custom house people began to go. The cabs and other carriages for the gentry had gone long before.

And poor Nora was left lamenting.

Then was it that that queer Salvation Army girl, with a coal scuttle for a bonnet, came up again. She had smiled pleasantly two or three times before, and had asked Nora to eat a bun. Poor Nora broke down and cried heartily this time. But the other was patient and kind and said just what the others had said. Only she did not go away. And she had the sense to ask if Nora knew where the brother lived.

"Fwhy, of course I do, miss. See, here is the paper."

And the little soldier lass read it: "99 Linwood street, Boston."

"My poor child, what a pity you did not let us see it before!"

Alas and alas! Nora's box was of the biggest. But the army lass flinched at nothing.

An immense wagon, with two giant horses, loaded with the most extraordinary chests which have been seen since the days of the vikings. Piled on the top were many feather beds, and on the top of the feather beds a Scandinavian matron. With Mike, the good natured teamster, who was at once captain and pilot of this craft, the army lass had easily made her treaty, when he was told the story. He was to carry Nora and her outfit to the Linwood

street house after he had taken these Swedes to theirs. "And indeed it will not be far, miss. There's a short cut behind Egan's, if indeed he did not put up a tinment house since I was that way." And with new explanations to Nora that all was right, that indeed it was better this way than it would have been had her brother been called from his work, she was lifted, without much consent of her own, to the driver's seat, and her precious "box" was so placed that she could rest her little feet upon it.

Nora had proudly confided to the friendly lass the assurance that she had money, had even shown a crisp \$2 bill which had been sent to her for exigencies.

But when the lass made the contract with Mike Dermott the good fellow said he should take Nora and her box for the love of County Cork. "Indeed, indeed, I don't take money from the like of her."

And so they started, with the Swedish men walking on one side of the cart with their rifles, keeping a good lookout for buffaloes and red Indians and grizzly bears, as men landing in a new country which they were to civilize. More sailing, for there was the ferry to cross to old Boston.

Much waiting, for there was a broken down coal wagon in Salutation alley. Long conference between Nora and Mike, in which he did all the talking and she all the listening, as to home rule and Mr. McCarthy, and what O'Brien thought of this and what Cunniff thought of that. Then an occasional question came in Swedish



ELLEN WAS AMAZED

from the matron above their heads and was followed by a reply in Celtic English from Mike, each wholly ignorant of the views or wishes of the others. And occasionally the escort of riflemen, after some particular attack of chaff, in words which they fortunately did not understand, looked up to their matron, controller and director, exchanged words with her and then studied the pavement again for tracks of buffalo. A long hour of all this, the stone and brick of the city giving away to green trees between the houses as they came to Dorchester.

Poor Nora looks right and looks left, hoping to meet her big brother. She begins to think she shall remember him. Everybody else looks so different from Fernoy that he must look like home.

But there is no brother.

There is at last a joyful cry as the Swedish matron and the riflemen recognize familiar faces. And Mike smiles gladly and brings round the stout bays with a twitch, so that the end of the cart comes square to the sidewalk. Somebody produces a stepladder, and the Swedish matron, with her birdcage in her hand, descends in triumph. Much kissing, much shaking of hands, much thanking of God, more or less reverent. Then the cords are cut, beds flung down, the giant boxes lifted, the sons of Anak only know how. The money covenanted for is produced and paid, and Mike mounts lightly to Nora's side.

"And now, Nora, my child, where is the paper? For in two minutes we'll soon be there, now that this rubbish is landed."

And he read on the precious paper, "John McLaughlin, 99 Linwood street."

Strange to say, the paper said just what it had said two hours before.

"And now, my dear child, we will be there in ten minutes, if only we can cross back of Egan's."

And although they could not cross back of Egan's, for Egan had put up a "tinment" house since Mike had passed that way, yet in ten minutes Linwood street had been found, No. 99 at last revealed itself, between Nos. 7 and 2—a great six story wooden tinder box, with clotheslines mysterious behind, open doors in front, long passages running through, three doors on each side of a passage, and the wondering heads of 11 women who belonged to five different races and spoke in six different languages appearing from their 11 windows, as Mike and Nora and the two bays all stopped at one and the same moment at the door.

Mike was already anxious about his time, for he was to be at the custom house an hour away or more, at 11 sharp. But he selected a certain Widow Flynn from the 11 white capped women, he explained to her briefly that John McLaughlin was to be found, he told Nora for the thirty-seventh time that all was right, and that she must not cry, he looked at his watch again, rather anxiously, mounted his box, and drove swiftly away.

He was the one thread which bound Nora to this world. And this thread broke before her eyes.

Mrs. Flynn affected to be cheerful. But she was not cheerful. Mrs. Flynn was a prominent person in her sodality. And well she knew that if any John McLaughlin in those parts were expecting any sister from home she should know him and where he lived. Well she knew, also, that

John McLaughlin, the mason, was born in Glasgow; that John McLaughlin, who is on the city work, had all his family around him, and, most distinct of all, she knew that no McLaughlin, sisterless or many sistered, lived in this beehive which she lived in, though it were 99 Linwood street. Into her own cell of that beehive, however, she took poor, sad, desolate Nora. Into the hallway she bade the loafing neighbor boys bring Nora's trunk; in a language Nora could hardly understand she explained to her that all would be well as soon as the policeman passed by. She sent Mary Murphy, who happened to be at home from school, for a pint of milk, and so compelled Nora to drink a cup of tea and to eat a biscuit and a dropped egg, while they waited for the policeman.

Of course he knew of seven John McLaughlins. He even went to the drug store and looked in the Boston Directory to find that there were there the names of 61 more. But not one of them lived in Linwood street, as they all knew already. All the same, Nora was charged not to cry, to drink more tea and eat more bread and butter. The "cop" said he would look in on three of the Johns whom he knew, and intelligent boys now returning from school were sent to the homes of the other four to interrogate them as to any expected sister.

Within an hour, now nearly 1 o'clock, answers were received from all the seven. No one of them expected chick or child from Fernoy.

But the "cop" had a suggestion to make. His pocket list of names of streets revealed another Linwood street—in Roxbury; not this one in Dorchester. Be it known to unlearned readers, who in snug shelter in Montana follow along this little tale, that Roxbury and Dorchester are both parts of that large municipality called Boston. Though no John McLaughlin was in the directory for 99 Linwood street, Roxbury, was not that the objective? Poor Nora was questioned as to Roxbury. She was sure she never heard of it.

But the clew was too good to be lost, and the authority of the friendly "cop" was too great to be resisted. He telephoned to the central office that Nora McLaughlin, just from Ireland, had been found, in a fashion, but that no one knew where to put her. Then he stopped a milkman from Braintree, who delivered afternoon milk for invalids.

Was he not going through Roxbury? Of course he was.

Would he not take this lost child to 99 Linwood street?

Of course he would. Milkmen, from their profession, have hearts warm toward children.

Well, if he were to take her, he had better take her trunk too.

To which illogical proposal the milkman acceded—on the afternoon route there is so much less milk to take than there is in the morning.

So Nora was lifted into the milk wagon. In tears she kissed good Mrs. Flynn. The boys and girls assembled to bid her goodbye, and even she had a hope for a few moments that her troubles were at an end.

At 99 Linwood street, Roxbury, they were preparing for the Review club.

The Review club met once a fortnight at half past 2 o'clock at the house of one or another of the members. They first arranged the little details of the business. Then the hostess read, or made some one read, the scraps which seemed most worthy in the reviews and magazines of the last issues, and at 4 the husbands and brothers and neighbors generally dropped in, and there was afternoon tea.

"You are sure you have cream enough, Ellen?"

"Oh, yes, mum."

"All kinds of tea, you know, that which the Chinese gentleman sent, and be sure of the chocolate for Mrs. Bunce."

"Indeed yes, mum."

"And let me know just before you bring up the hot water." Doorbell rings. "There is Mrs. Walter now!"

No, it wasn't Mrs. Walter. She came three minutes after. But before she came, Howells, the milkman, had lifted Nora from her seat. As the snow fell fast on the doorsteps, he carried her carefully up to the door and even by the time Ellen answered the bell, he had the heavy chest, dragging it over the snow by the stout rope at one end.

Ellen was amazed to find this group in

NOW

scription. Compounded by one in fact but a qualified possible task of Prescription of JUDGEMENT only keep away from Boy. ELIABLE help.

ing Chemist.

ool Street, Quincy.

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

ason and Superstition of the Day.

tract, published in 1653, are

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ple it was necessary to at is play and make good cheer, stmas comes but once a year.

s writers had even furnished age advice, but it is in "Mar- are told that—

am boar's head frowned on high, bays and rosemary, hard by ago stood and Christmas pie; ad Scotland to produce a tide her savory goose.

importance to the boar's head mas dish came the peacock, spare argus for the table, ac- an English chronicler, was no

liminary action was to take off the skin without loss or in- plunage, when, after being d then "partially cooled," it enveloped in its coat of feath- s beak was gilded.

se of naturalness" it now ap- the table. Abundance of spices store of sweet herbs and bast- yolks of eggs and rich gravy to make it "a lordly dish," as served by lady guests, pre- ing given to those most di- for youth and beauty. It was the banquet hall by one of the aydens," and to the sound of the other ladies followed in t, and the master of the house st distinguished guest received oper dignity.

very marked occasions of fes- bird was served in a wonder- stmas pie. At one end his fest waved above the crust, and osite, unfolded in all its glory, spread tail. Then in the most fashion of the period, knights k oath of fealty to lovely wo- distress. Hence, it is added, shallow desired to take oath, and pie."

a curious old song it is learned as felt to be peculiarly fortun- Christmas day fell on a Sun- exactly the reverse if it occurred day. This year it comes on that omen among the Italians, or

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

Christmas Keeping.

at little children there can be Christmas keeping, for it is of a child festival, while, apart from ings, there are the many pretty es, half myth, half mirth, that the child world alone.—Faith

Nora was to receive with her, John McLaughlin and his wife to assist. The other 74 John McLaughlins were to act as ushers.

The Salvation Army came first, led by the lass who found Michael.

Procession No. 2 was Mike and the teamsters who "do not take nothing for such as she."

Third, in special horse cars, which went through from Dorchester to Somerville by a vermillion edict from the West



HARRINGTON REAPPEARS.

End company, the 11 families of that No. 99. They stopped in Roxbury to pick up Ellen and the hostess of the Review club.

Fourth, all the patrolmen who had helped, and all who had tried to help, led by "cop" No. 47.

Fifth, all the school children who had told the story and had made inquiries.

Sixth, the man who made the Somerville Directory.

Seventh and last, in two barouches, Harrington and the chiefs of staff at the general postoffice. And the boys asked Father McElroy to make a speech to all just before the dancing began.

And he said: "The lost sheep was never lost. She thought she was lost in the wilderness, but she was at home, for she was met by the Christmas greeting of the world, into which the dear Lord was born!"

DON'TS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Seasonable Suggestions—Some Are Strictly Original and Some Are Stolen.

Don't pay more for the Christmas tree than you do for the fruit. This is for everybody.

Don't expect too much in the way of Christmas gifts. You may have to put your foot in your stocking before you find anything in it. This is for those of sanguine temperament.

Don't buy presents until after you pay your debts. Give your creditors a chance to celebrate a merry Christmas before you perform that duty for any one else. This is for whomsoever the coat fits.

Don't give your boy a drum and then tell him he mustn't make a noise with it. Don't give your daughter a horse and forbid her to take it out of the stable without asking you. This is for parents who have enough money to afford drums and horses for Christmas gifts.

Don't be everlastingly harping on what you wish to have for a Christmas gift. Possibly all your friends will take the hint and then you'll have a surplus and have to start a store to reduce it. This is for a large and highly amusing class.

Don't think that the spirit of good will, the impulses of generosity and the jolly laugh of good fellowship are things that are less necessary to your being truly happy all the year round than they are on Christmas day. By bearing this in mind you may be able to enjoy 1896 as you have enjoyed no other year. Like the first "don't," this is for everybody.

Rise, Holy Morn!

The time draws near, the birth of Christ;
The morn is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night!

Ring out the darkness of the land!
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

—Tennyson.

route does not take him through these detours daily. But his professional experience is good for him. We have no need to describe his false turns. Even aniseed would have been useless in that snow. At last, just as the Somerville bells rings for 9 o'clock, Harrington also rings triumphant at the door of the little five-roomed cottage, where his lantern has already revealed the magic number "99."

Ring! as for a gilt edged special delivery!

Door thrown open by a solid man with curly red hair, unshaven since Sunday, in his shirt sleeves and with kerosene lamp in his hand.

"Are you John McLaughlin?"

"Indeed I am; the same."

"And where's your sister Nora?"

The good fellow, who had been stern before, broke down. "And indeed I was saying to Ellen it's an awful night for 'em



"ARE YOU JOHN M'LAUGHLIN?"

all in the gale off the coast in the ship. The holy Virgin and the good God take care of 'em!"

"They have taken care of them," said Harrington reverently. "The ship is safe in dock, and your sister Nora is in Roxbury, at 99 Linwood street!"

And a broad grin lighted his face as he spoke the words.

There was joy in every bed and at every door of the five rooms. Then John hastily donned coat, cardigan and ulster. He persuaded Harrington to drink a cup of red hot tea which was brewing on the stove.

While the good fellow did so, and ate a St. Anne's bun, which Mrs. McLaughlin produced in triumph, John was persuading Hermann Gross, the expressman, next door, to put the gray into a light pung he had for special delivery. By the time Harrington went to the door two lanterns were flitting about in the snow piled yard behind the two houses.

Harrington assisted in yoking the gray. In five minutes he and John were defying the gale as they sped across the silent bridge, bound south to Roxbury. Poor little Nora was asleep in the parlor on the sofa. She had begged and begged that she need not be put to bed, and by her side her protector sat reading about the antarctic. But of a sudden Harrington reappeared!

Is it Santa Claus?

Indeed it is! Beard, hat, coat, all white with snow!

And Santa Claus has come for the best present he will deliver that evening!

Dear little Nora is wrapped in sealskins and other skins, mounds and astrakhan rugs. She has a hot brick at her feet, and Pompey, the dog, is made to lie over them, so John McLaughlin No. 68 takes her in triumph to 99 Linwood street.

That was a Christmas to be remembered! And Christmas morning, after church, the Brothers of St. Patrick, which was the men's society, and the Sodality of St. Anne's, which was the women's, determined on a great twelfth night feast to celebrate Nora's return.

It was to show "how these brethren love one another."

They proposed to take the rink. People didn't use it for skating in winter as much as in summer.

and the hostess returned, took the book again and read on with "the temperature, as they observed it, was 99 degrees C.; but, as the alcohol in their tins was frozen at the moment, there seemed reason to suspect the correctness of this observation."

And a shiver passed over the Review club.

Thus far the powers of confusion and error seemed to have been triumphant over poor Nora, or such was the success of that power who uses these agencies, if the reader prefer to personify him.

But the time had come to turn his left flank and to attack his forces in the rear, for the postman now took the field—that is to say, Harrington, good fellow, finished his third delivery, four good miles and nine-tenths of a furlong, snow two inches deep, three, four, six, before he was done, and then returned to his branch office to report.

"Two legged parcel; insufficient address; 99 Linwood street! Jim. What ever came to that letter that went to 99 Linwood street with insufficient address six weeks ago?"

"Linwood street? Insufficient address? Foreign letter? Why, of course, you know, went back to the central office."

"I guessed it did," said Harrington grimly, "so I must go there too."

This meant that after Harrington had gone his rounds again on delivery route No. 6, four more miles, and nine-tenths more of a furlong, 313 doorbells and only 73 slit boxes, snow now ranging from 6 inches to 12 on the sidewalks, and breast deep where there was a chance for drifting, when all this was well done, so that Harrington had no more duties to Uncle Sam, he could take Nora McLaughlin's work in hand, and thus defeat the prince of evil.

To the central office by a horse car. Blocked once or twice, but well at the office at 7:30 in the evening.

Christmas work heavy, so the whole home staff is on duty. That is well. Enemy of souls loses one point there.

Blind letter clerks all here. Insufficient delivery men both here. Chief of returned bureau here. All summoned to the foreign office as Harrington tells his story. Indexes produced, ledgers, journals, day-books and private passbooks. John McLaughlin's biography followed out on 67 of the different avatars in which his personality has been manifested under that name. False trail here—claw breaks there—scent fails here, but at last—a joyful cry from Will Search!

"Here you are! Insufficient address, Nov. 1, Queenstown letter—Linwood, to John McLaughlin. Try Dorchester. Try Roxbury. Try East Boston. Try Somerville—and there it stops, and was not returned."

"Try Somerville!"

In these words great light fell over the eager circle. Not because Somerville is the seat of an insane hospital. No! But because it is not in the Boston Directory.

If you please, Somerville is one independent city, and so, unless John McLaughlin worked in Boston, if he lived in Somerville, he would not be in the Boston Directory.

Not much! Somerville has its own seven John McLaughlins besides those Boston ones.

"I say, Harry, Tom, Dick—somebody fetch Somerville Directory!"

Dick flew and returned with the book.

"Here you be! 'John McLaughlin, laborer, 99 Linwood street!'"

"Victory!"

Satan's forces tremble, and as the different officers return to their desks "even the ranks of Tuscany" in that well bred office "can scarce forbear to cheer."

As for Harrington, he bids goodbye, wraps his tartan around him and is out in the snow again. Where Linwood street is he "knows no more than the dead." But somebody will know.

Somerville car. Draw of bridge open. Man falls into the river and has to be rescued. Draw closes. Snow drift at Margin street. Shovels. Drift open. Center of Somerville. Apothecary's shop open. "Please, where is Linwood street?"

"Take your second left, cross three or four streets, turn to the right by the water pipe, take the third right, go down hill by the schoolhouse and take second left, and you come out at 11 Linwood street."

All which Harrington does. He experiences one continual burst of joy that his

stead of Mrs. Walter. She called her mistress, who heard Howells' realistic story with amazement—not to say amusement.

"You poor dear child!" she cried at once. "Come in where it is dry! John McLaughlin? No, indeed! Who can John McLaughlin be? Ellen, what is Mike's last name?"

Mike was the choreman, who made the furnace fire, and kept the sidewalk.

"Mike's name, mum? I don't know, mum. Mary will know, mum."

And for the moment Ellen disappeared to find Mary.

"Never mind, never mind. Come in, you poor child. You were very good to bring her, Mr. Howells, very good indeed. We will take care of her. Is it going to storm?"

Mr. Howells thought it was going to storm and turned to go away. At that moment Mrs. Walter arrived, the first corner of the Review club. And Nora's new hostess had to turn to her guests, while Ellen in the last cares for the afternoon table had to comfort Nora by spasms. It was left for Margaret, the chambermaid, to pump out—or to screw out, as you choose—the details of the story, from the poor frightened wail, who seemed more estray than ever.

John McLaughlin? No. Nobody knew anything about him. The last choreman was named McManus, but he went to Oxtawa three years ago!

And while the different facts and doubts were canvassed in the kitchen, upstairs, they settled the Bulgarian question, the origin of the natives of Tasmania and the last questions about realism.

Only the mind of the lady of the house returned again and again to questions as to the present residence of John McLaughlin.

For in spite of the gathering snow and the prospect of more, the members of the Review club had followed fast on Mrs. Walters and gathered in full force.

The hostess, though somewhat preoccupied, was courteous and ready.

Only the functions of the club, as they went forward, would be occasionally interrupted. Thus she would read aloud "as in her private duty bound."

"The peasantry were excited, but were held in check by promises from Stanbuloff. The emissaries of the czar—"

"Mr. Goodspeed, would you mind reading on? Here is the place. I see my postman pass the window."

And so, moving quickly to the front door, she interviewed the faithful Harrington, dressed, heaven knows why, in Confederate uniform of gray. For Harrington had served his four years on the loyal side. Four times a day did Harrington with his letter bag renew the connection of this household with the world and other worlds.

"Dear Mr. Harrington, I thought you could tell us. Here is a girl named Nora McLaughlin, and here is her trunk, both left at the door by the milkman, and we do not know anything about where she belongs."

"Insufficient address?" asked Harrington professionally.

"Exactly. All she knows is that her brother is named John."

"A great many of them are," said Harrington, already writing on his memorandum book, and in his memory fixing the fact that a large two legged living parcel, insufficiently addressed, had been left at the wrong door for John McLaughlin; also a trunk, too large for delivery by the penny post.

"I will tell the other men, and if I was you I would send to the police."

"Would you mind telling the first officer you meet? I hate to send my girls out!" And so she returned to Bulgaria.

But Bulgaria was ended, and Mr. Conover handed her an article on "Antarctic Discovery." She was again reading:

"Under these circumstances Captain Wilkes, who had collected a boatload of stones from the front of the glacier," when she gave back The Forum to Mr. Conover. "Would you mind going on just a minute?" she said and ran out to meet the ice cream man. So soon as he had left his tips she said:

"Mr. Fridge, would you mind stopping at the Dudley school as you go home and telling Miss Lougee that there is a lost girl here?" etc.

Good Mr. Fridge was most eager to help.

CARDINAL

The Installation more, Ja

It will be a Splendid Spectacle
Hat Which the Pope
What if Me

Ten millions of Catholics are interested in an event which will place on the first of January, Jan. 5, at the Vatican, the new cardinal. The other 99 of the United States are interested in a hasty glance at the new cardinal in America.

Mgr. Sattoli is to be the highest office within the church. His appointment was announced some time ago, and the formal presentation of the insignia which go with it will be on the date above mentioned.

The popular interest in the part of church policy which the pope decides.

Some people who are Catholic traditions are of the opinion that the red hat is only a fashion to some extent. It is not so. The red hat is reserved upon the cardinal. It is not and in fact, even on his lifetime it is not a cardinal, who after the death of the pope, it is placed in safe keeping only after death when it is again to be placed first, and then after burial of the pope, it is hung up in his cathedral.

But there is much more to the red hat than the simple presentation of the red hat. The cardinal is created on the death of the pope. The cardinals, and they are called cardinals, which in turn whenever the head of the church is moved by death. The cardinals are designated by the pope. The appointment of a cardinal is a nomination by the pope. This was done in the case of the late pope, but, as the story is secret, the fact will be until recently, although the appointment were circulated.

The next step will be the installation of the cardinal to the cardinal's office. The cardinal's office is merely a formality.



CARDINAL SATTOLI. A member of the Vatican has been sent over with the news that the installation will be performed in Rome.

CARDINAL SATOLLI.

The Installation in Baltimore, Jan. 5.

It will be a Splendid Spectacle. The Red Hat Which the Pope Gives Him and What it Means.

Ten millions of Catholics will be deeply interested in an event which is to take place on the first Sunday of the new year, Jan. 5, at the Cathedral in Baltimore. The other 60,000,000 people in the United States will also take more than a hasty glance at the event which is to be no less than that of the creation of a new cardinal in America.

Mgr. Satolli is to be made a prince of the church. His appointment to the highest office within the gift of the Pope was announced some time ago, but the formal presentation of the documents and insignia which go with the honor is to occur on the date above mentioned.

The popular interest in this important part of church policy centres about the red hat which the papal delegate is to receive.

Some people who are unfamiliar with Catholic traditions and customs imagine that the red hat is only a metaphorical allusion to some obsolete ceremony. This is not so. The red hat is a real one conferred upon the candidate, and although it is not and in fact could not be worn during lifetime it is yet given to the new cardinal, who after the usual ceremonies places it away in safe keeping to be used only after death when it is taken out again to be placed first upon his coffin, and then after burial of the deceased, to be hung up in his cathedral.

But there is much more to the investiture of a new cardinal with his official honors than the simple presentation of the much talked of red hat. The ceremonies are of the most solemn and impressive kind. A cardinal is created only by the appointment of the pope. There can be but 70 cardinals, and they form the college of cardinals, which in turn elects a pontiff whenever the head of the church is removed by death. The assembling of the cardinals is designated as a consistory. The appointment of a cardinal is announced by the pope at the consistory. This was done in the case of Mgr. Satolli months ago, but, as the doings in consistory are secret, the fact was not made public until recently, although rumors of the appointment were circulated at the time.

The next step will be the formal presentation to Mgr. Satolli of two hats, which are merely forerunners of what is to



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

A member of the papal guard has been sent over with these, and the investiture will be performed by Cardinal Gibbons.



MR. SATOLLI, SOON TO BE CARDINAL.

The two hats will be presented on two different occasions. On the first, the candidate will be visited in his home by the messenger from the pope, Mgr. Starrett, now in this country, has been designated to represent the pontiff. He will first present the zucchetto. This is a skullcap of red beaver. It is meant for actual use and is worn indoors. With the skullcap are presented the documents which notify the new cardinal of his elevation.

Conferring the Scarlet Berretta.

The papal representative, or ablegate, makes a speech—in code. Later, of course—congratulating the new cardinal and asking him to fix a day for the formal conferring of the second hat, which is the berretta.

The berretta is of the same shape as those worn by bishops and priests and differs only in color, that of a cardinal being red.

The ceremonies connected with the conferring of the berretta are quite elaborate and in this instance will occur in Washington, with Cardinal Gibbons officiating.

At the imposing of the berretta the cardinal makes an oath that within a year he will visit the tombs of the apostles, and it is while on this visit that he usually goes through the ceremony which makes him a full member of the sacred college. This is the most imposing and interesting of the ceremonies.

The day preceding the hour appointed for the public consistory the chief of the college of apostolic curators, in full official costume, repairs to the respective residence of the newly created cardinal and notifies him in a regular Latin formula of the public consistory.

This is one of the most brilliant scenes conceivable. Surrounded by the members of the papal court, the holy father sits on his throne at the far end of the sala regia, with his golden mitre upon his head. Long rows of benches are placed on each side of him, upon which sit the members of the sacred college in their full cardinalial robes. On the steps before their eminences sit their chaplains, whose duty it is to hold the scarlet berrettas on their knees and to gather up the cardinals' trains.

The ceremonies open with the "obedience." This consists of the cardinals going up, one by one, to kiss the ring of the fisherman. After the professed cardinals comes the newly elect, who has first taken, in the Sistine chapel, the oath of allegiance prescribed by the apostolic constitution, in presence of the pope, the cardinals

cardinal wears the red skullcap and a red sash. About his neck is hung a large red cross, suspended from a heavy golden chain. This is the pectoral cross worn by bishops.

When traveling or when on the street, a cardinal discards his cassock and sash, but at all times he wears the red skullcap, though this may be concealed under a silk hat.

On religious occasions the cardinal must wear a red cassock on train, with a red silk sash having gold tassels. Over this he wears a rochet—that is, a garment of lace like a surplice, having tight sleeves, with cuffs lined with red silk. A mozetta, or shoulder cape, of red, red collar and red stockings are required to complete this costume.

The different colors are prescribed for different seasons of the ecclesiastical year. Costumes of different weights for different temperatures are provided.

The installation of Mgr. Satolli as a cardinal will be the third ceremony of this kind ever performed in this country. The first American to be admitted to the sacred college was Cardinal McCloskey. The ceremony took place in the New York cathedral with his reverend father, Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore presiding as papal representative.

His appointment came from Pius IX, and it was only after the death of that



CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

[The first American cardinal.]

pontiff that Cardinal McCloskey went to Rome and received the red hat from the hands of Leo XIII.

The second American to receive the honor was Cardinal Gibbons. He received the insignia of his office on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his priesthood and in the old cathedral at Baltimore, where he had been baptized, ordained and elevated to the rank of archbishop. He was installed by his venerable friend, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis.

A Curious and Gorgeous Spectacle.

The ceremony soon to occur at Washington, which will emphasize, by the way, the satisfaction of Pope Leo in the judicious use made of his power in this country, will be the first one in which the scarlet cap has been conferred on a candidate by a prelate of the same ecclesiastical rank.

As the rank of cardinal is of very ancient origin, and as it gives the recipient the right of participation in the sovereign council of the ruler of the Vatican, the ceremonies will be most solemn and elaborate. To the lay mind it will be a curious and gorgeous spectacle. To those who understand the meaning of the symbols employed it will be an impressive and interesting event.

It was in no haphazard manner that Leo XIII chose a messenger for such an important service as that which Mgr. Satolli was sent to this country to perform. He had known Francis Satolli from a boy. When Pope Leo was archbishop of the diocese of Perugia, near Rome, his attention was first drawn to a sharp eyed, serious faced boy who developed into a brilliant student with a desire to enter holy orders. The student soon became a priest, in time a bishop and afterward archbishop of Lepanto.

He was for many years professor of dogmatic theology in the Propaganda at Rome,

and the superiors of various religious orders.

Then comes the bestowing of the red hat. It is brought in by several chaplains. More than one chaplain is required, be-

cause the hat is as big around as one of the driving wheels of a locomotive. It is 6 feet from one side of the brim to the other. It is made of red beaver and weighs several pounds. The crown is very small and would not fit anybody's head.

It is fitted up over the head of the new cardinal, and then for a moment the pope holds it above his head while he repeats in Latin, "Receive, for the glory of Almighty God and the advancement of the holy apostolic see, this red hat, the sign of the unequalled dignity of the cardinalate, by which it is declared that, even to death by the shedding of thy blood thou shouldst show thyself intrepid for the exaltation of the blessed faith, for the peace and tranquillity of the Christian people, for the increase and prosperity of the holy Roman church. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

The Uses of the Red Hat.

Then the hat is sent to the residence of the cardinal and boxed up. It is preserved in a mothproof case, inclosed in a wooden box. On the death of a cardinal his red hat is taken out and laid across his breast while the body is awaiting interment.

After the funeral the red hat is adorned with two huge red and gilt tassels and hung over the sanctuary in his cathedral. Cardinal McCloskey's hat may still be seen hanging from the roof of St. Patrick's cathedral, on Fifth avenue, New York city.

With his new honors Cardinal Satolli must acquire an entirely new wardrobe, for the dress of a cardinal is fixed to the most minute detail by century old rules of the church. He is limited to three colors—cardinal, violet and old rose.

The cardinal color signifies that the wearer is ready to shed his blood for the faith, the violet is significant of mourning, and the old rose lends cheerful tone to the costume, typifying that there is yet cause for rejoicing.

The ordinary attire of a cardinal in his own house is severely simple. It consists of a black cassock cut like a bishop's, but with red buttons and the edges and buttonholes bound with red. This buttons up the front from the toes to the chin and makes even a short man look tall and imposing.

In the house with this costume the car-

Walter. She called her mis-
ard Howells' realistic story
ent—not to say amusement.
"dear child!" she cried at
e in where it is dry! John
No, indeed! Who can John
be? Ellen, what is Mike's

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s. Walter arrived, the first
e Review club. And Nora's
had to turn to her guests,
in the last cares for the after-
ad to comfort Nora by spasms,
for Margaret, the chamber-
up out—or to screw out, as
the details of the story, from
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than ever.

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Four times a day did Harring-
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on mind going on just a min-

aid and ran out to meet the ice

So soon as he had left his time

age, would you mind stopping

ey school as you go home and

s. Lougee that there is a lost

etc.

Fridge was most eager to help.

While holding this position he met many American students and formed strong friendships with some of them.

During his whole life he has been constantly under the eye of his friend and benefactor, Pope Leo, to whom he looks as a son to a father.

What Satolli Has Done.

Few persons are interested in the details of the causes which made the papal ablegate's visit here one requiring a great deal of tact. It is sufficient to say that the pontiff wished to send here a representative vested with higher powers and greater authority than those possessed by any American prelate. To do this and not offend any one on this side of the ocean required the selection of a man of more than ordinary discretion.

There is no doubt that the pope realizes the power of some of the heads of the Catholic church in America. As yet he has never shown a disposition to curb it unduly. An anecdote is told which well illustrates this point.

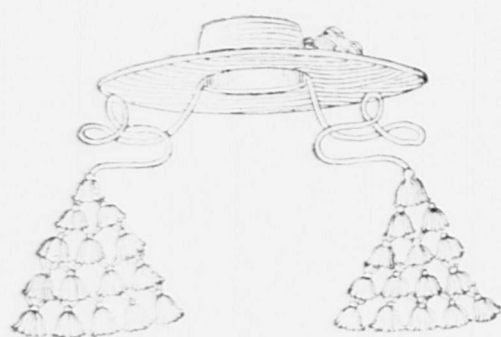
A German bishop was urging the holy father to grant him certain privileges.

"I would like to please you, but it is impossible," said the pope.

Again the bishop urged his request.

"It is against the canonical law."

Still the bishop was not satisfied.



THE RED HAT.

"There is only one thing left for you to do," said Leo, with something of an amused smile on his thin lips.

"And that is?" said the bishop eagerly.

"Go to America. There the bishops are more privileged than the pope himself."

The authority for the accuracy of this papal joke may not be of the best, but it truthfully illustrates the position of the Vatican.

The visit of the papal delegate to this country is a matter of general history. For a year Mgr. Satolli traveled almost continuously. He visited nearly every state in the Union from Massachusetts to Washington. His investigation of the parochial school system and its relation to the public school system was particularly thorough.

He made some enemies but more friends by boldly asserting, at the convention of archbishops, his liberal views on the school question. He held, in substance, that where the parochial schools were not up to the standard of the public schools parents should neither be urged nor intimidated into sending their children to the former.

This business finished, and his report made to the pope, Satolli settled down in Washington and established an ecclesiastical court for the settlement of all disputes. In the meantime his appointment as papal ablegate had been made permanent. At present he is located in very comfortable quarters in Washington and has become firmly established. The opposition to him which was at first shown by certain priests and bishops has been still. He has settled many quarrels with satisfaction all around, and when he leaves for Italy it will be with the satisfaction of having executed a difficult mission successfully.

PROGRAMME FOR THE CEREMONIES INCIDENT TO HIS INVESTITURE WITH THE INSIGNIA OF HIS OFFICE.

The Marquis Sacripanti, who is to bear the cardinal's beretta to Monsignor Satolli, did not start from Rome until Dec. 5. The delay in his sailing necessitated a change of date for the investiture of the oblegate with the insignia of his office. As soon as the cable dispatch was received the secretary of the legation, Dr. Sharetti, went to Baltimore to consult His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who stated that for a number of reasons it would be

better to postpone the ceremony until after Christmas. Dr. Rooker, after an interview with his eminence, returned to Washington and informed Cardinal Satolli of the reasons suggested by Cardinal Gibbons for a postponement. It was then decided to select Sunday, Jan. 5, for the solemn services. Invitations are being issued for that date. Five hundred invitations will be issued. Three hundred of these will be for the prelates and reverend clergy. At the same time 300 invitations were issued for the clerical dinner at St. Mary's Seminary after the ceremonies in the cathedral. As previously announced, the beretta will be conferred by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Monsignor Sharetti will act as ablegate, and the sermon will be delivered by Most Rev. John J. Kane, archbishop of St. Louis. After the ceremonies of conferring the beretta Cardinal Satolli will celebrate solemn pontifical mass.

At the ceremony the United States government will be represented by a member of the President's cabinet, the state by Governor Frank Brown and the city by Mayor Alceus Hooper to each of whom an especial invitation has been extended. Visiting prelates, it is thought, will include a representative from nearly every city in the United States, and possibly some dignitaries from Canada and Mexico.

The ecclesiastical procession which will precede the cathedral ceremonies, should the weather be fine, will be the most imposing seen in Baltimore since that attending the elevation of Cardinal Gibbons to his present dignity in June, 1886. It will include, in addition to representatives from Catholic societies of Washington and Baltimore, students and professors from the Catholic University at Washington, seminarians from St. Mary's and numbers of the clergy from Baltimore and other archdioceses in the United States, who will attend upon Monsignor Satolli's invitation. The procession will be joined by the visiting prelates, as it passes the archiepiscopal residence en route to the cathedral.

The cathedral is so venerable looking and imposing in its architecture and in interior decoration that it will require but little special adornment to make it in every way worthy of witnessing the honor which is to be conferred upon the distinguished ecclesiastic who has represented the Pope in this country. The sanctuary and altar will be ornamented with twining smilax and flowers, which will soften the effect of the hundreds of waxen tapers during the celebration of the mass, and which, with the brilliant vestments of the prelates and scarlet of the two cardinals, will produce a picture seldom seen, even at the celebration of the greatest of the church festivals.

Cardinal Gibbons, who has been especially commissioned by the Pope to confer the beretta, will occupy his throne on the gospel side of the sanctuary, robed in full canonical vestments, while a temporary throne will be provided for the candidate upon the epistle side. On each side of the cardinal and Monsignor Satolli will be their assistant priests and deacons of honor, who have been selected, but not as yet announced, and seated within the chancel rail will be the members of the hierarchy and the priests who have been invited to assist at the ceremony.

"Noche Buena."

In Spain Christmas eve is called "noche buena," or "the good night."

The Usual Way.



Mrs. Youngbryde—What are you going to give your husband for Christmas?

Mrs. Longwed—I think I shall give him a new mahogany tea table—I've wanted one a long time.

Skeleton of a Lay Sermon For Christmas.

First.—Young women who are thinking of giving Christmas remembrances to their pastors should remember that the straight and narrow path is not an easy road to travel at all times, and therefore stout walking shoes may be more appropriate than embroidered slippers.

Second.—Measure the value of the gifts you receive by the motives of the givers and not by their intrinsic value. Oftentimes when the proper standard is used the humblest gift, costing but a few cents, is found to be of more real worth than the richest, most expensive present.

Third.—If you have made up your mind to give so-and-so a Christmas gift just because you think you are going to receive one from that quarter, you would better abandon the idea altogether. Christmas gifts prompted by anything but a desire to confer a real pleasure upon the recipient had best go ungiven.

Fourth.—It's a good thing to eat the old time Christmas dainties at Christmas time—the rich black plum pudding, the boar's head and the juicy baked goose—just the same as our forebears did. But if you have indigestion the next morning do not grumble. Go out into the sunshine and walk five miles, or, better yet, hunt up an ax and a log of wood and make the chips fly for an hour or two. It is a law of nature that whoso will not physically labor shall not overeat with impunity.

Fifth.—It's a good thing to remember that the recording angel is likely to make a bigger entry to your credit on his books because of the gift of a half worn overcoat to a shivering fellow man or a dinner to a half starved and possibly grimy urchin than because of a costly jewel given to a favorite of fortune.

Sixth.—Christmas is the day of all the year on which the unlovely traits of your character should be smothered, and it would be a great thing for you if you were to manage in some way this year to get rid of those traits altogether.

In England the day after Christmas, "boxing day" as it is called, is a day of greater festivity among the working classes than Christmas itself. "Boxing day" is so called from the Christmas boxes, each containing money given by the rich to the poor in olden times.

Bink's Good Luck.

Mr. Binks—Don't you think it's about time our daughter began to think about a husband? She is getting on, and she'll be an old maid the first thing she knows.

Mrs. Binks—Indeed it is time, high time. But she's me over again. I never thought of marriage until my mother warned me that if I ever married at all I had no time to lose. I tell you I was scared.

Mr. Binks—Um—I suppose so.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, indeed. I made up my mind to take the first stick that offered, and that very evening you came.

—New York Weekly.



The Cheap Side of Clothing.

We don't believe in learning people to buy the poorest clothing they can. Plenty of stores around us advise people to save that way. Everything gives way to how little it can be sold for. The whole cheapness is in the price. It would pay those who sell mean clothing to try twice as hard to get reliable clothing. It pays people twice as well to pay its price. It is double the wear in it, besides a hundred per-cent better in appearance.

You wouldn't pay double the price for good clothing when you trade with us, we sell the best ready made in the land. There is no cheap clothing sold of dependable quality.

As you pass look in our Washington street window at our display. When you try on one of our suits, overcoats or vests and learn the price you will be surprised.

We are selling Boys' Overcoats, Vests, Suits and Reefers of our reliable make lower than any house in Boston. Don't Make the Mistake of buying cheap clothing for man or boy without seeing ours.

We couldn't sell half the amount of fashionable goods we do if we were not lower than the market. Our Beach Street windows give you a fair idea of what we are doing in this department. Take a few moments to look as you are going on from the Depot.

McMANUS & CO.

MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS.

670 Washington Street, corner Beach BOSTON

Fenno's Old Stand Entrance on the left